Happy Songs

For The Sunday School

By Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman

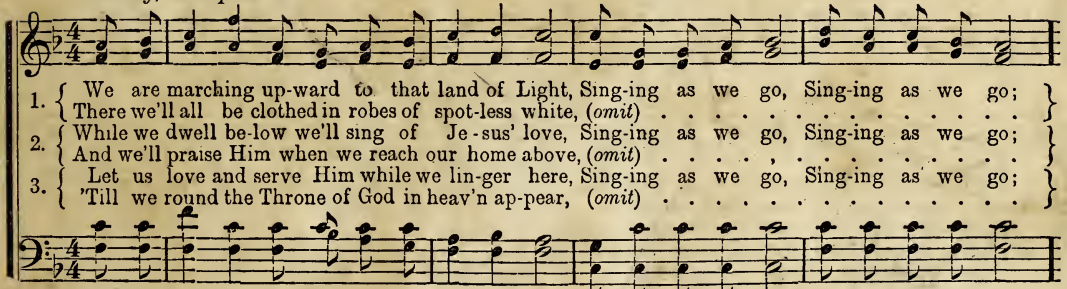
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
W. F. SCHNEIDER.

HAPPY SONGS.

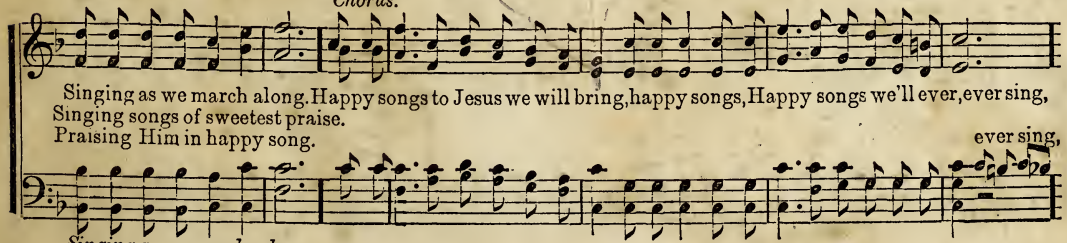
Happy Songs.

Words and Music by J. H. ANDERSON.

Gliding, with spirit.



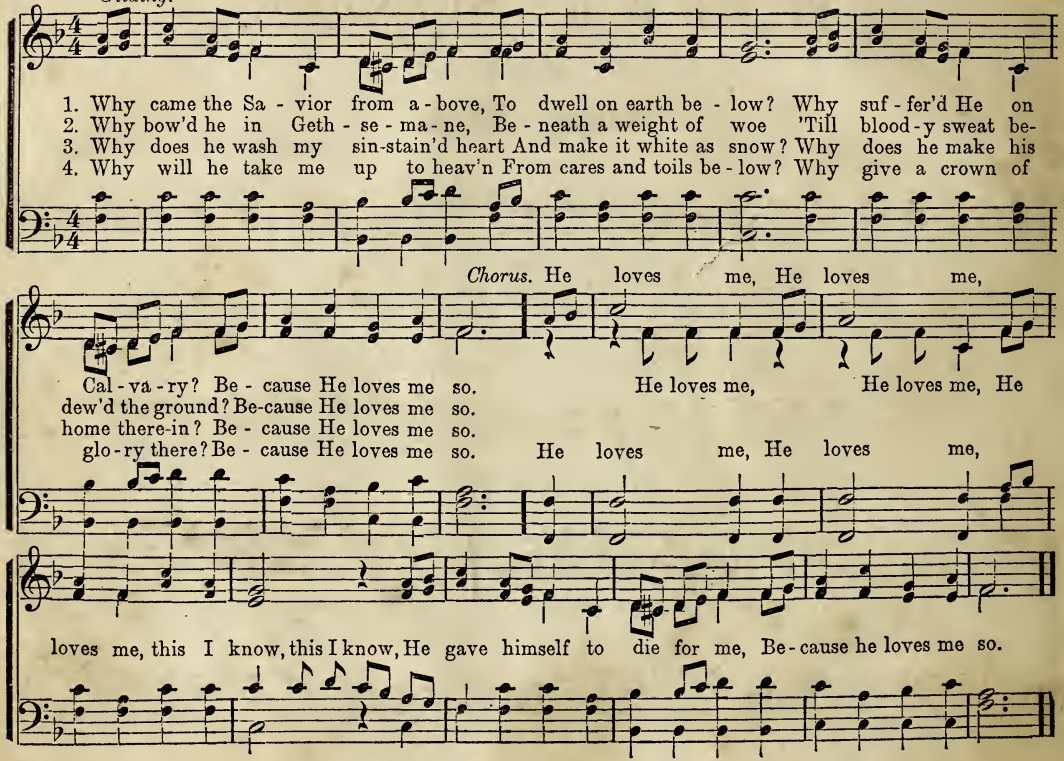
Chorus.



Because He Loves me so.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. GABRIEL MIESSE.

Gliding.



Sweet Chimes.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. N. JOHNSON.

Allegro.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS.

Hear the chiming of the bells, How sweet! How sweet! Hear the chiming of the bells, How sweet!

FULL CHORUS.

1. This is God's own day of rest, Day we love the most, the best; Oh, what gladness fills the breast, As the
2. Brighter skies have never been, Nor a Sabbath more se-rene; Let us praise the great Unseen, While the
3. God has made this Sabbath fair, Heav'nly mu-sic fills the air, Hearts are hap-py ev'-ry-where As the
4. To God's temple we re-pair, To the place of praise and prayer, And we'll humbly worship there As the

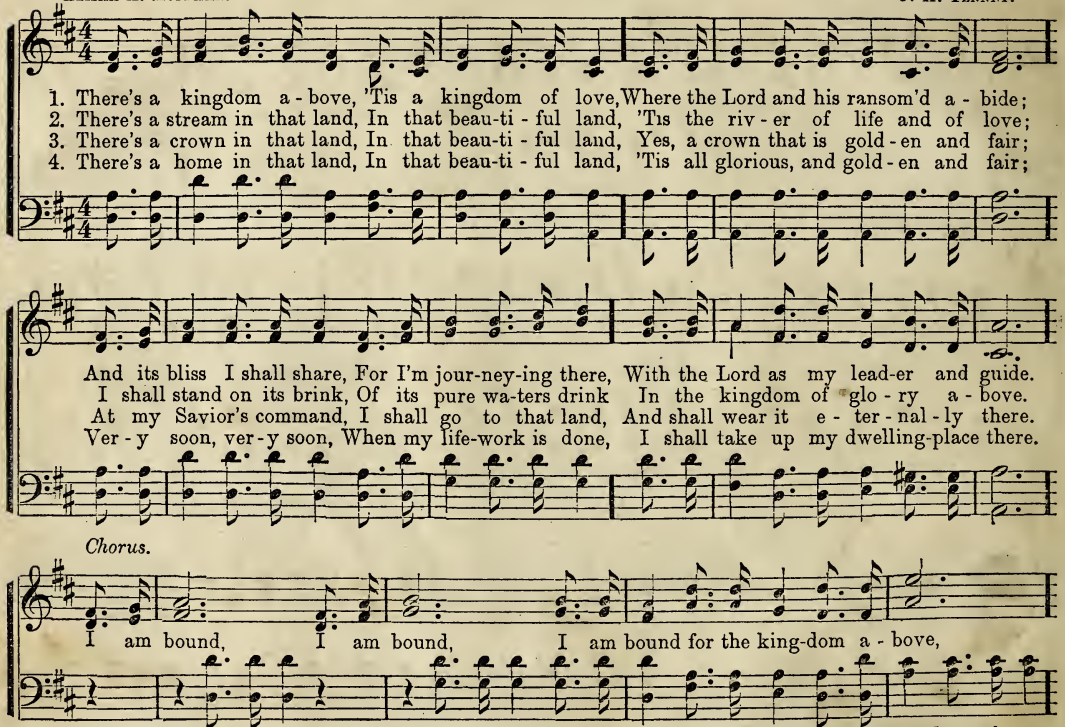
Very soft. CODA. *Rall.*

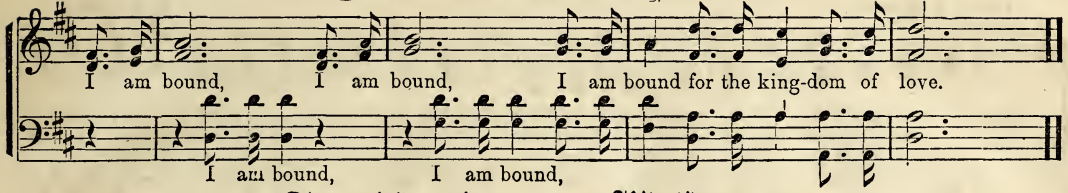
pp Dim - - in - u - endo.

bells chime on! Sabbath bells, chime on, chime on! Sweet bells, chime on, chime on, chime on!

The Kingdom Above.

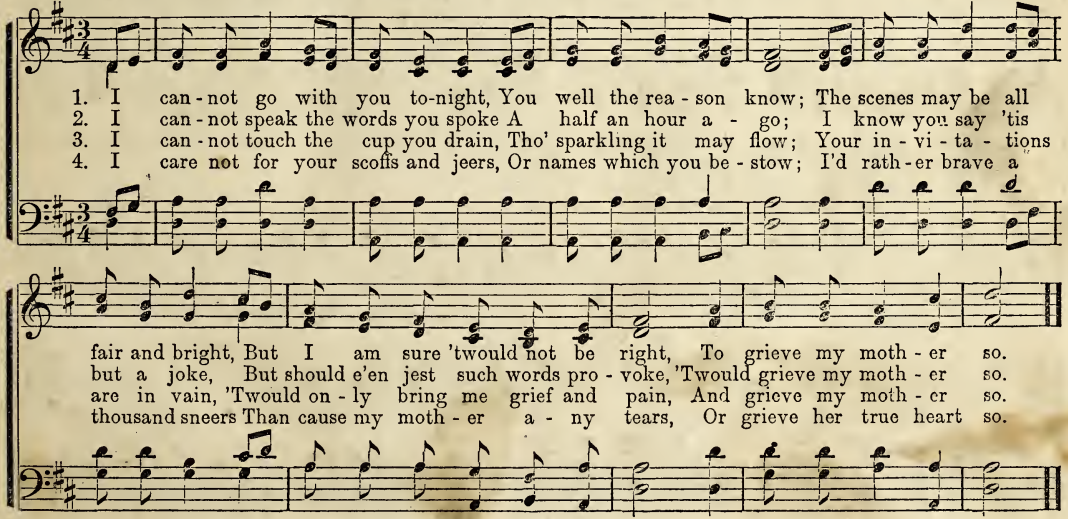
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.





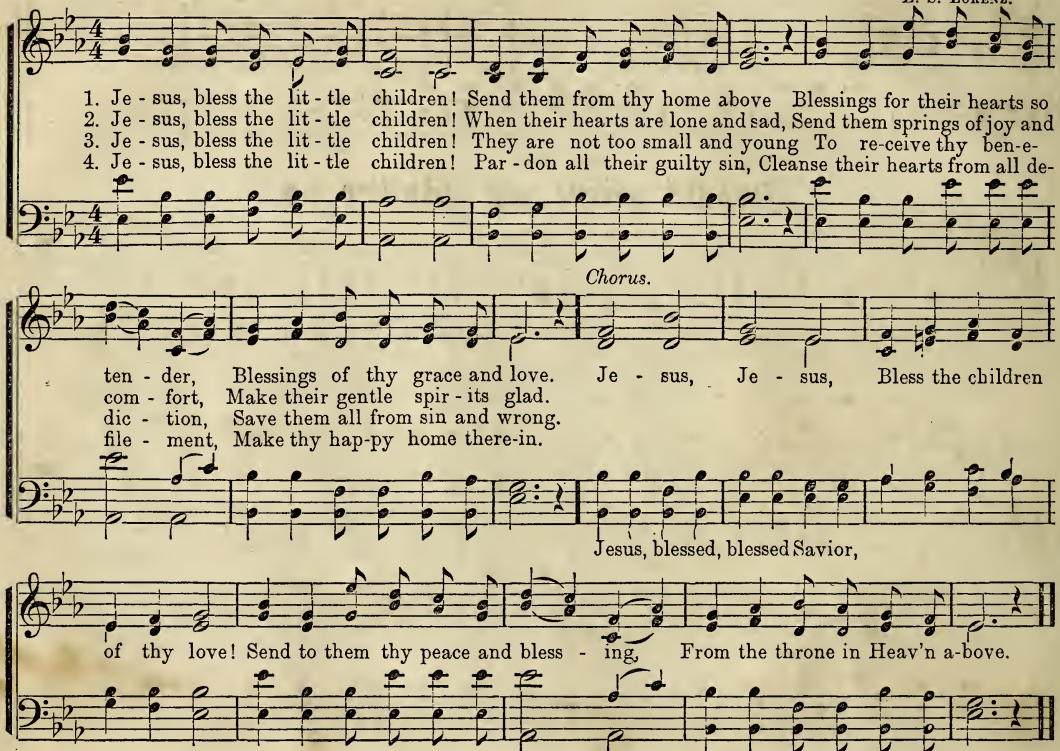
'Twould grieve my Mother so.

Words from "Little Chief." T. Frank Allen.



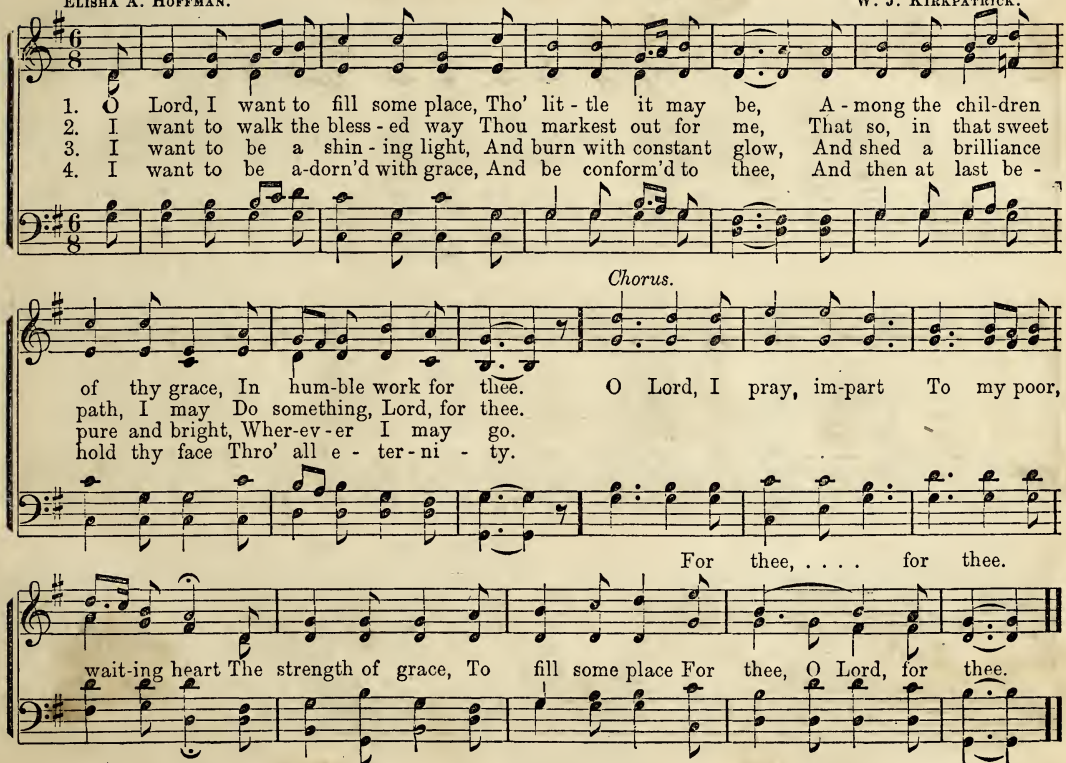
Bless the Little Children.

Elisha A. Hoffman. E. S. Lorenz.



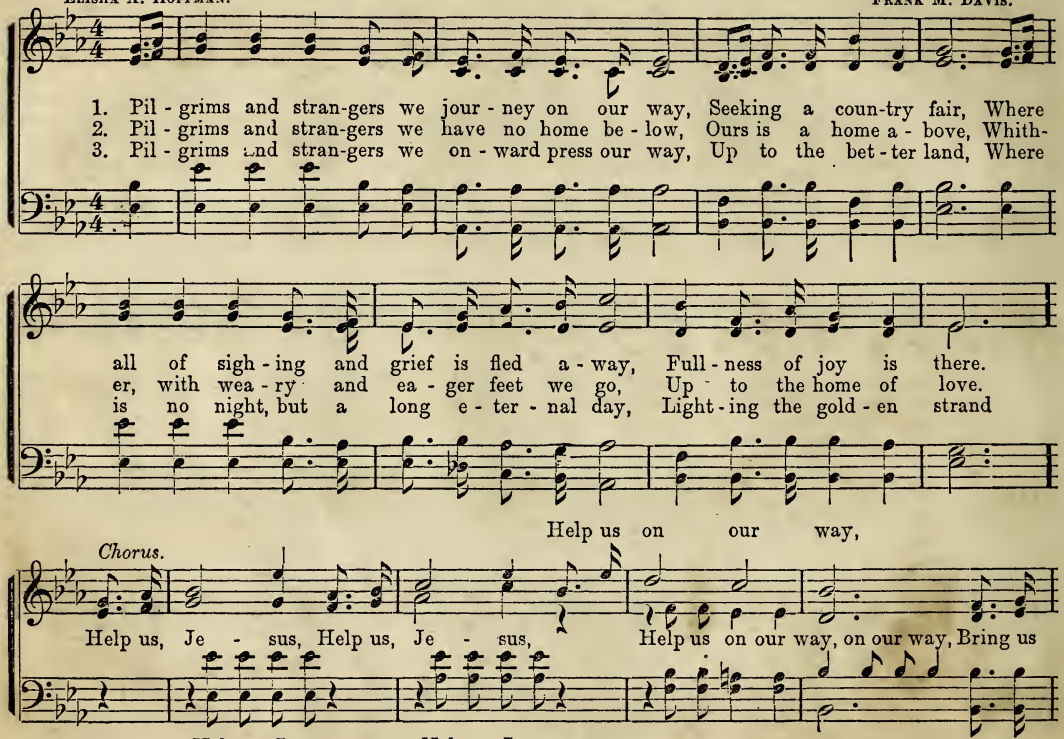
My Wants.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

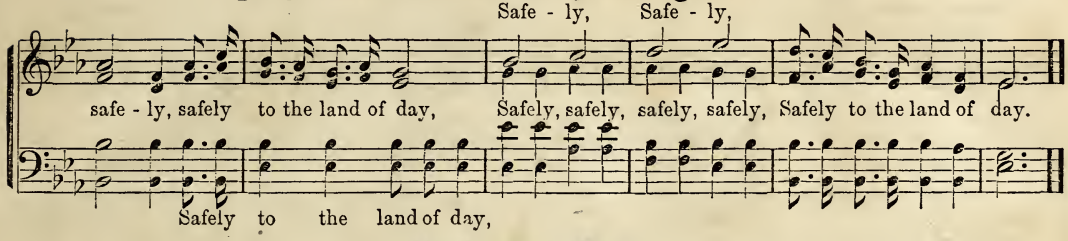


Pilgrims and Strangers.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. FRANK M. DAVIS.



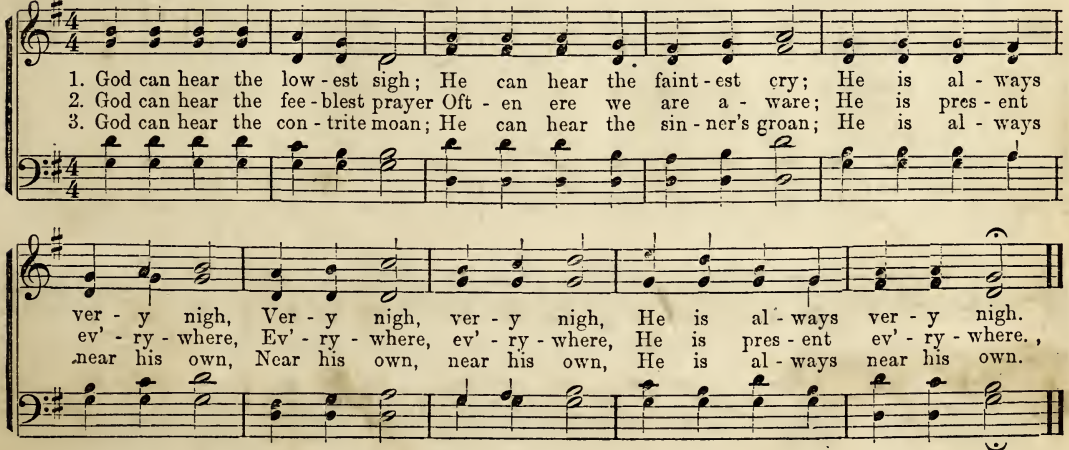
Pilgrims and Strangers.—Concluded.



God can Hear.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. A. KINZIE.

Andante.



Jesus is Ready Now.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

J. K. COLE, 1875

Adagio.

1. You have long been thinking, brother, Of leaving the ways of sin, Knowing that Je - sus is
2. You have long been yearning, brother, For pardon, and peace and love; Knowing that Je - sus can
3. You have long been waiting, brother, No long-er in sin de - lay; Je - sus, your Lord is

Rall. *Chorus. a tempo.*

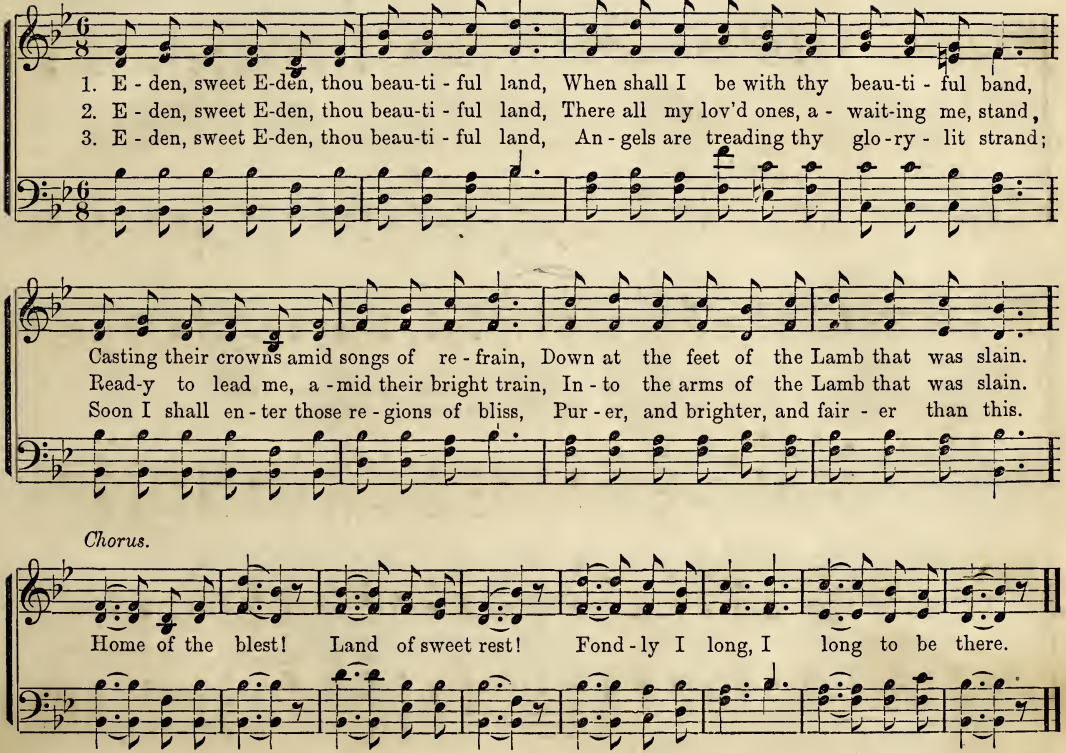
read - y, And wait - ing to take you in. Then come, come to the Sa - vior, Be-
save you, And fit you for joys a - bove.
will-ing And read - y to save to - day.

pp Rit.

fore Him humbly bow; Wait no long - er, brother, Je - sus is read - y now.

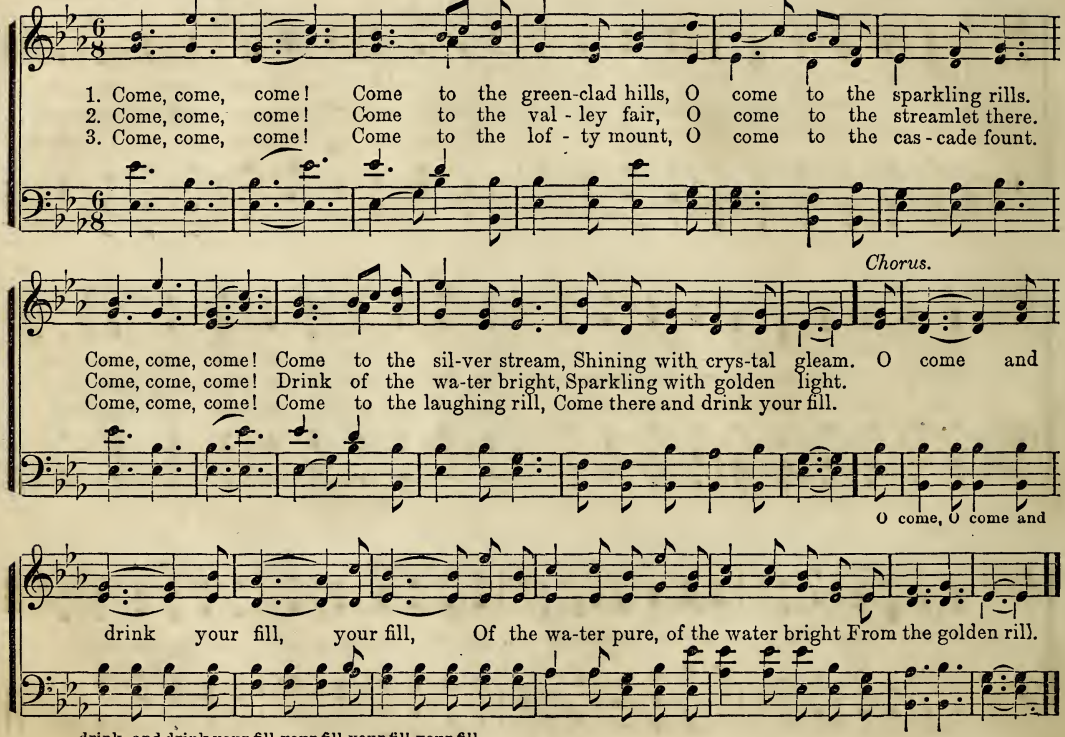
Eden, sweet Eden.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. S. KIEFFER.



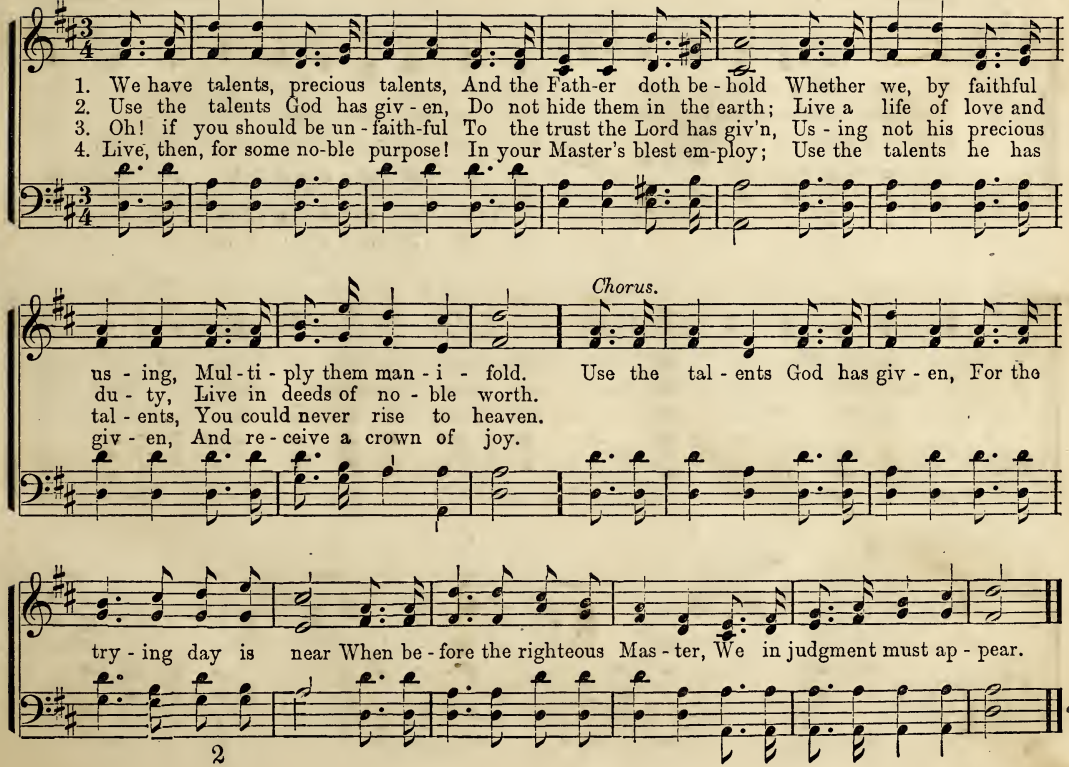
Come, Come, Come!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. E. S. LORENZ.



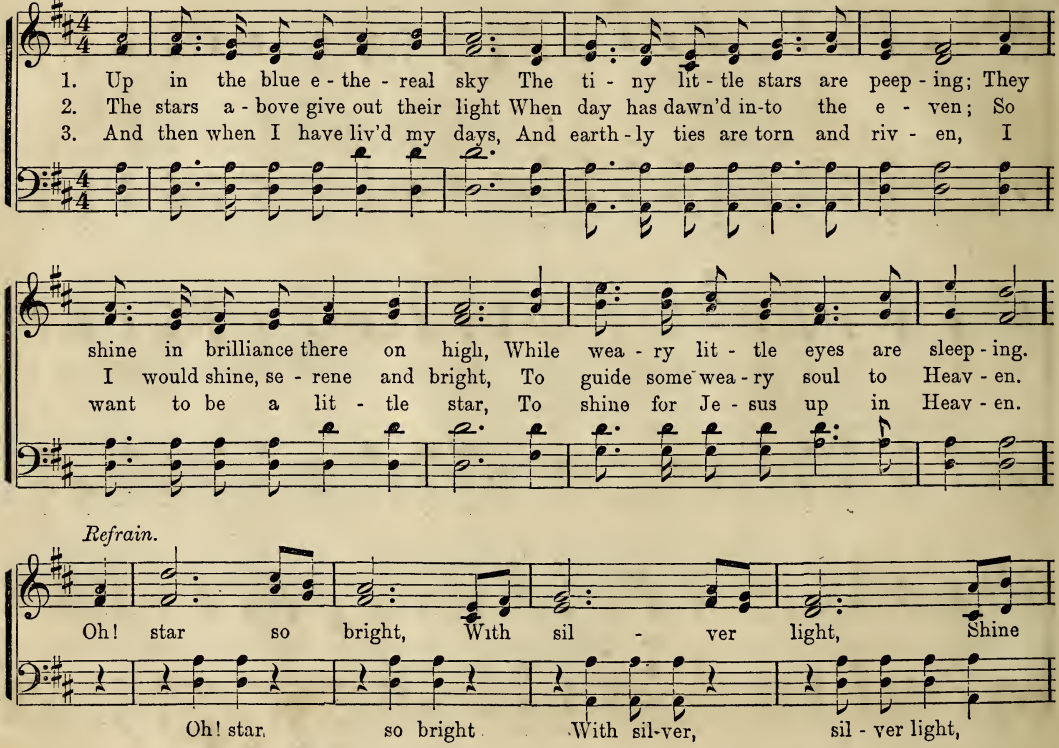
Use the Talents.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. FRANK M. DAVIS.
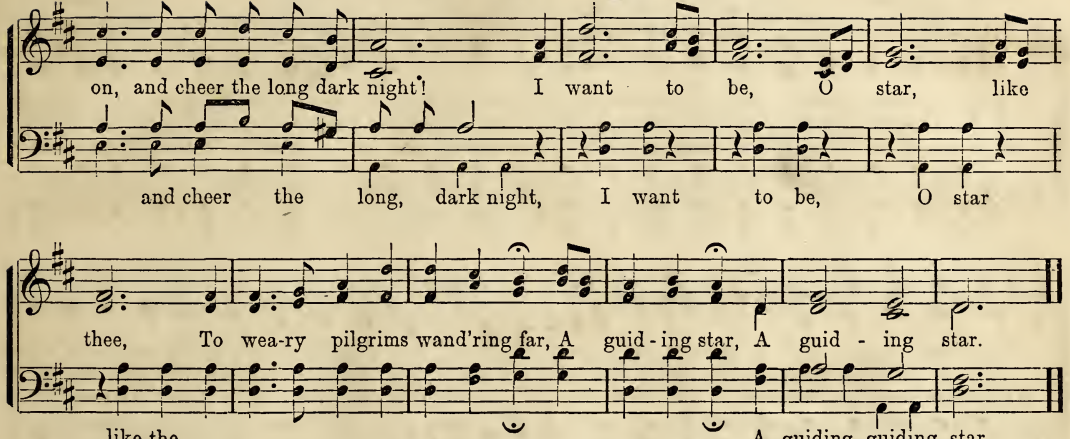


A Guiding Star.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

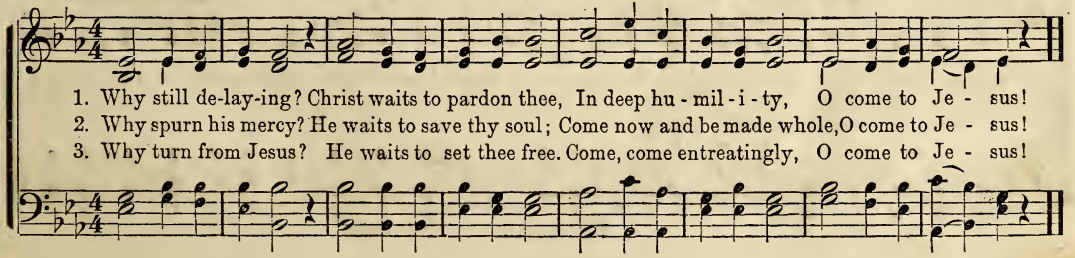


A Guiding Star.—Concluded.



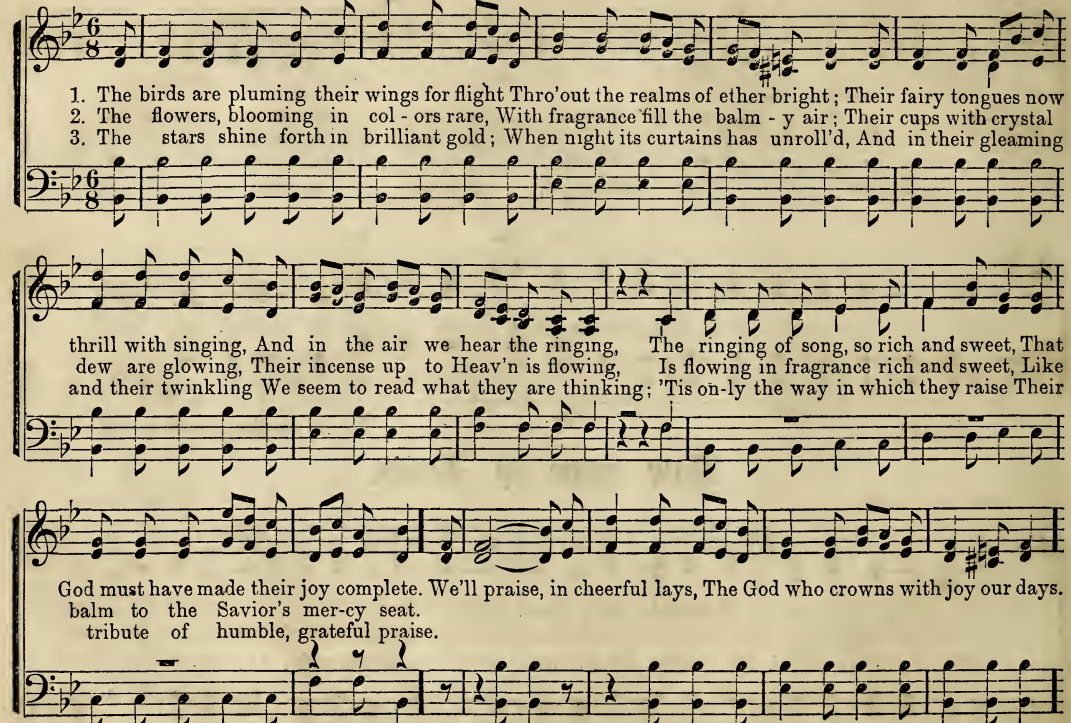
Now come to Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. R. MURRAY.

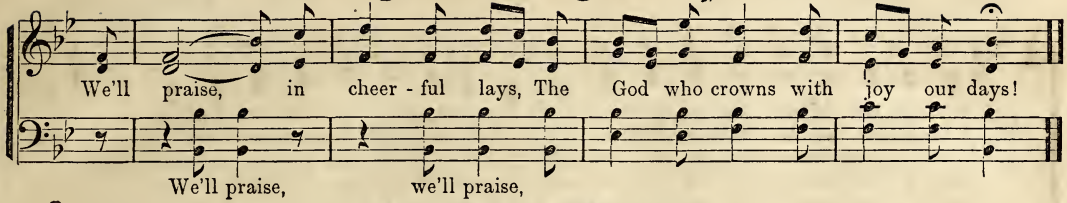


We will Praise the Lord.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. K. COLE.



We will Praise the Lord.—Concluded.



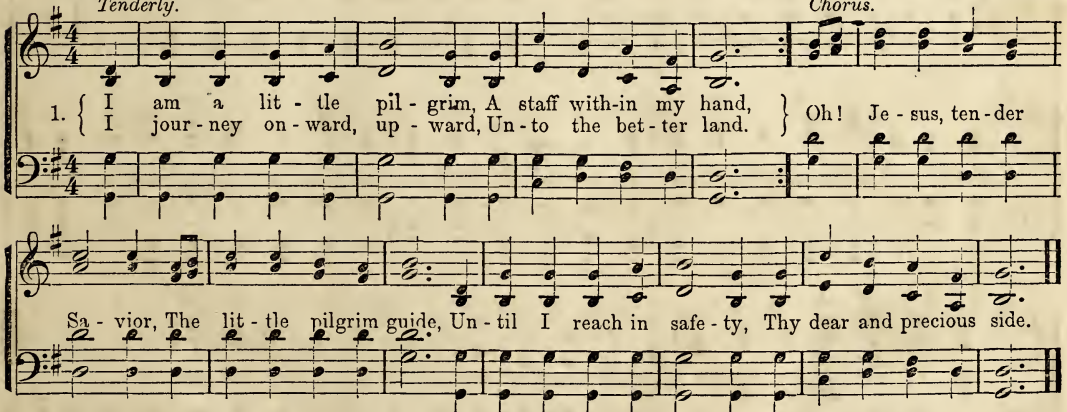
The Little Pilgrim.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Tenderly.

Melody by ORIE HOFFMAN, nine years old.

Chorus.



2 I am a little pilgrim,
And meet with many foes;
I'll make my way to heaven
Whatever may oppose.

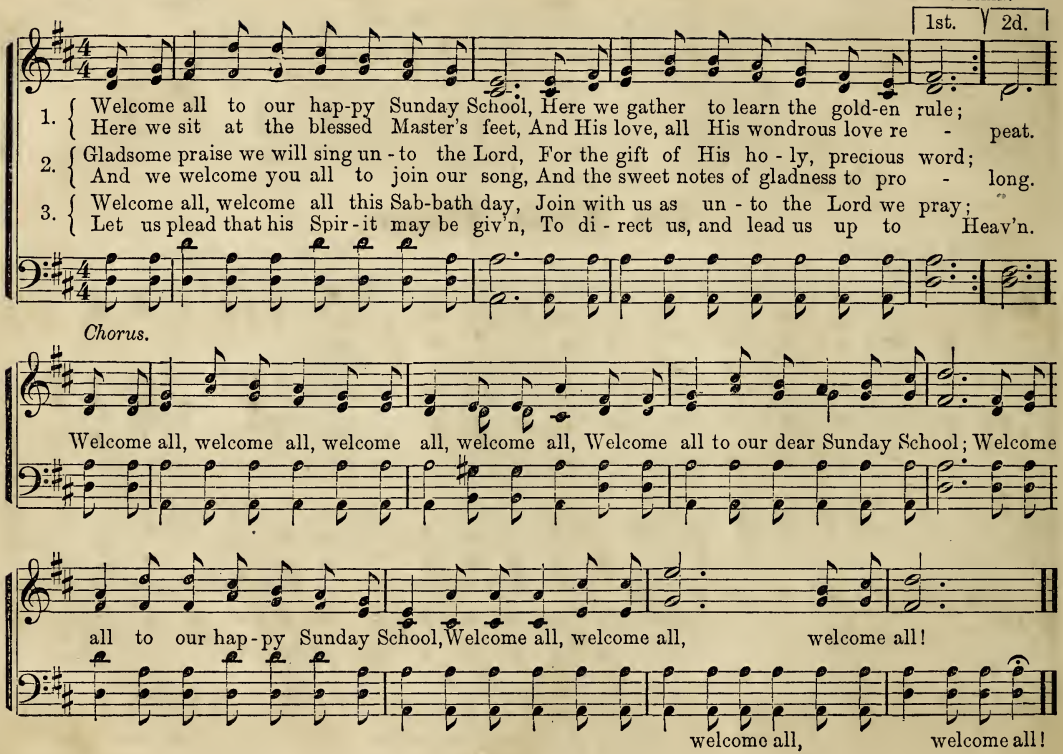
3 I am a little pilgrim,
And Jesus is my friend;
He'll keep me safe from danger,
Unto my journey's end.

4 I am a little pilgrim,
And heed not scorn or frown;
For when my journey's over,
I'll wear a golden crown.

Welcome All.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

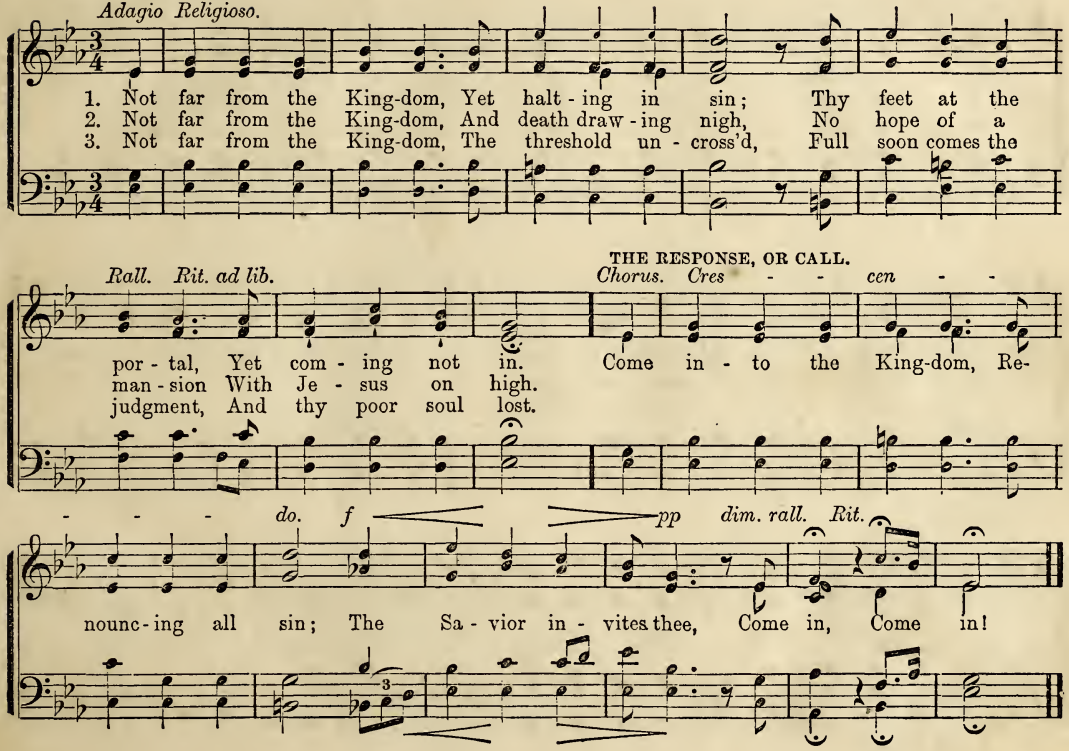
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



Not Far From The Kingdom.

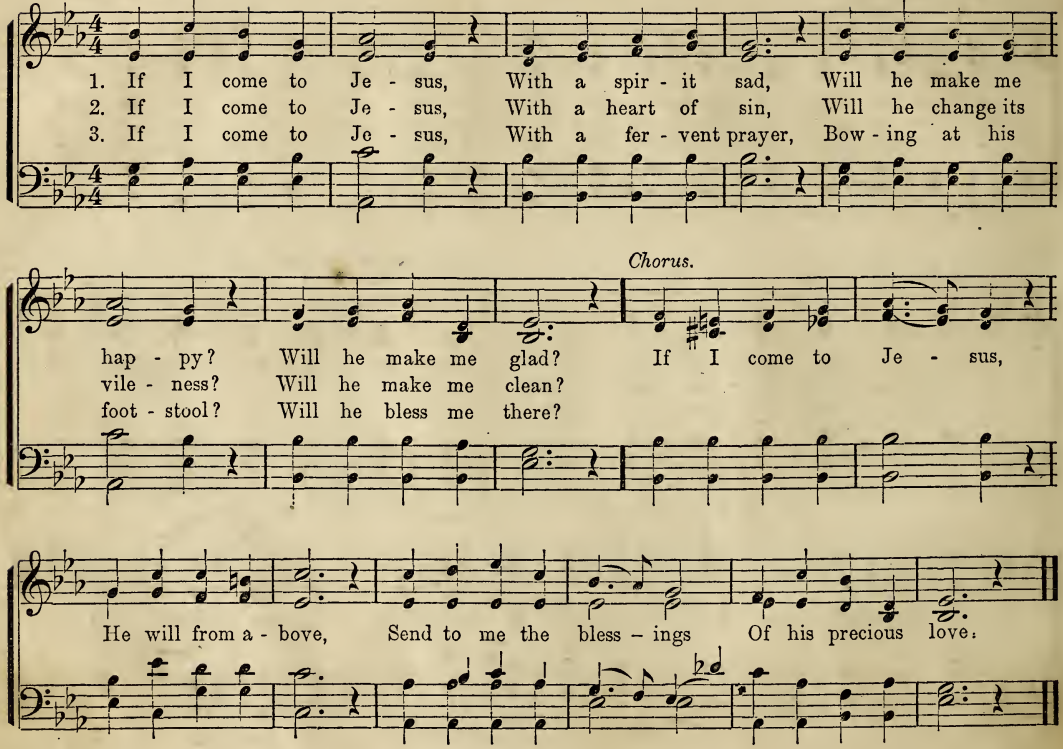
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
THE PLEA.
Adagio Religioso.

J. H. ANDERSON.



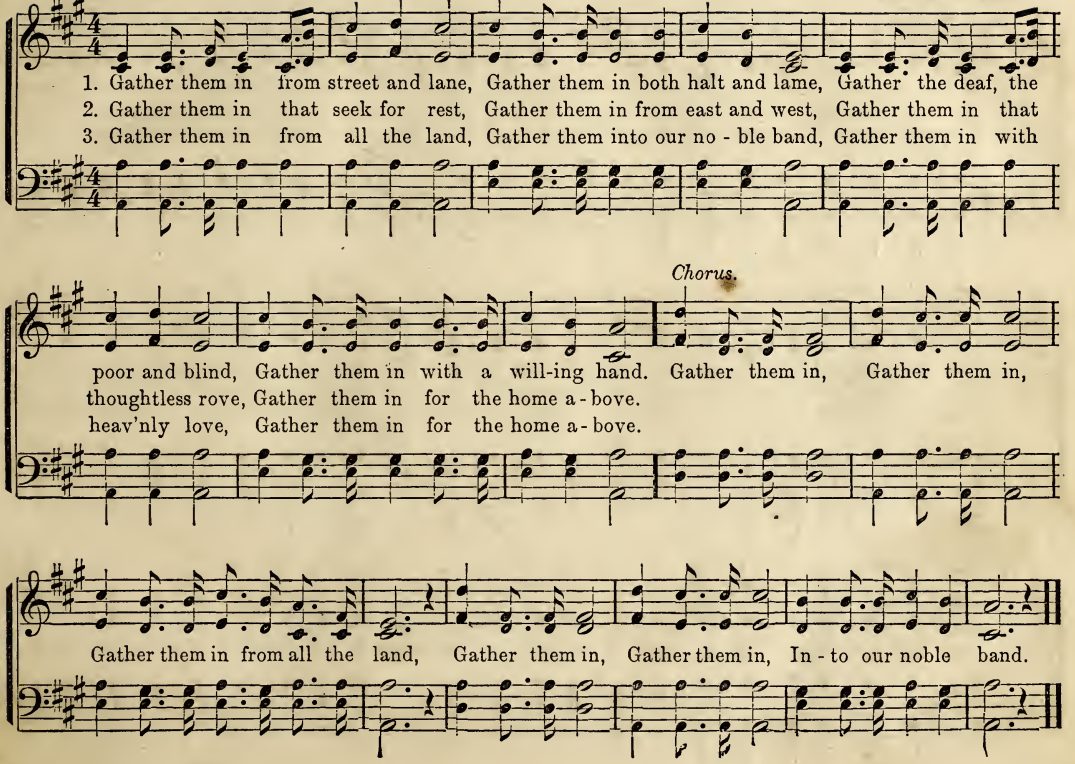
If I Come to Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. R. MURRAY.



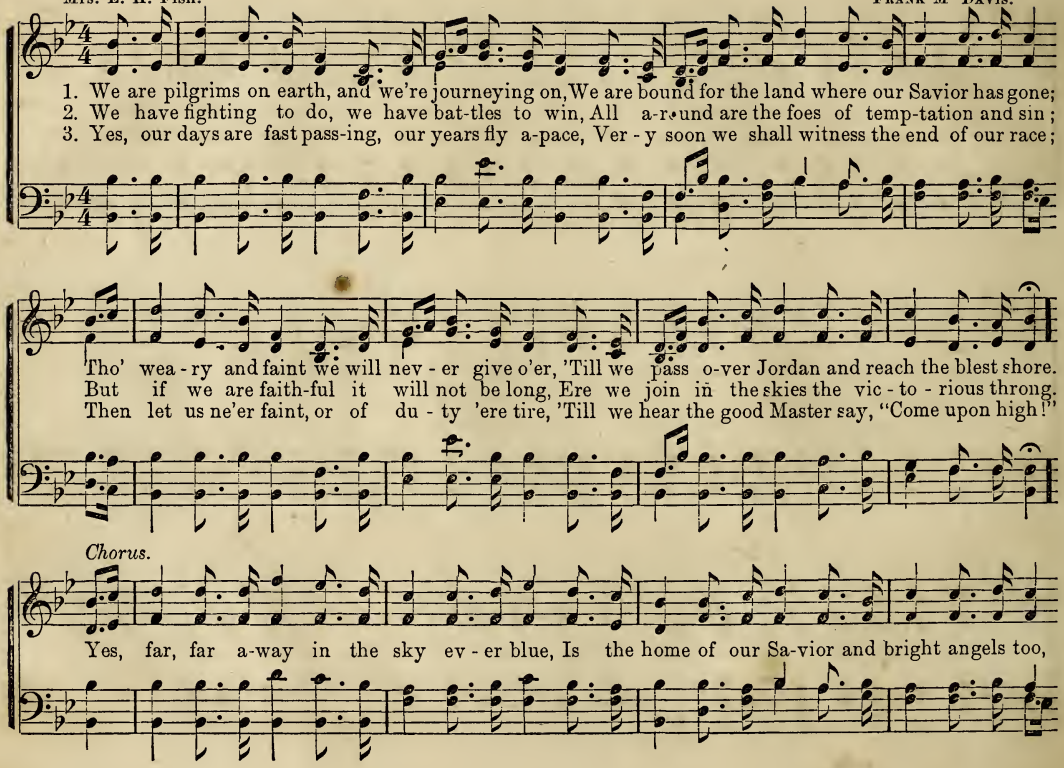
Gather them In.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

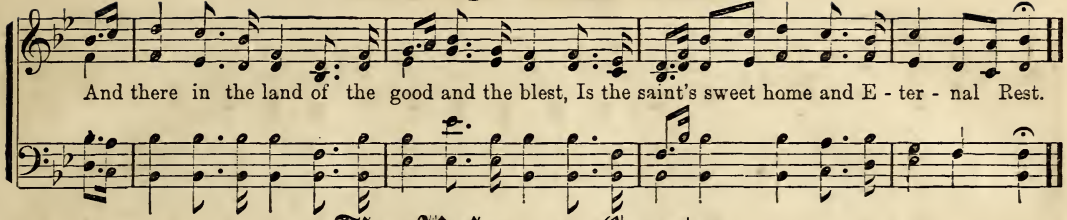


Eternal Rest.

Mrs. E. H. Fish. Frank M Davis.



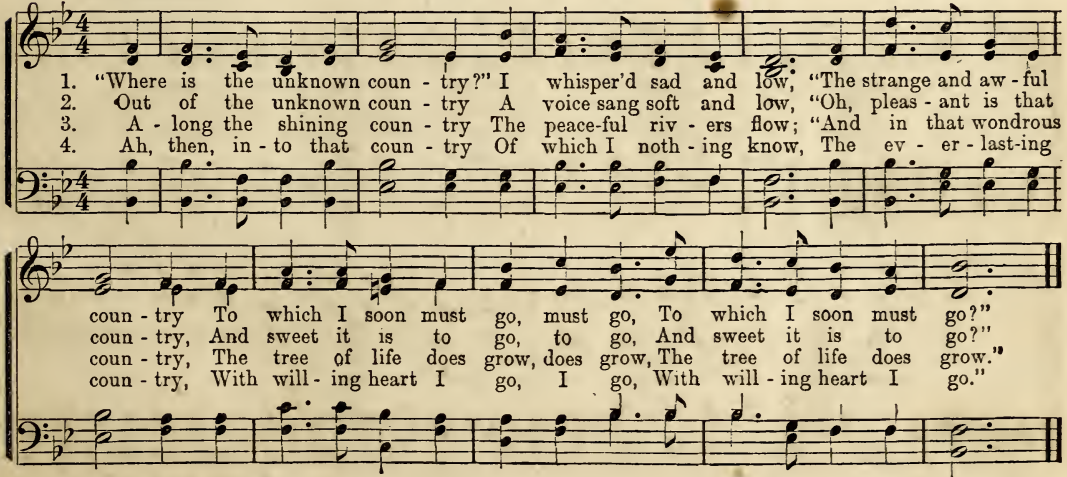
Eternal Rest.—Concluded.



The Unknown Country.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK. R. G. STAPLES.

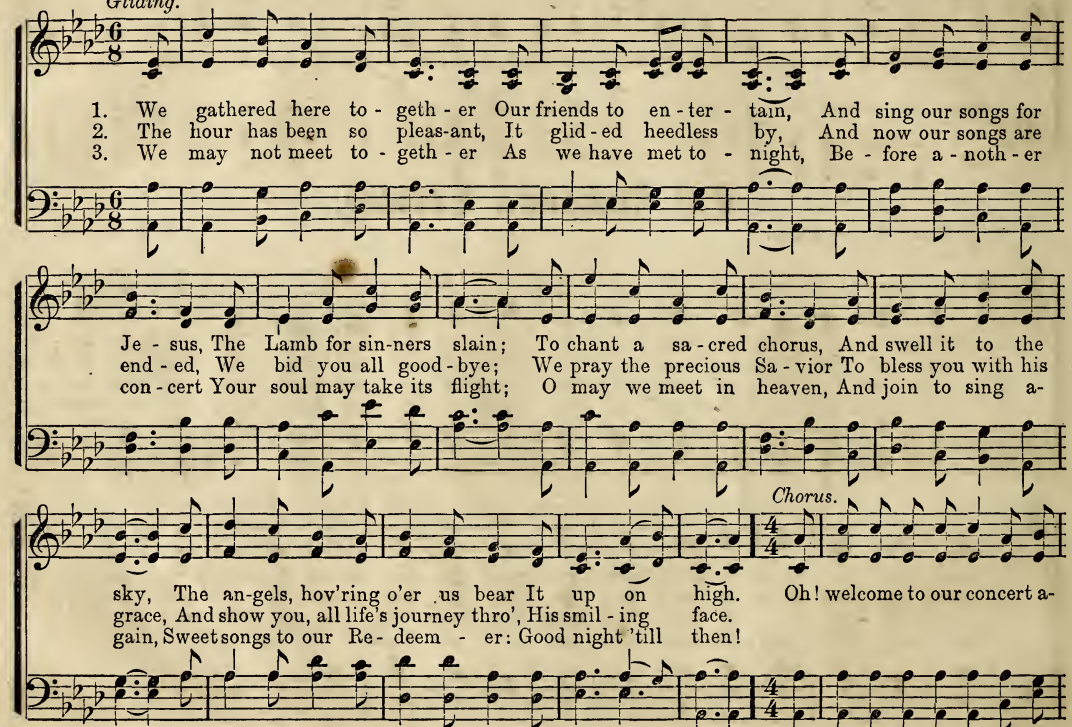
With sentiment.



Good Night, till Then!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. MRS. A. B. ALSTON.

Gliding.



Good Night, till Then!—Concluded.

Rit.

gain, again, We bid you all a pleasant Good-night 'till then, Good night 'till then, Good night, Good night 'till then.

Only Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. G. STAPLES.

1. On - ly Je - sus will I know, On - ly Je - sus here be - low, On - ly Je - sus when I go To my home a-bove.
2. On - ly Je - sus will I sing, Un - to Him thanksgiving bring; To His cross for safe- ty cling, 'Till I gain the crown.
3. On - ly Je - sus will I love, And my warm af - fec-tion prove, 'Till, within the home a-bove, I shall see His face.

Refrain.

On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je-sus, on - ly Je - sus, Who has died, On-ly Je-sus, on - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je-sus, Crucified.

Let it now Cleanse me.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. ANDERSON.

Adagio.

1. Je - sus, Thou did'st shed Thy blood On Mount Cal - va - ry, To re - deem a
2. I am full of vil - est sin And im - pu - ri - ty, Wash me in the
3. Mil - lions in its pre - cious depths Have found pu - ri - ty, I am yearn - ing

world from sin, Let it now cleanse me.
flow - ing blood, Let it now cleanse me.
to be saved, Let it now cleanse me.

Chorus. Very slow.

Let it now cleanse me,

Let it now cleanse

Rall. *Rit.*

Let it now cleanse me, Wash me in thy crim-son blood, Let it now cleanse me.

me, Let it cleanse me,

Fight the Battle.

Rev. P. S. Orwig. Music by Nathan Barker.

Con Spirito.

1. Fight the battle! Fight the battle! Faith is need-ed to be strong; Walls and bulwarks
2. Fight the battle! Fight the battle! Grace and courage he'll supply; If you firmly
3. Fight the battle! Fight the battle! Tho' the war be hand to hand; We shall see the

Refrain.

need not check you, Christ, the vic - tor, bids you on. Fight the battle! Fight the battle!
stand for Je-sus, You shall have a home on high.
foe re-treat-ing, Conquer'd by our no - ble band.

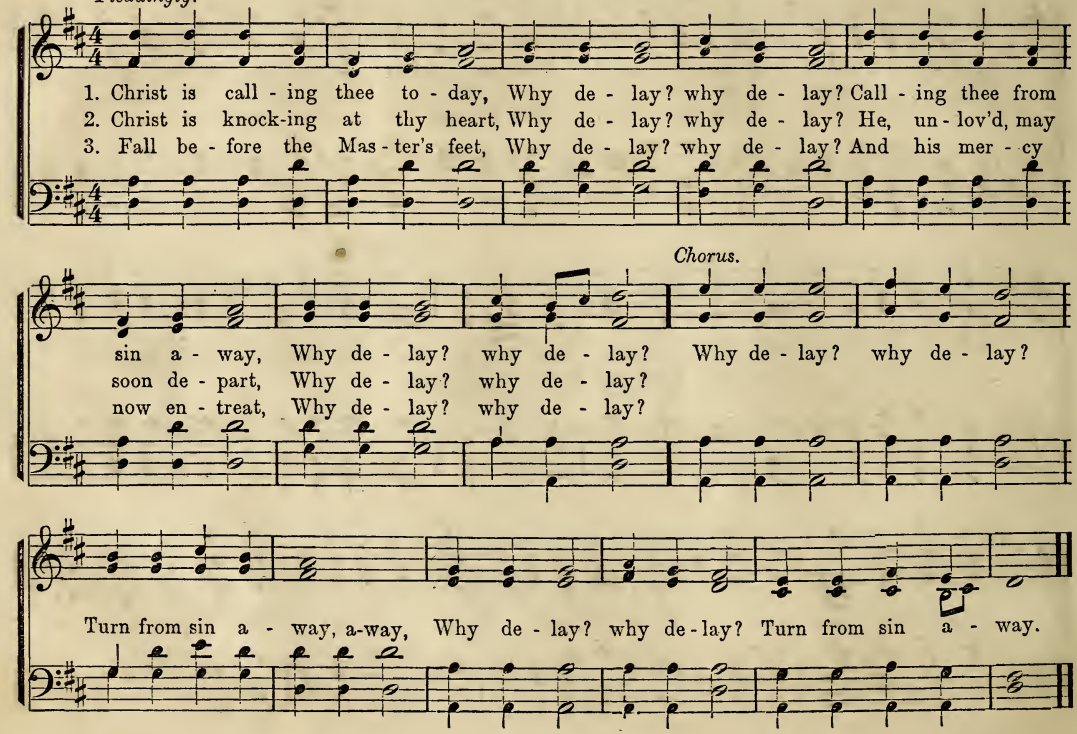
Gird your ar - mor on! Fight the battle! Fight the battle! 'Till you gain the crown!

Why Delay!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. A. KINZIE.

A CALL TO THE UNCONVERTED.

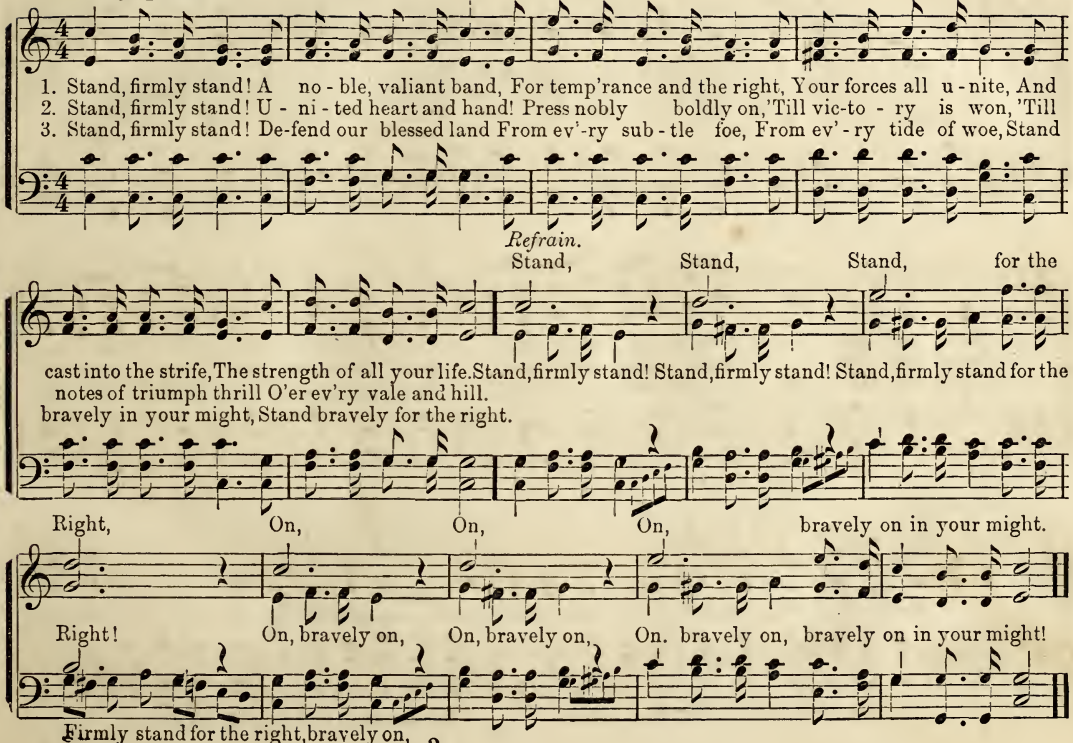
Pleadingly.



Stand, Firmly Stand.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

Very Spirited.



Heart, make Room for Jesus!

Elisha A. Hoffman. J. R. Sweney.

1. Room . . for gid - dy, world - ly plea - sure, Room . . for ev' - ry kind of sin,
2. Room . . for much of pain - ful sor - row, Room . . for woe and trou - bles sore,
3. Room . . for pride and vile af - fec - tion, Room . . for pas - sion day by day,

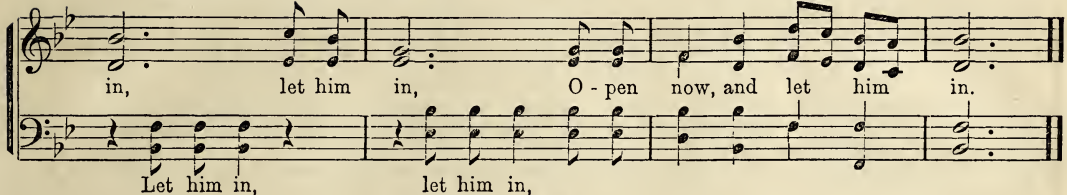
But no room for heav'n - ly trea - sure, None for Christ to en - ter in.
Room for care on each bright mor - row, But for Christ no o - pen door.
Room for tho'ts of wrong di - rec - tion, But no place for Christ to - day.

Chorus.

O my heart! . . Make room for Je - sus, Open now . . . and let him in, Let him
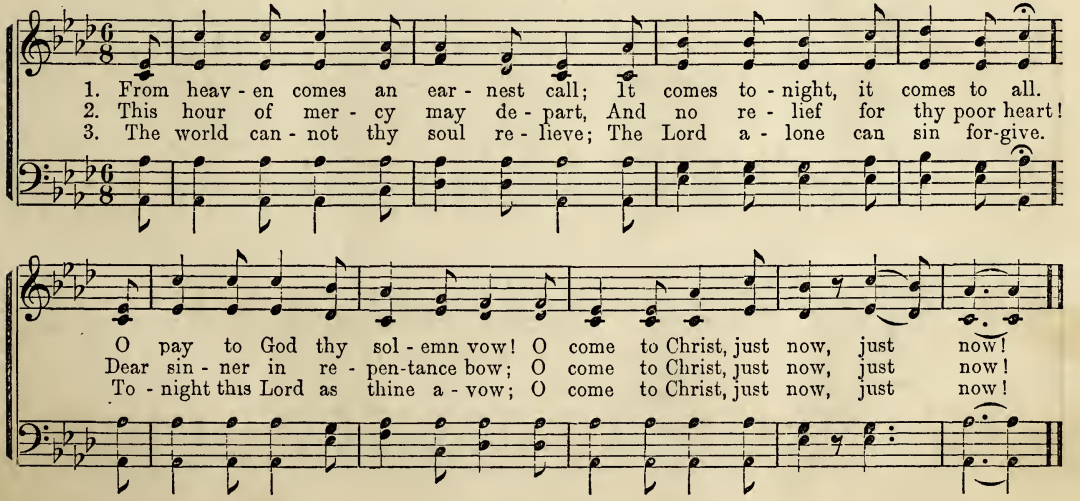
O my heart! make room for Je-sus now! Open now and let him in, let him in,

Heart, make Room for Jesus!—*Concluded.*



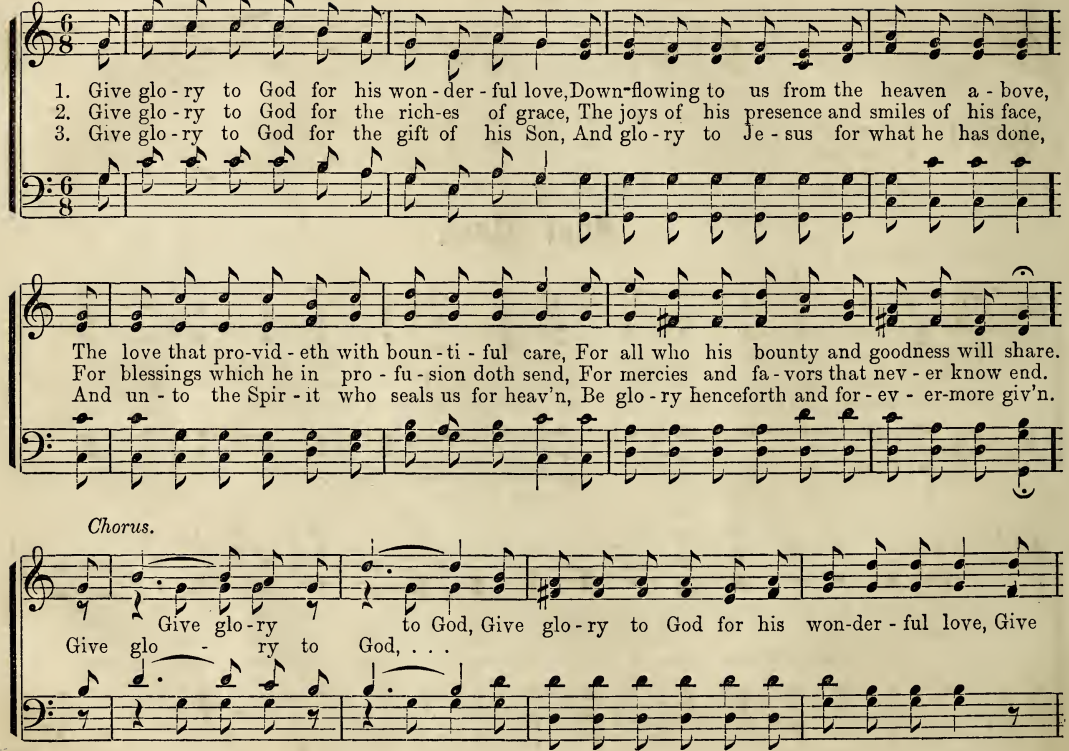
Just Now.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

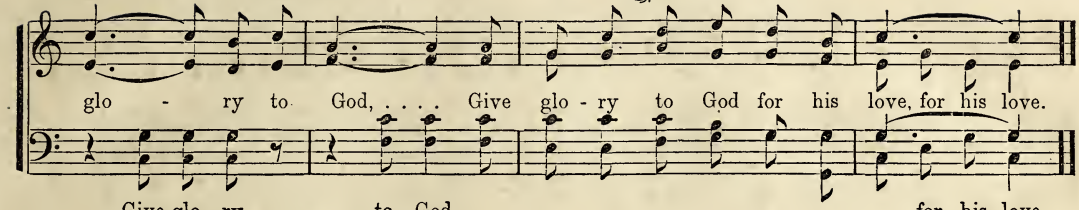


Give Glory to God.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. C. O'KANE.



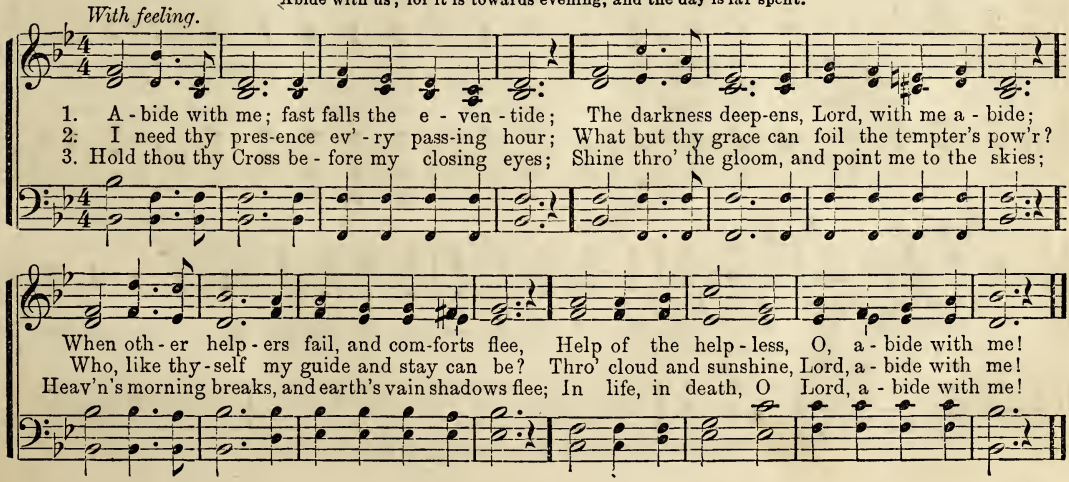
Give Glory to God.—Concluded.



Abide with me!

"Abide with us; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."

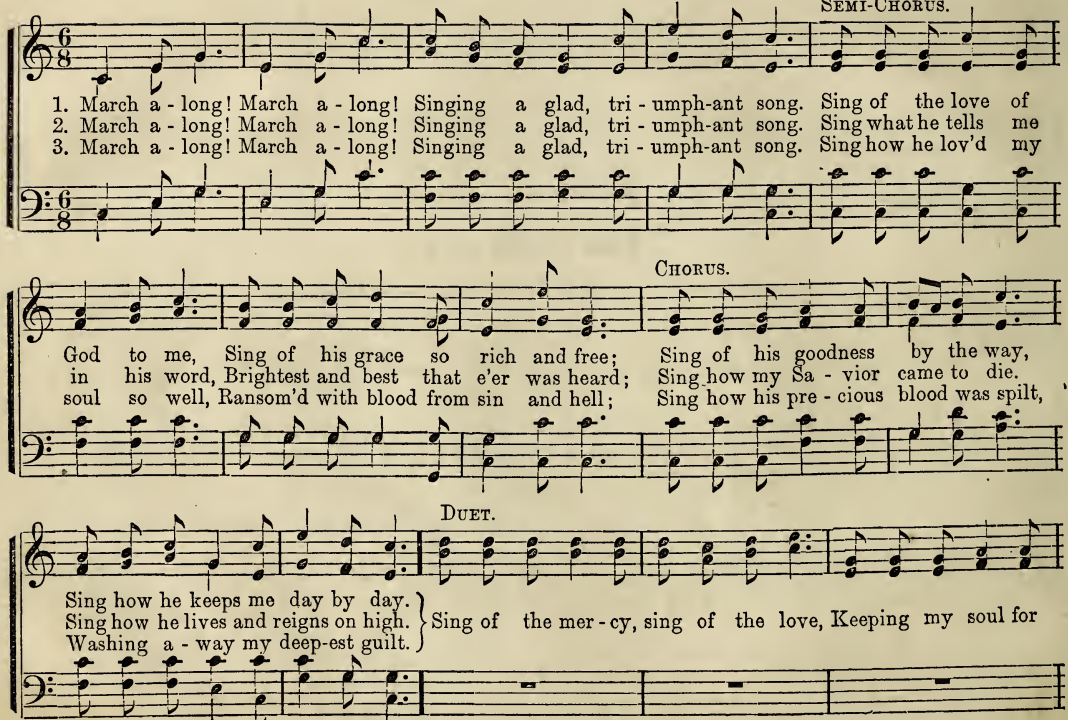
T. Frank Allen.



Our Song of Triumph.

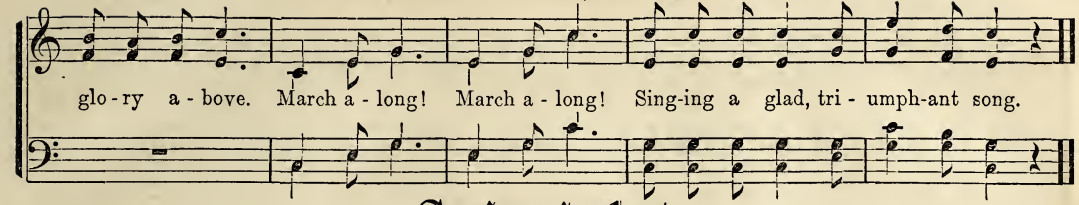
Words and Music by Rev. Alfred Taylor,

Semi-Chorus.



From "Songs of Gladness," by permission of Garrigues Bros.

Our Song of Triumph.—Concluded.

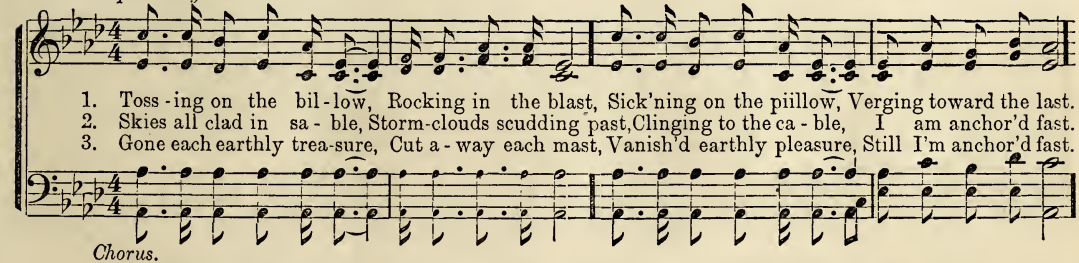


Anchored Fast.

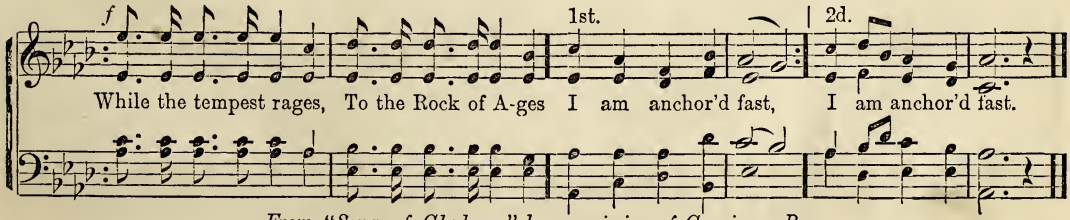
Words by Rev. Wm. P. Breed, D, D.

J. E. Gould.

Expressively.



Chorus.

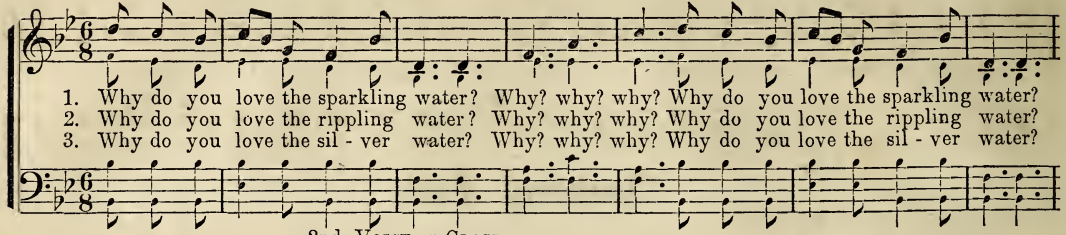


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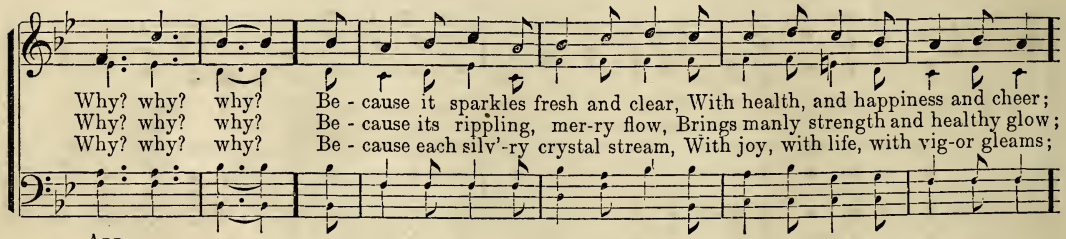
Why do we Love the sparkling Water?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. FRANK M. DAVIS.

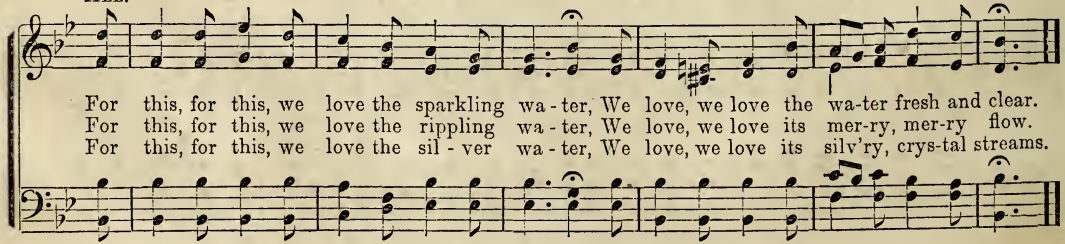
1st. VOICE or CLASS.



2nd. VOICE or CLASS.

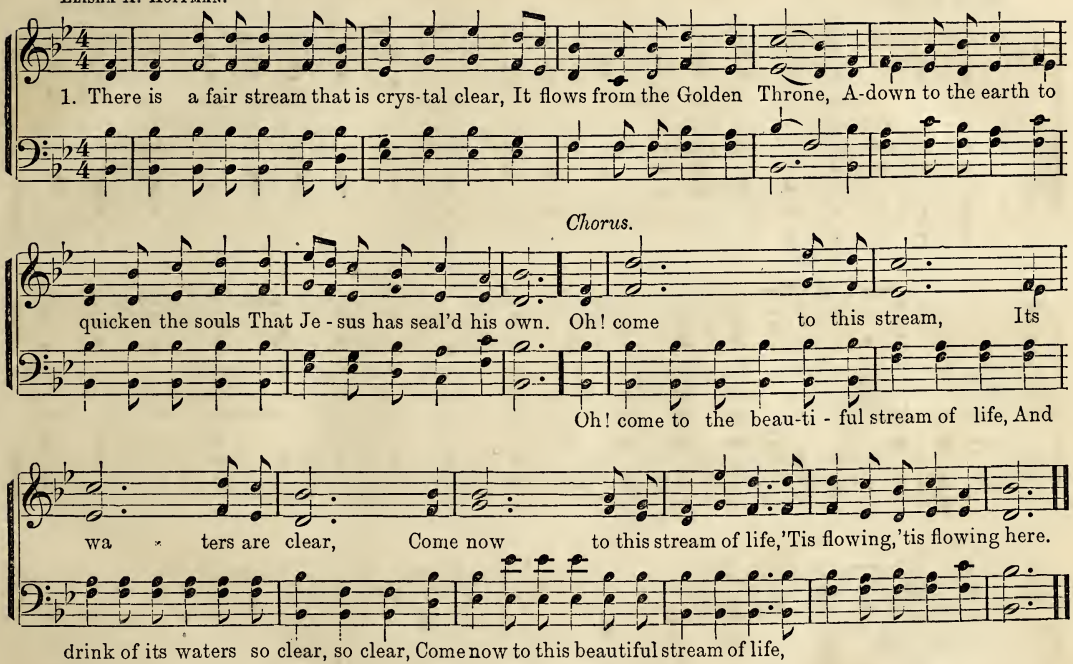


ALL.



The Beautiful Stream of Life.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

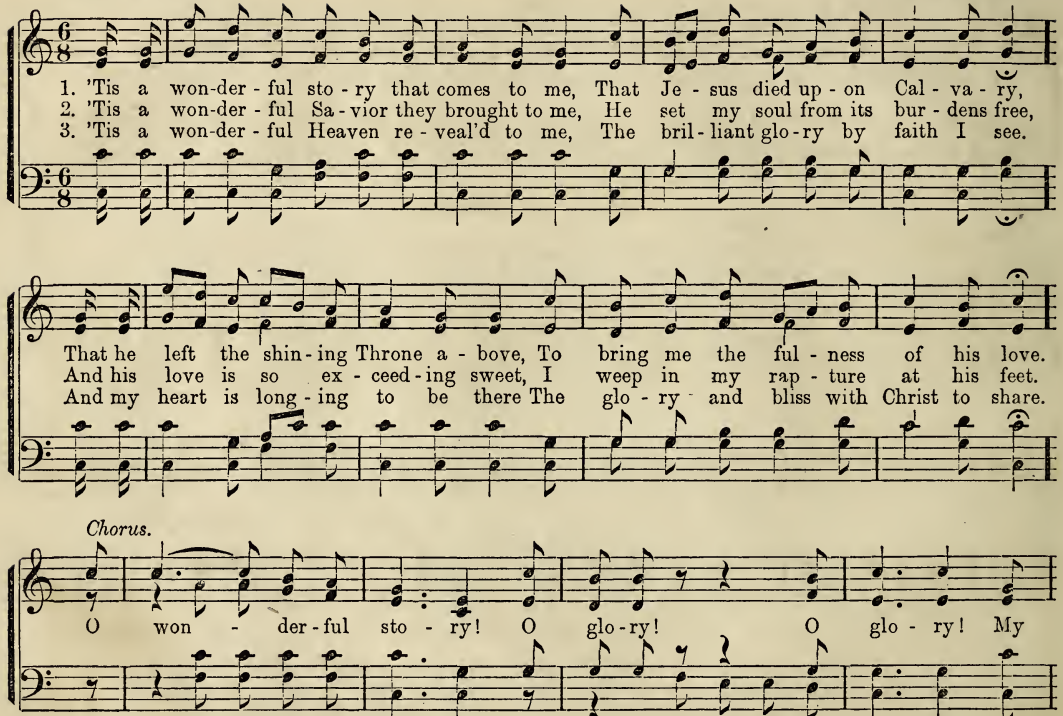


2 This stream is the beautiful stream of life,
Its waters are full and free,
It bringeth salvation down to the earth,
Oh brother, it flows for thee.—*Chorus.*

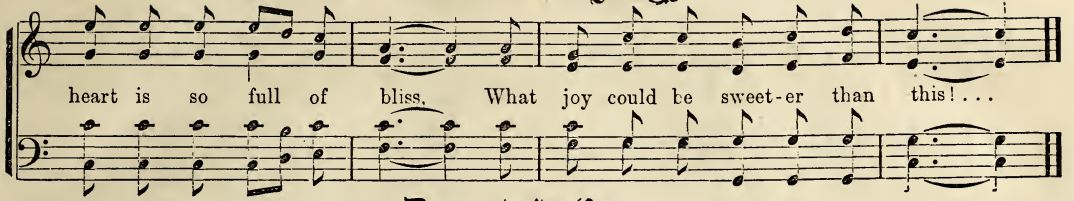
3 O come to this beautiful stream of life,
And drink of its waters clear,
'Tis flowing with healing virtue to-day,
'Tis flowing, 'tis flowing here.—*Chorus.*

The Wonderful Story.

Elisha A. Hoffman. J. H. Rosecrans.



The Wonderful Story.—Concluded.

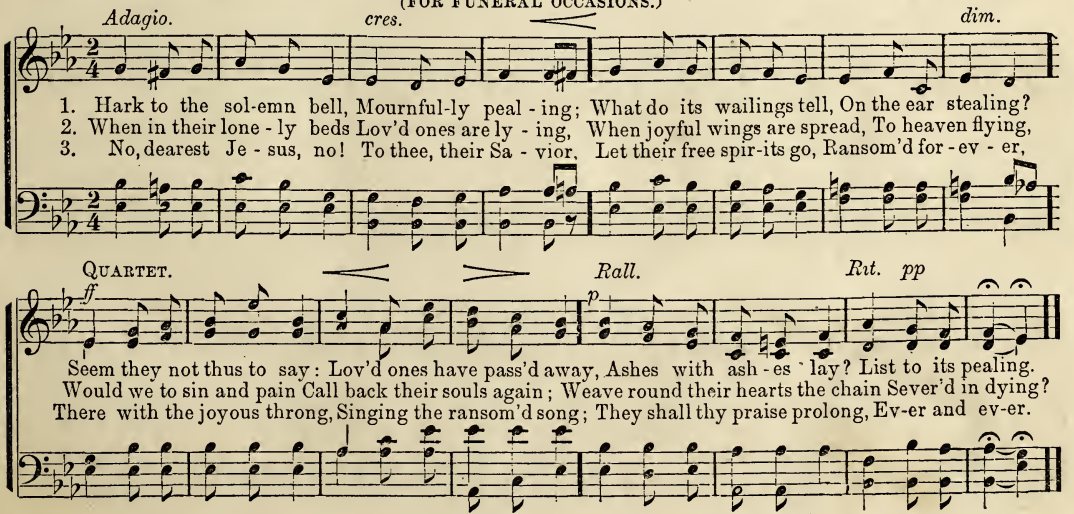


Departed Ones.

TRIO.—Alto, Tenor and Bass.

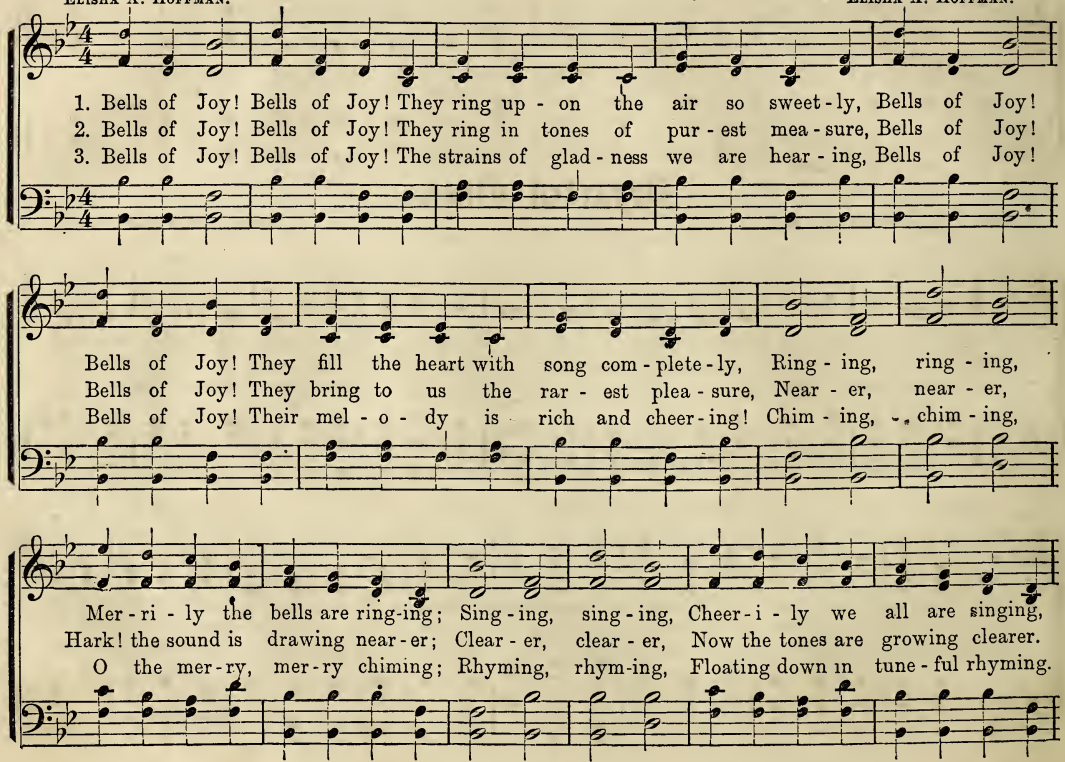
(FOR FUNERAL OCCASIONS.)

Music by T. Frank Allen.

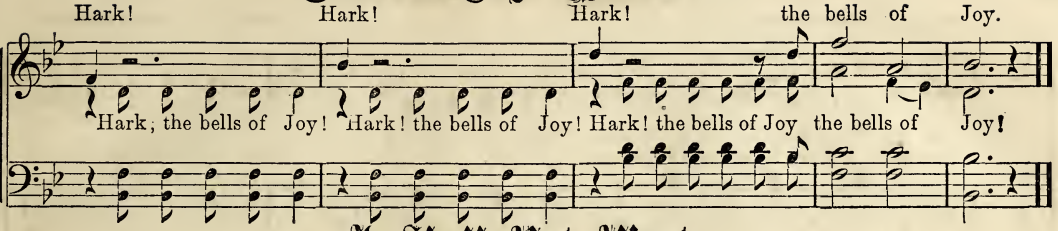


Bells of Joy.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

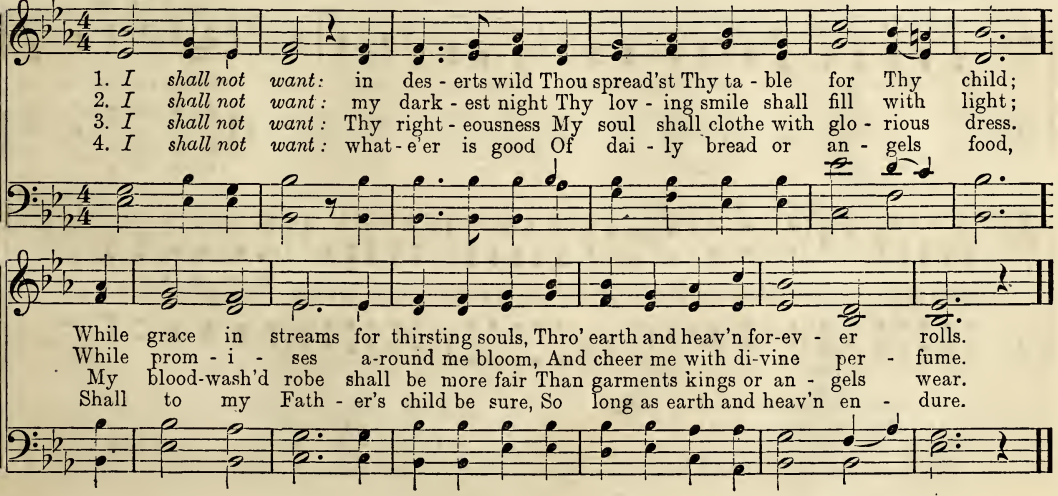


Bells of Joy.—Concluded.



I Shall Not Want.

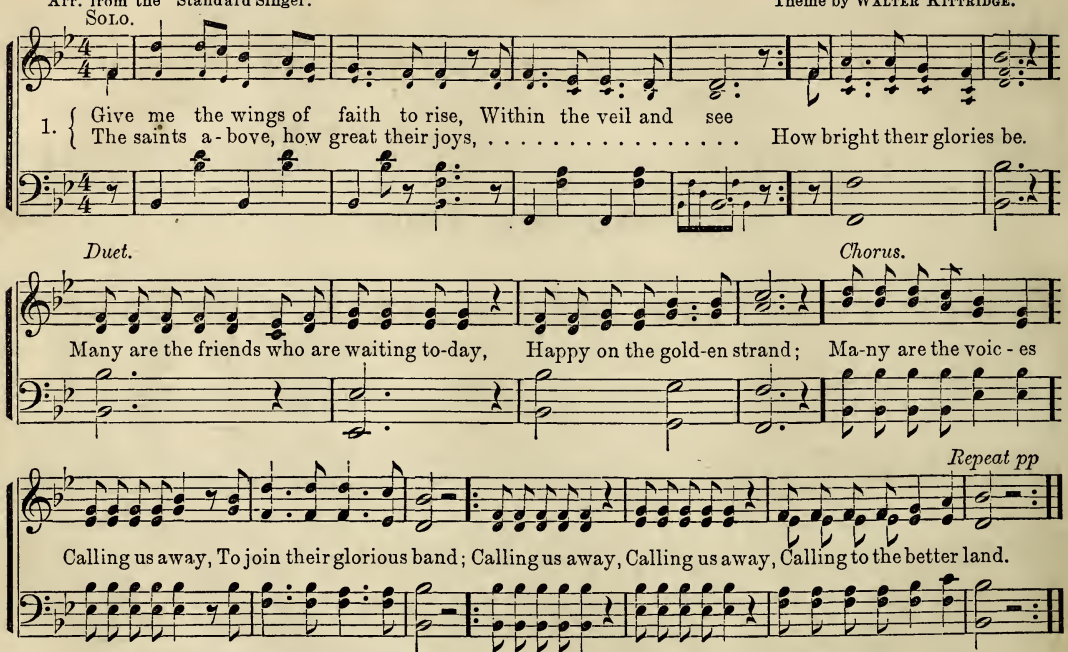
Rev. Dr. Deems. J. H. Tenney.



Calling Us Away.

Arr. from the "Standard Singer."

Theme by WALTER KITTRIDGE.



2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

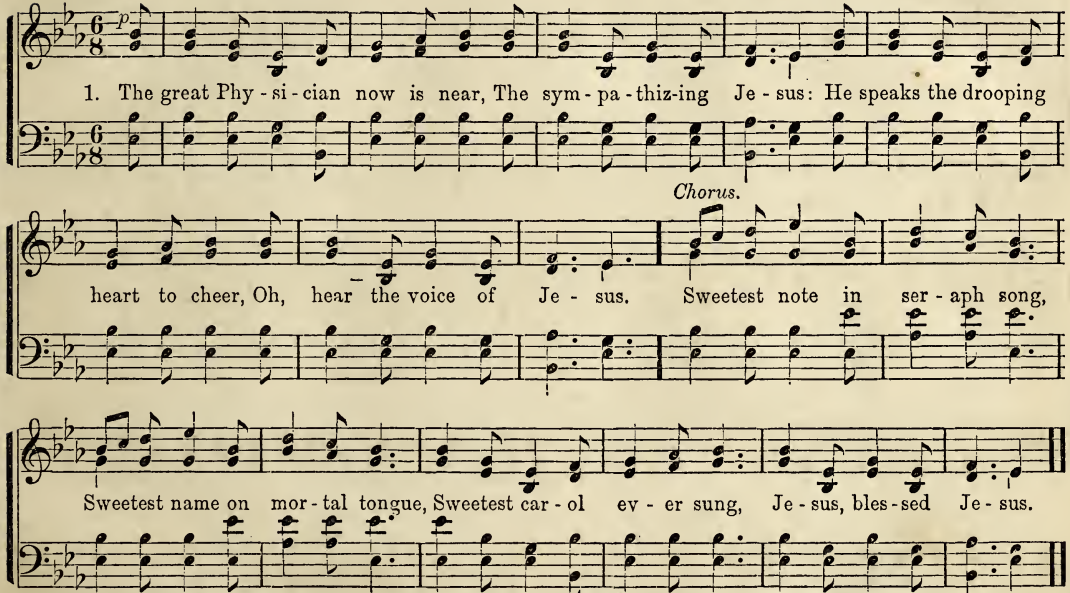
3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

From "Every Sabbath," by per.

The Great Physician.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—Jer 8: 22.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. D. D. Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stocton, by per.



2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

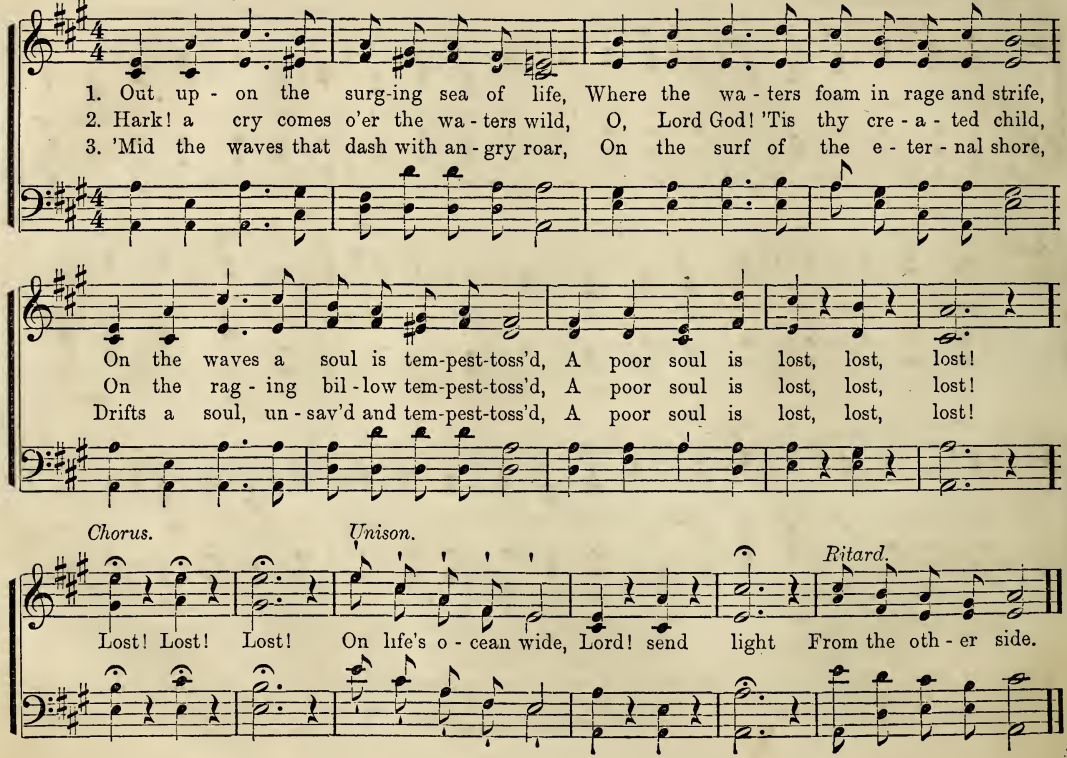
5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

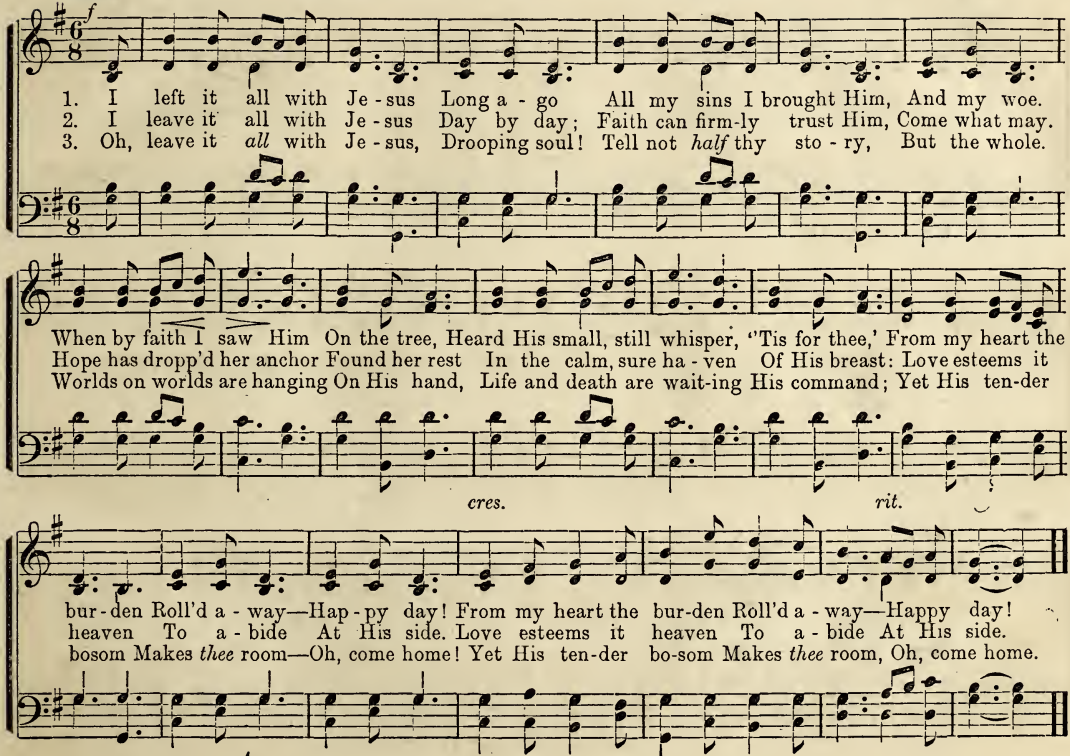
Lost!

Elisha A. Hoffman. Mrs. S. M. O. Hoffman. By per.
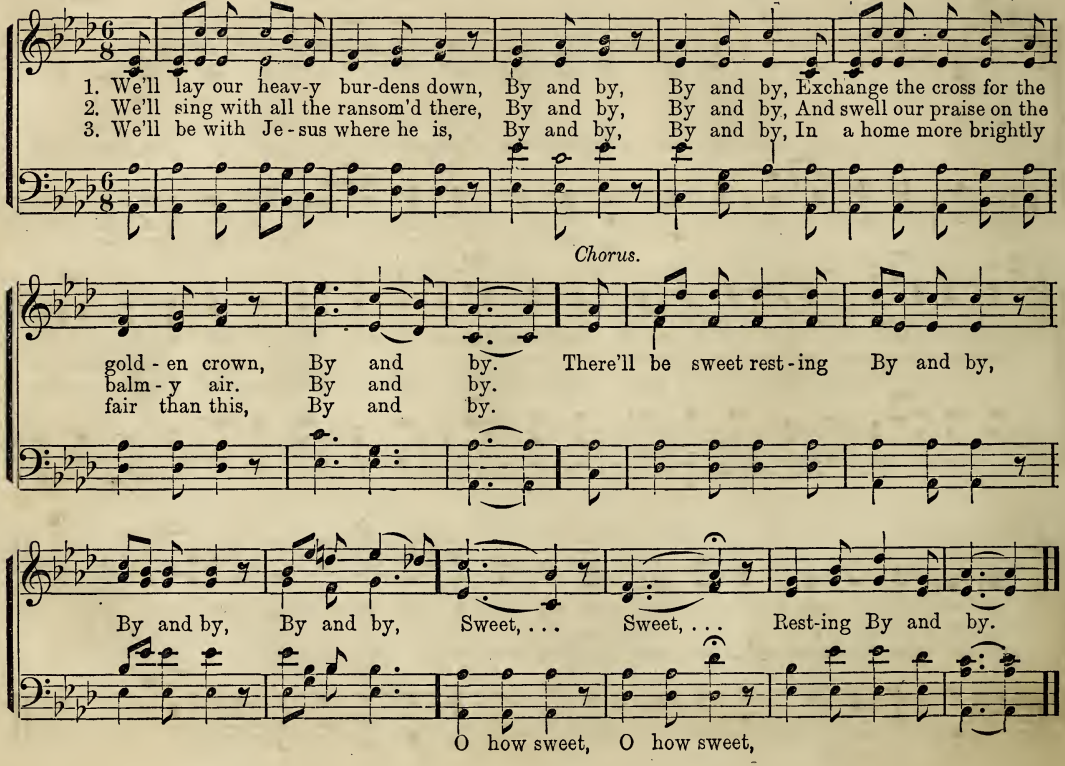


I Left it All with Jesus.

Miss Ellen H. Willis. English.



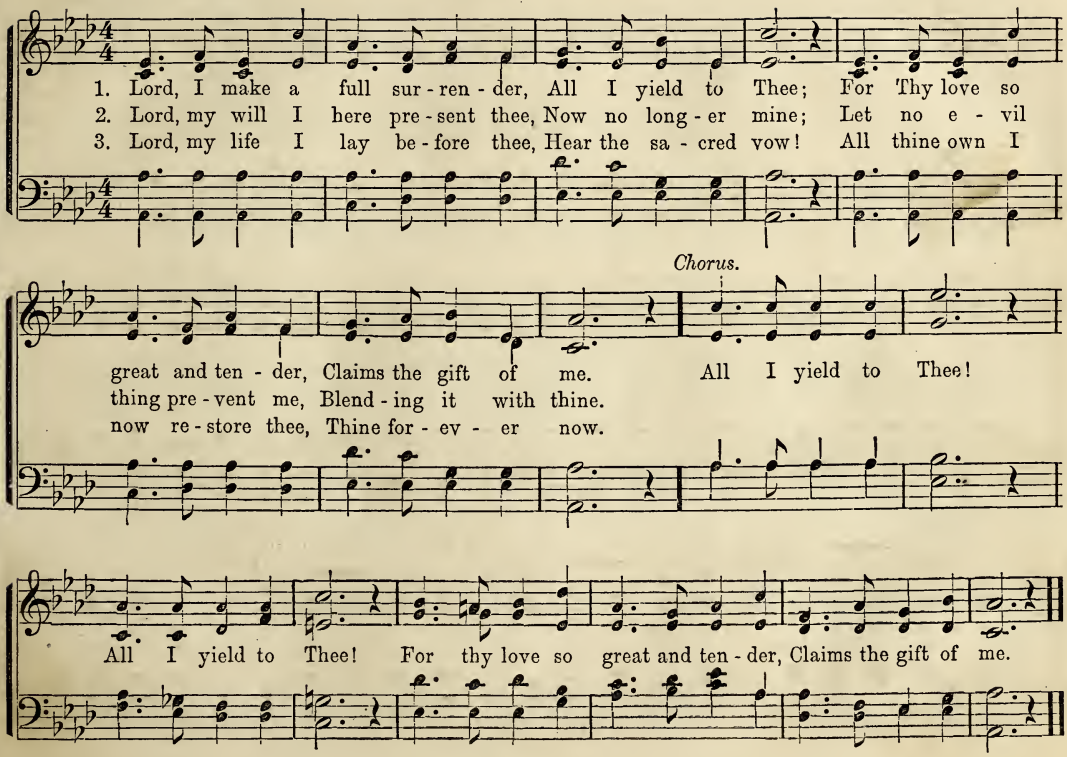
Sweet Resting By and By.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. C. O'KANE.



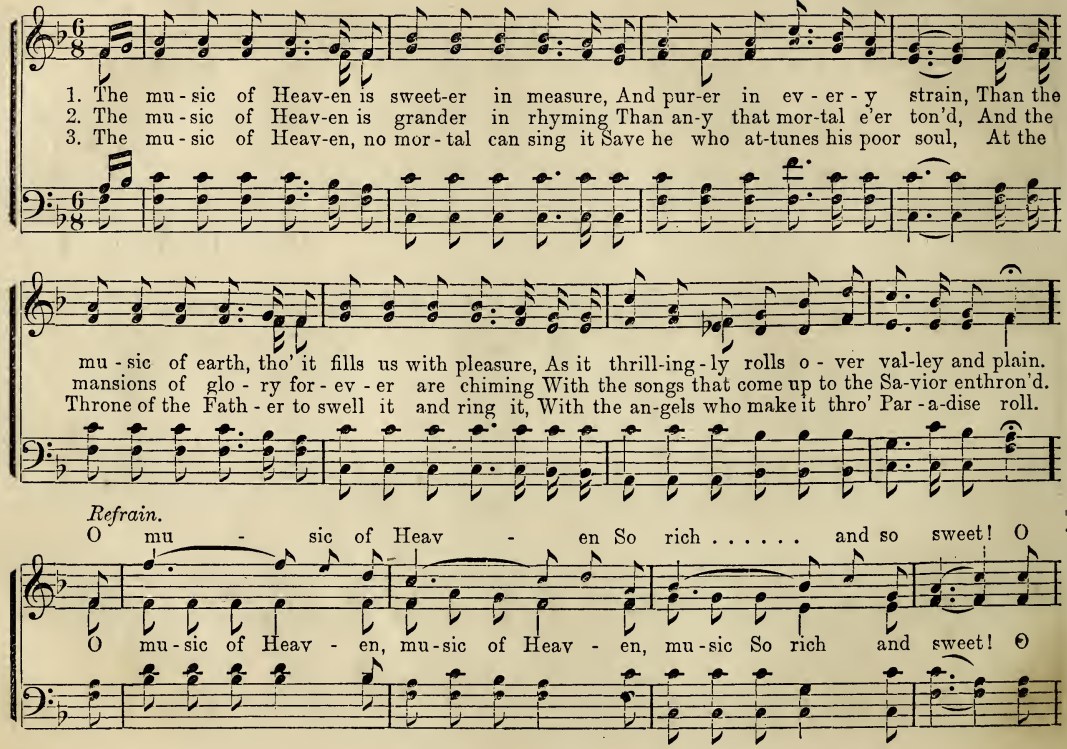
All I Yield to Thee.

Rev. C. W. L. Christen. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

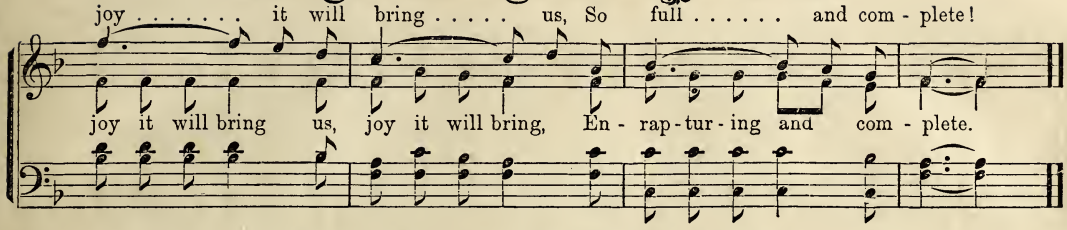


The Music of Heaven.

Elisha A. Hoffman. James R. Murray.

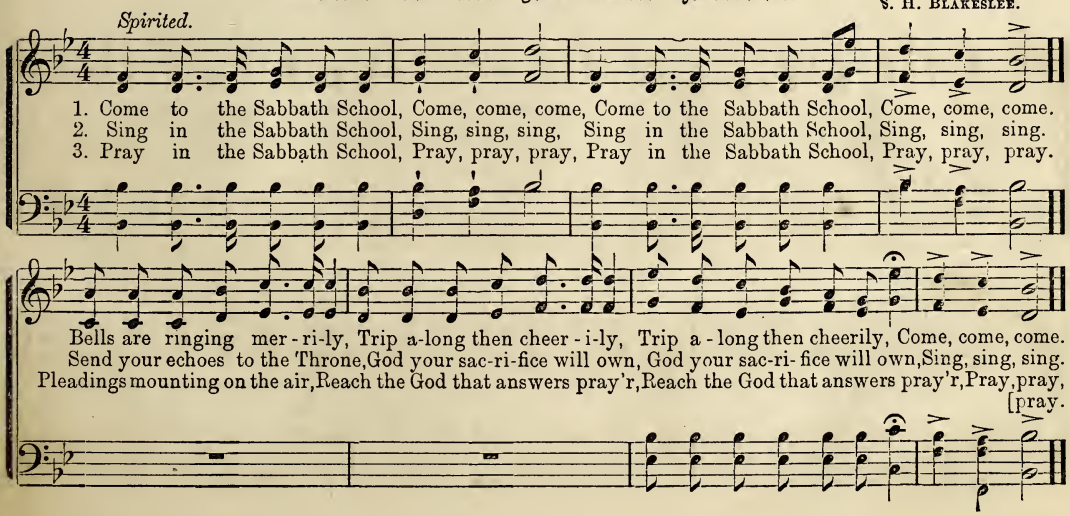


The Music of Heaven.—Concluded.



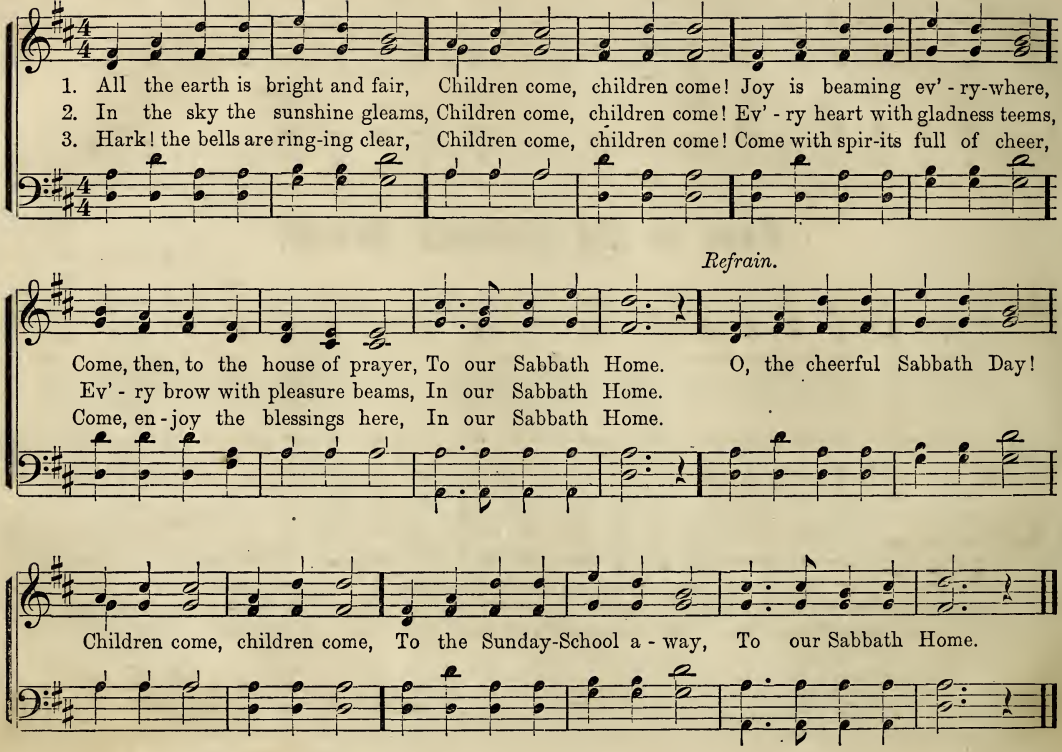
Come to the Sabbath School.

S. H. Blakeslee.



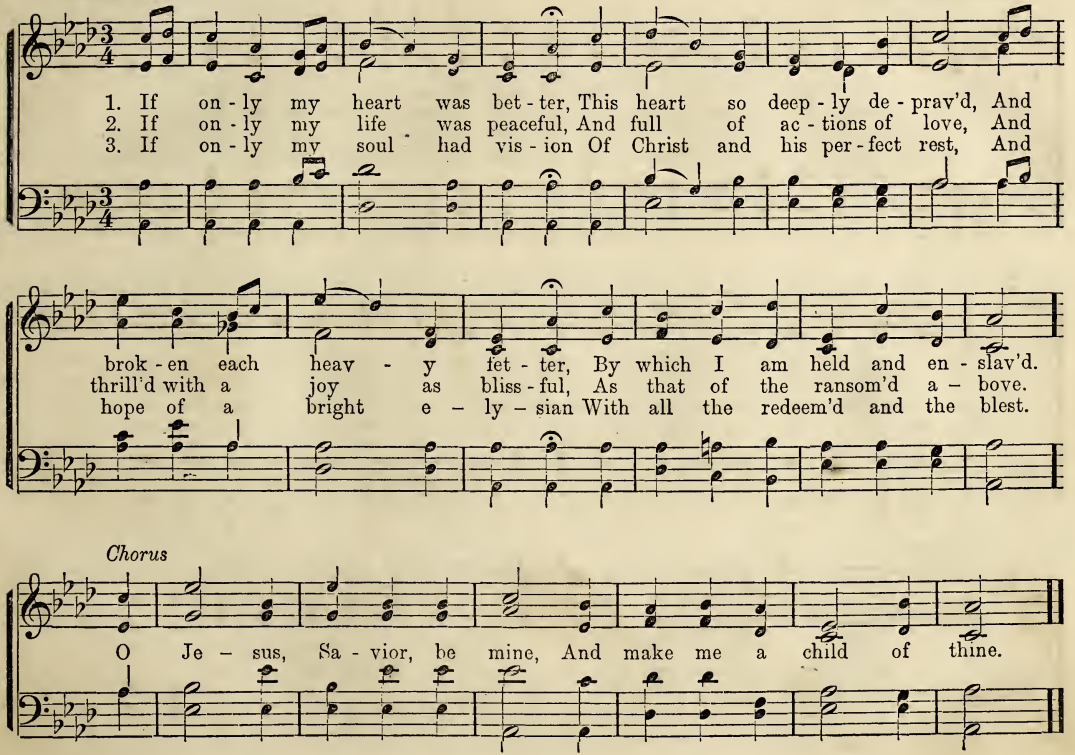
Cheerful Sabbath Day.

Elisha A. Hoffman. Miss Sarah B. Hagar.



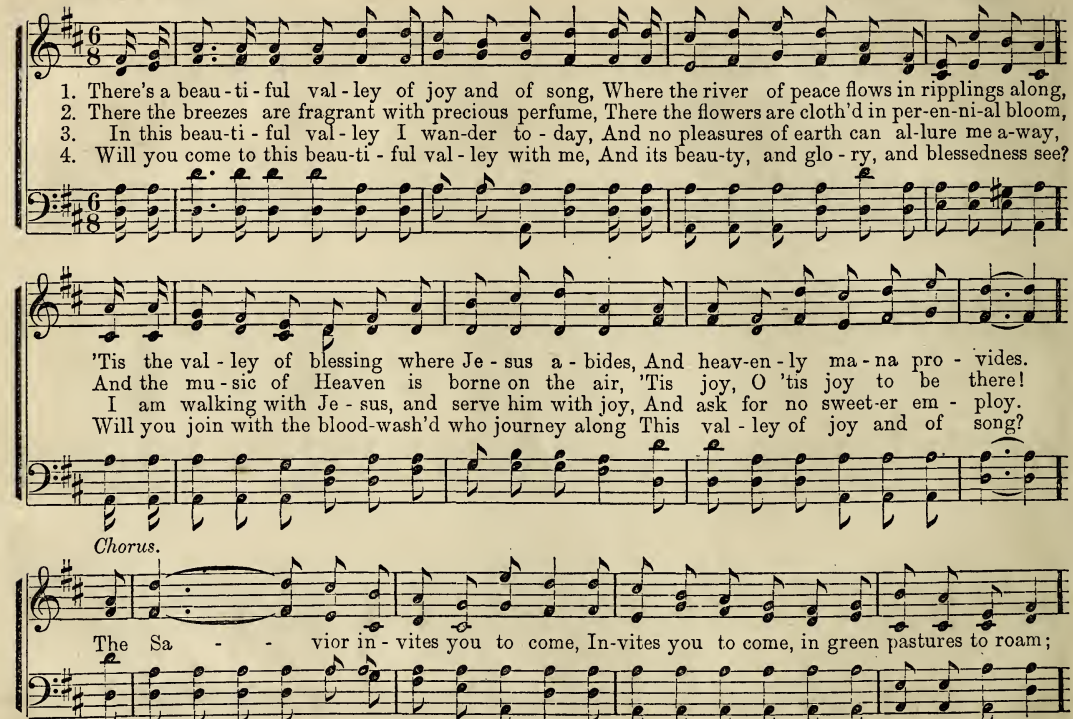
If only my Heart was Better.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. E. S. LORENZ.

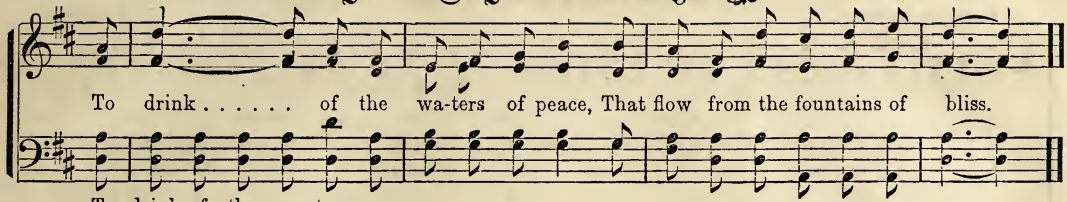


The Valley of Joy and Song.

Elisha A. Hoffman. Jno. R. Sweney.
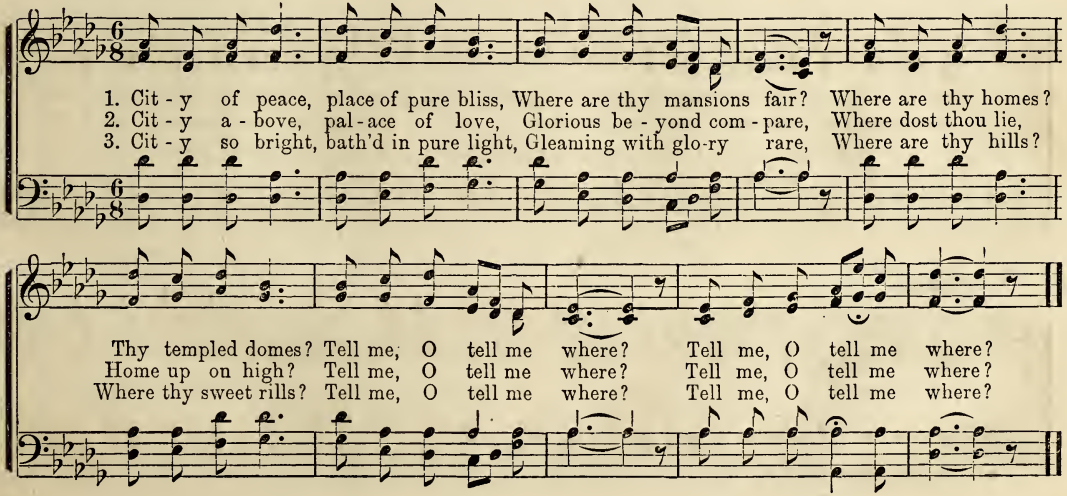


The Valley of Joy and Song.—*Concluded.*



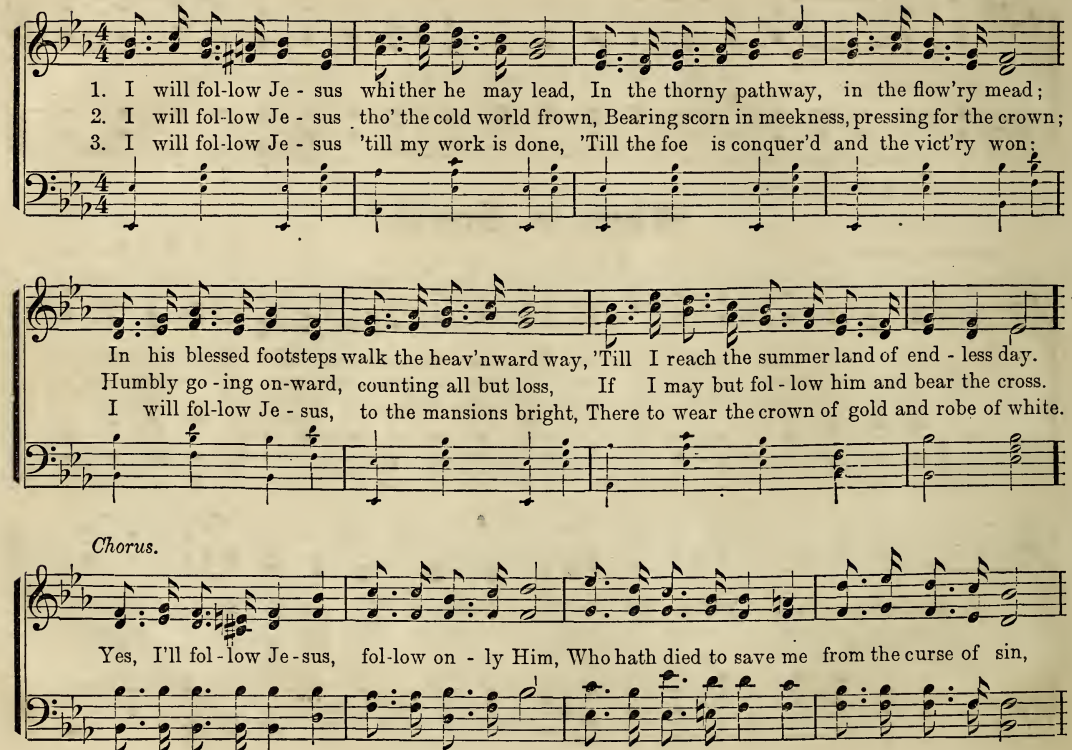
Where is Heaven?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. MRS. S. M. O. HOFFMAN.

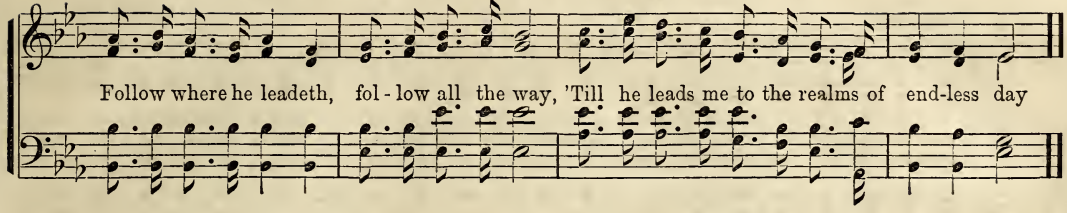


I will Follow Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. C. O'KANE.

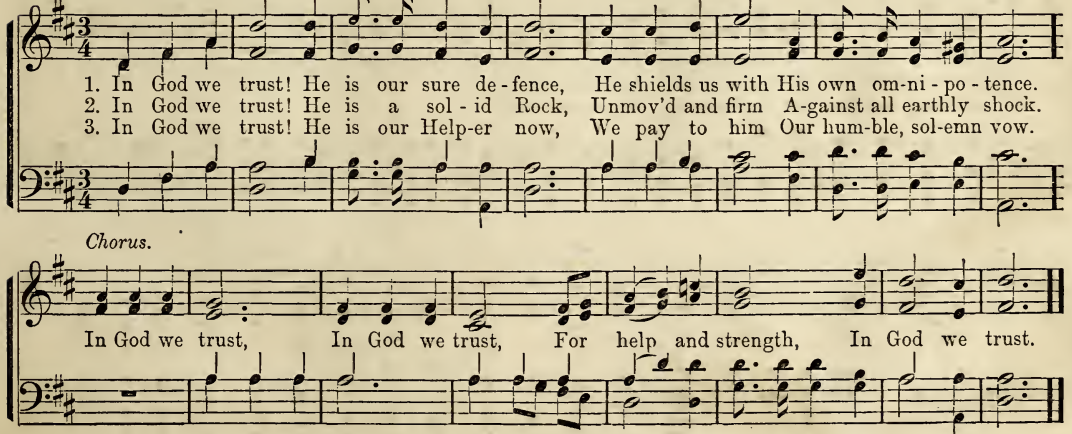


I will Follow Jesus.—Concluded.



In God we Trust.

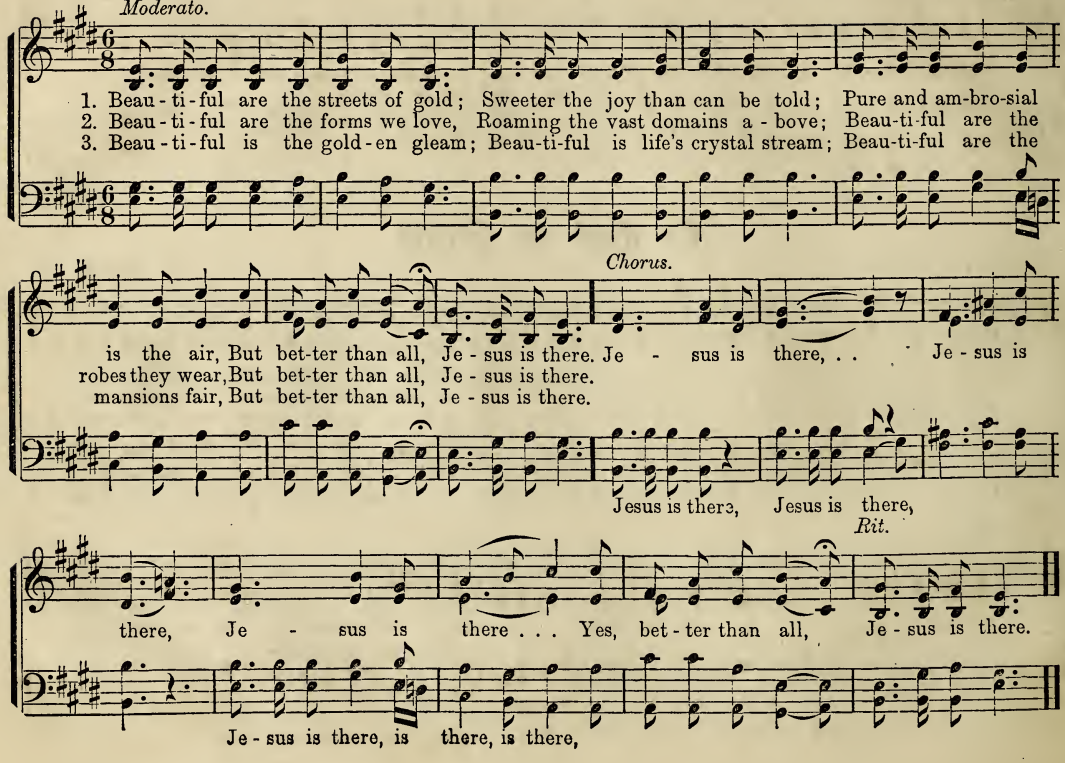
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.



Better than all, Jesus is there.

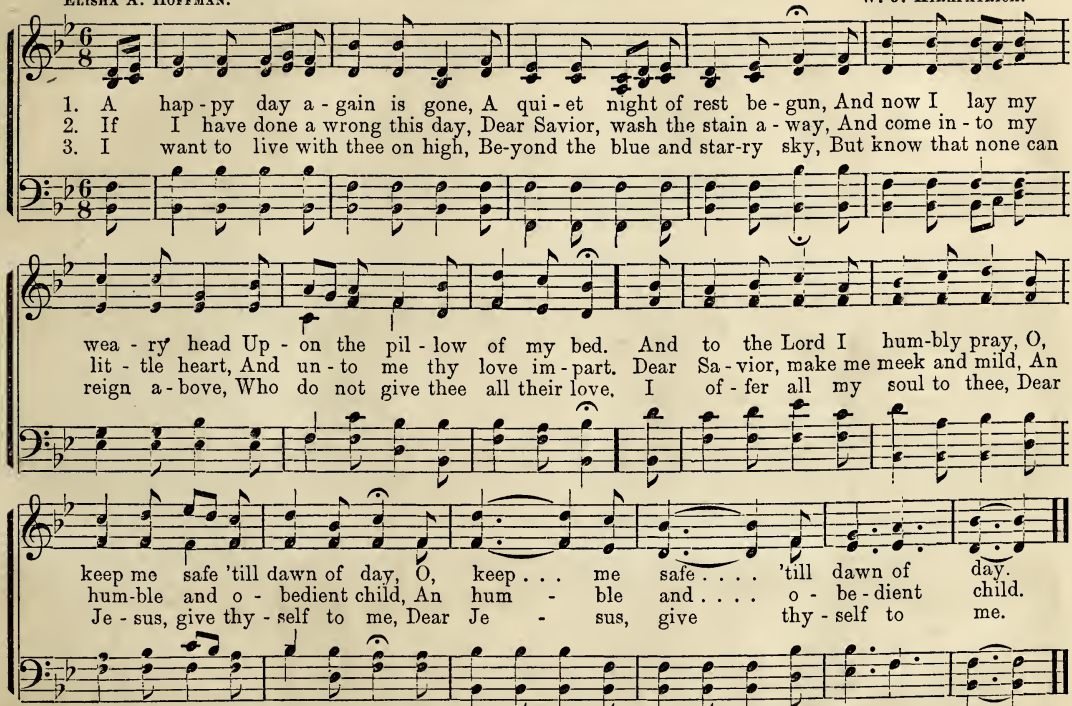
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. ALBERT HOOK.

Moderato.



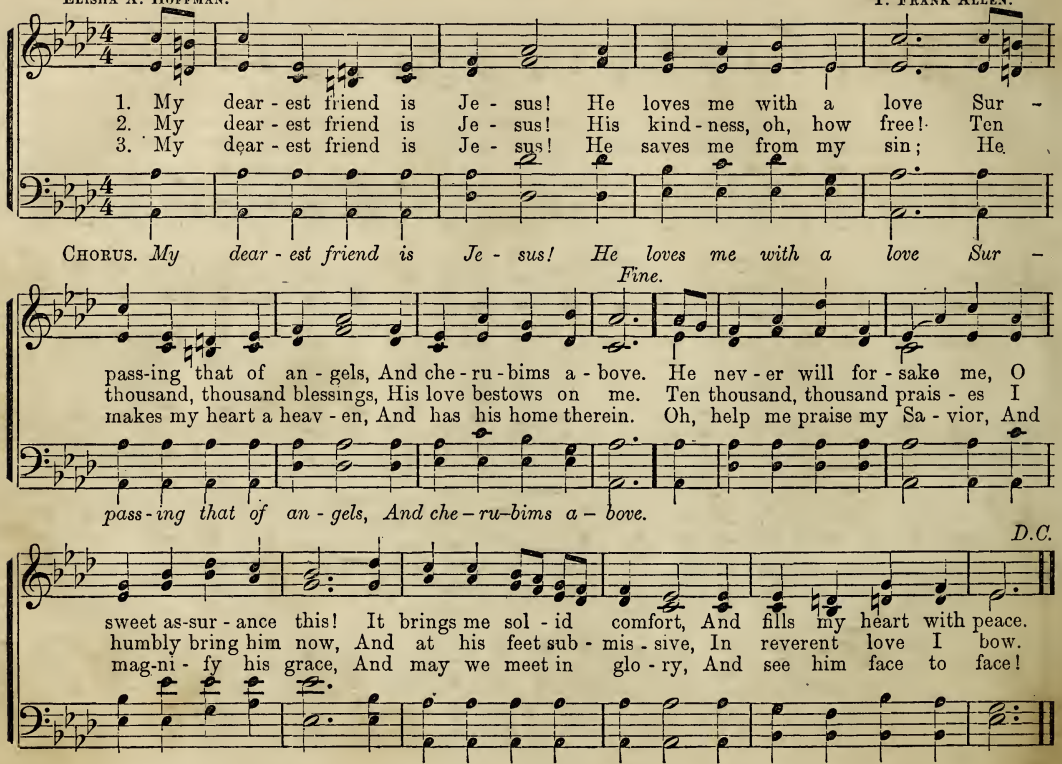
Child's Night Song.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



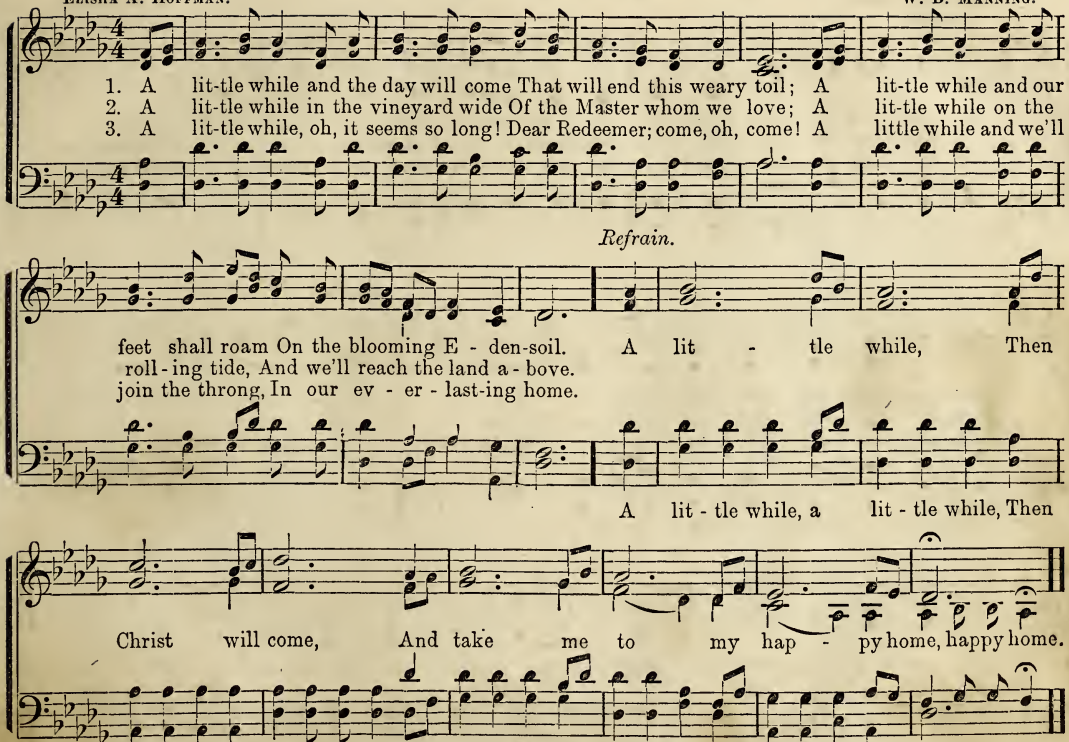
My dearest Friend is Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. FRANK ALLEN.



A Little While.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. B. MANNING.



Jesus Loves the Children.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. D. F. HODGES.

Lively.

1. Je - sus loves the chil - dren! He is their near-est, dear - est friend, His is love be -
2. Je - sus loves the chil - dren! He bids them come and share his love, Of - fers them his
3. Je - sus loves the chil - dren! Up in the mansions fair and bright, He will gath - er

Chorus.

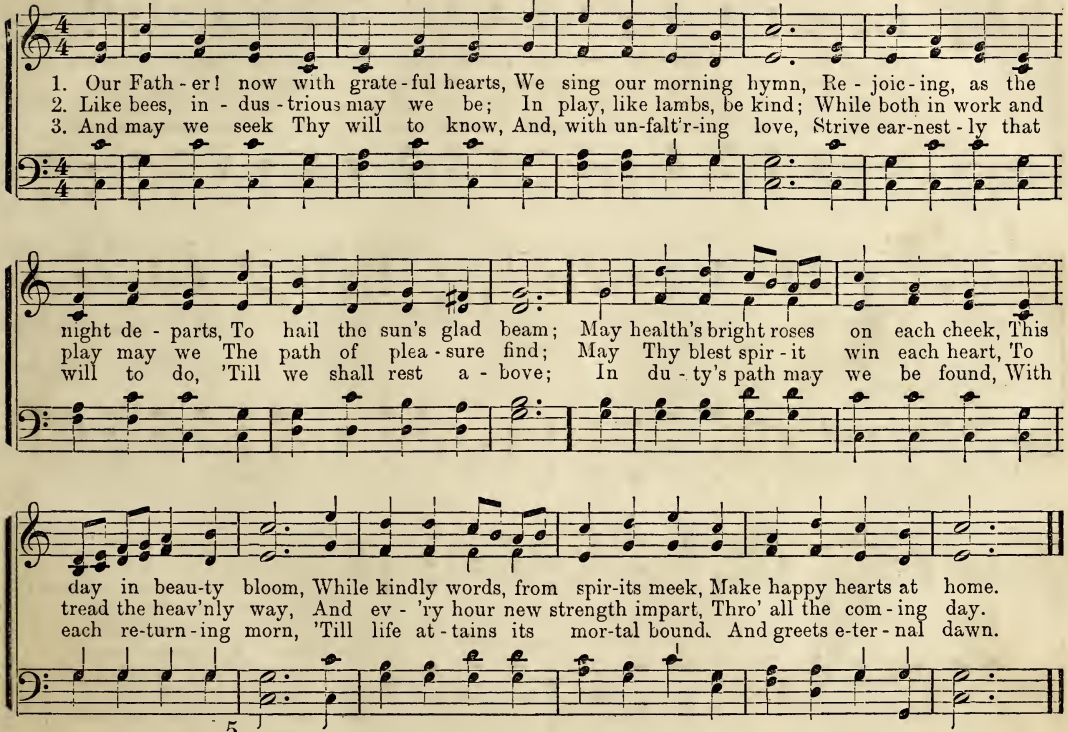
yond ex - press - ing, Love that knows no end. Je - sus, Sa - vior,
grace and fa - vor, And a home a - bove.
them as jew - els, Rob'd in snow - y white.

Bles - sed, bles - sed friend, Love us, love us, Love us to the end!

Our Father! Now with Grateful Hearts.

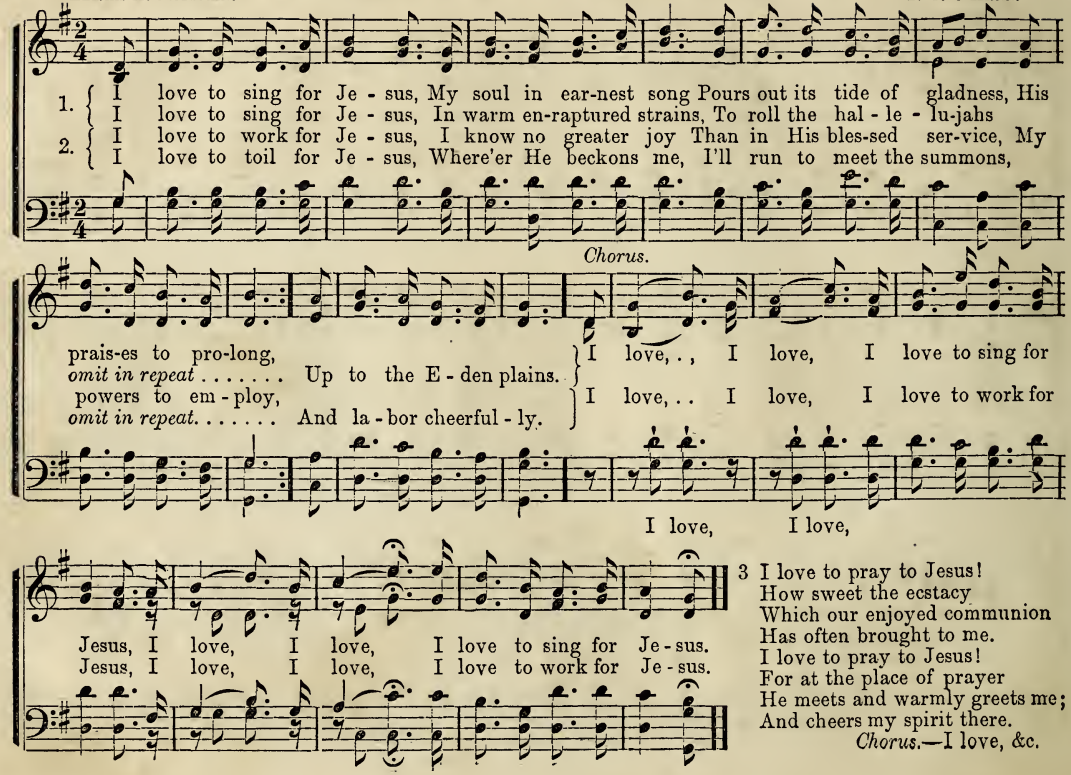
J. H. Tenney.

Allegro.



I Love to Sing for Jesus.

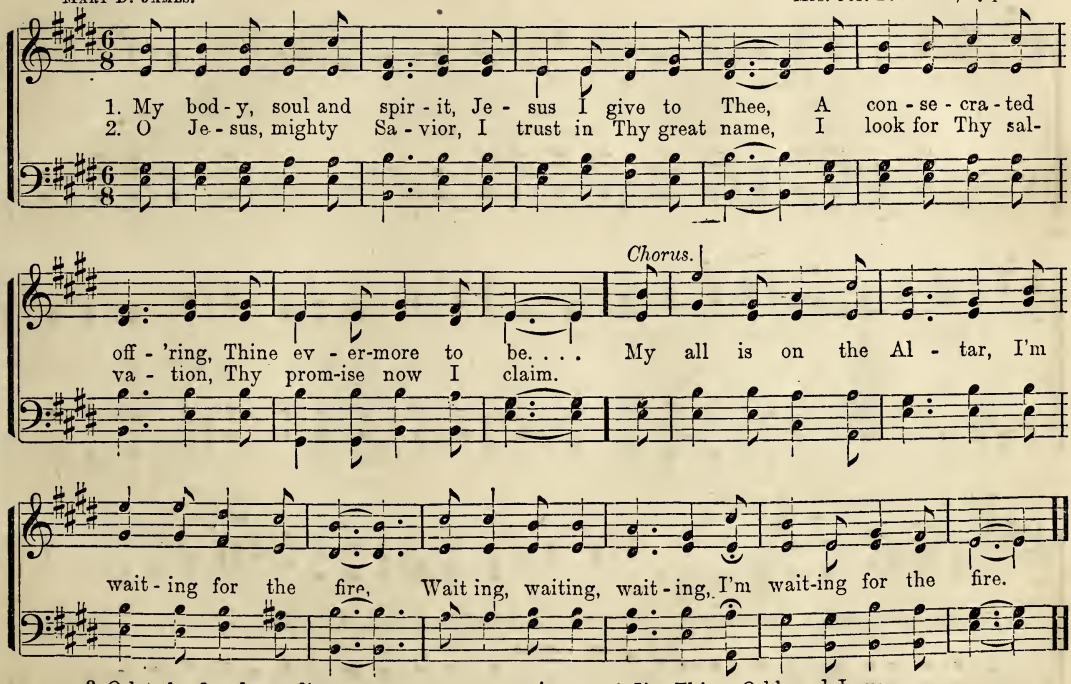
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. C. O'KANE.



3 I love to pray to Jesus!
How sweet the ecstacy
Which our enjoyed communion
Has often brought to me.
I love to pray to Jesus!
For at the place of prayer
He meets and warmly greets me;
And cheers my spirit there.
Chorus.—I love, &c.

Consecration.

MARY D. JAMES. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

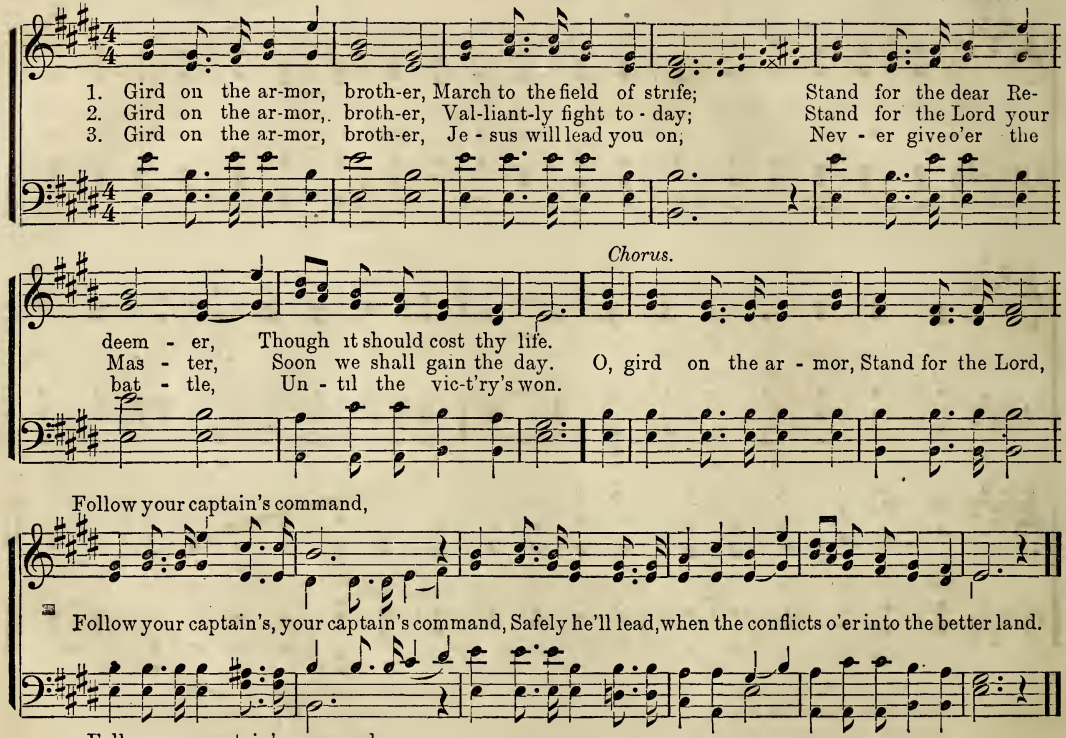


3 O let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.—*Cho.*

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy precious blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.—*Cho.*

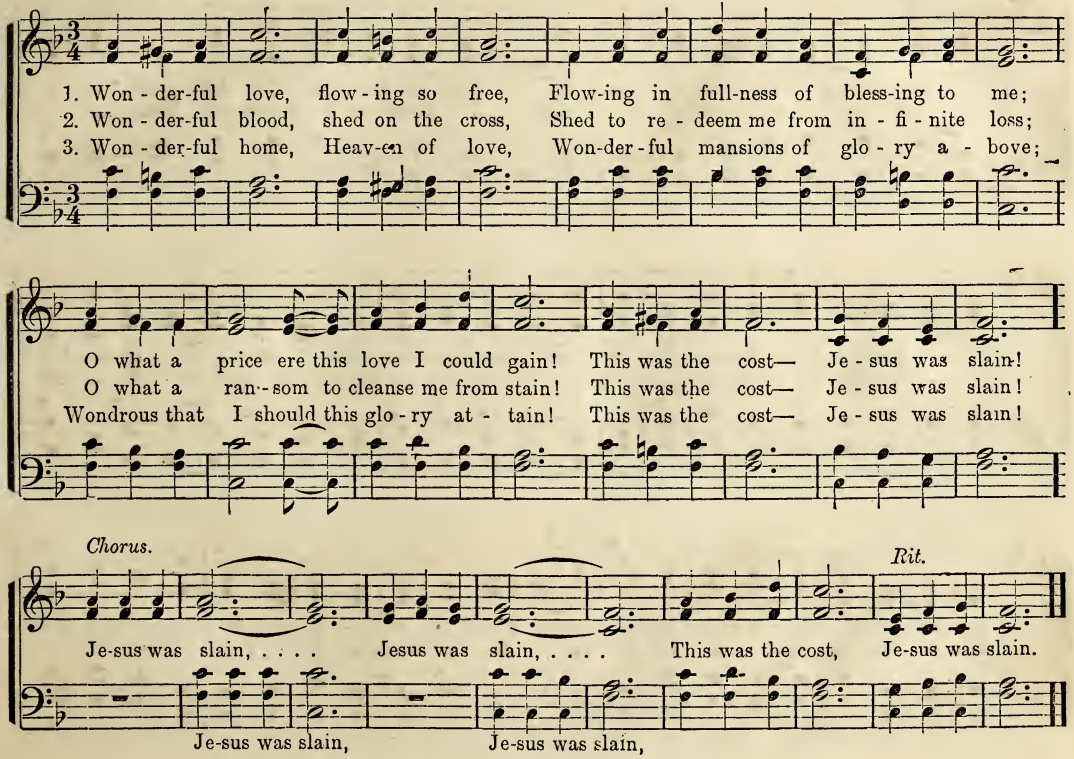
The Whole Armor.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.



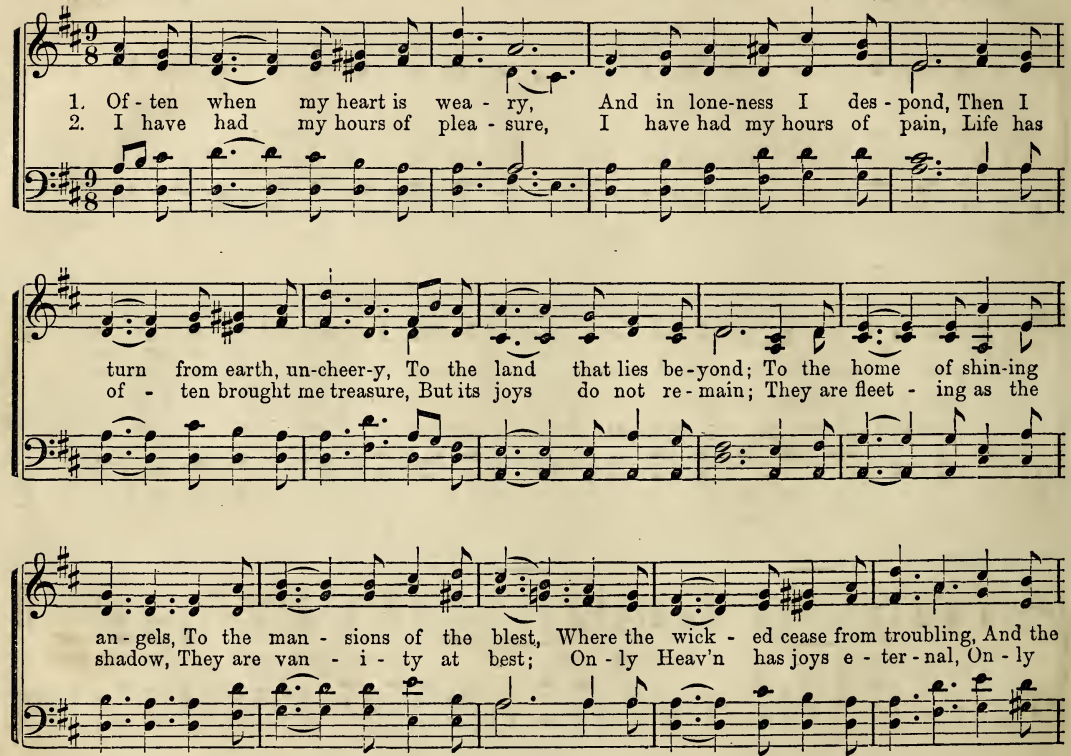
This was the Cost, Jesus was Slain.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W H. BURGETT.
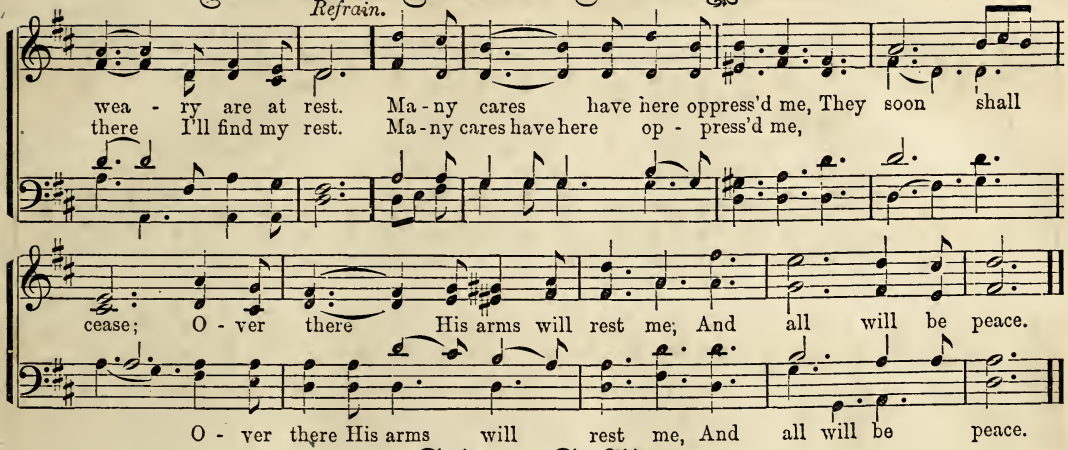


Rest in the Arms of Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. ARR. by W. B. MANNING.



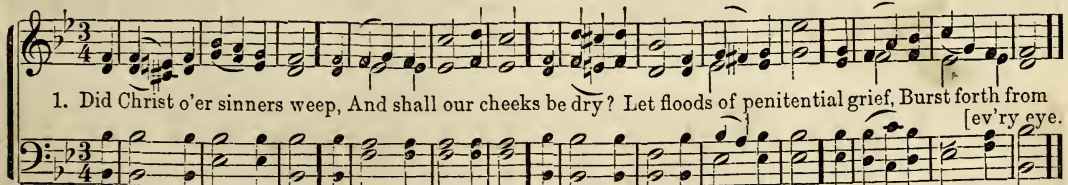
Rest in the Arms of Jesus.—Concluded.

Refrain.



Salem. S. M.

T. Frank Allen.

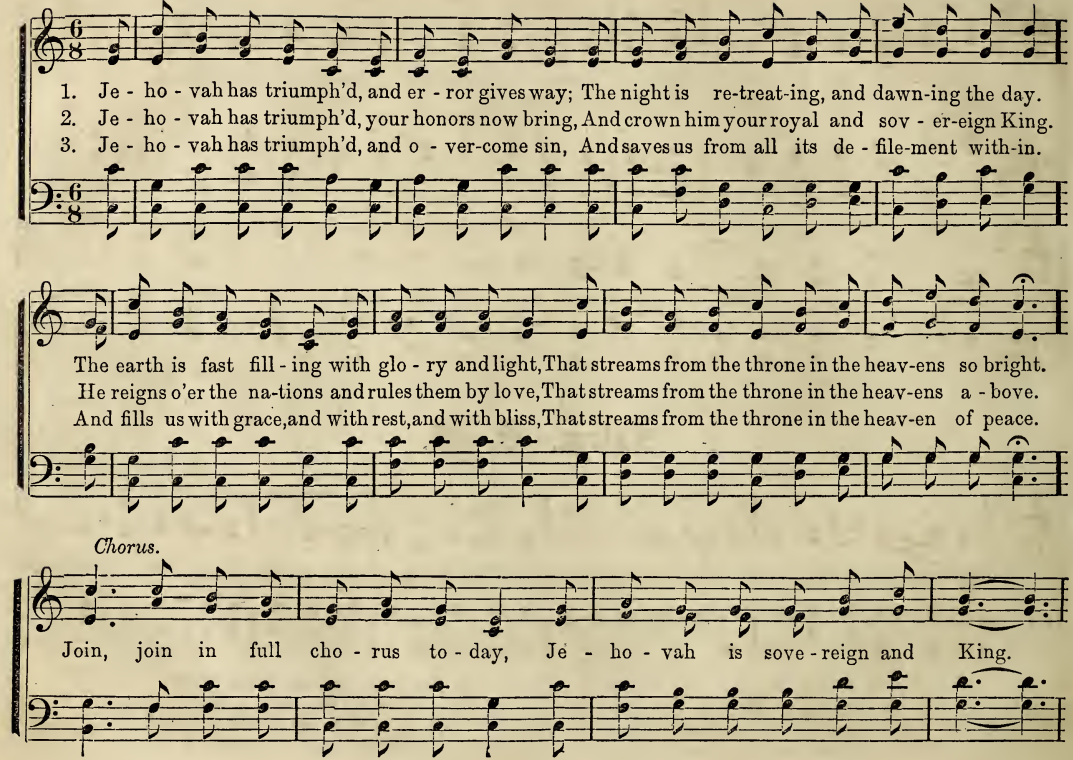


2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

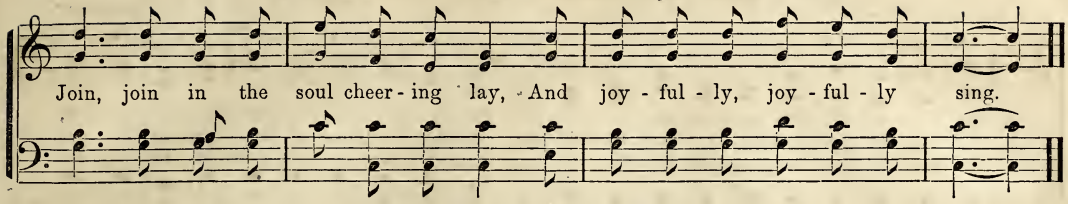
3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found
And weeping is not there.

Join in full Chorus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. H. BURGETT.
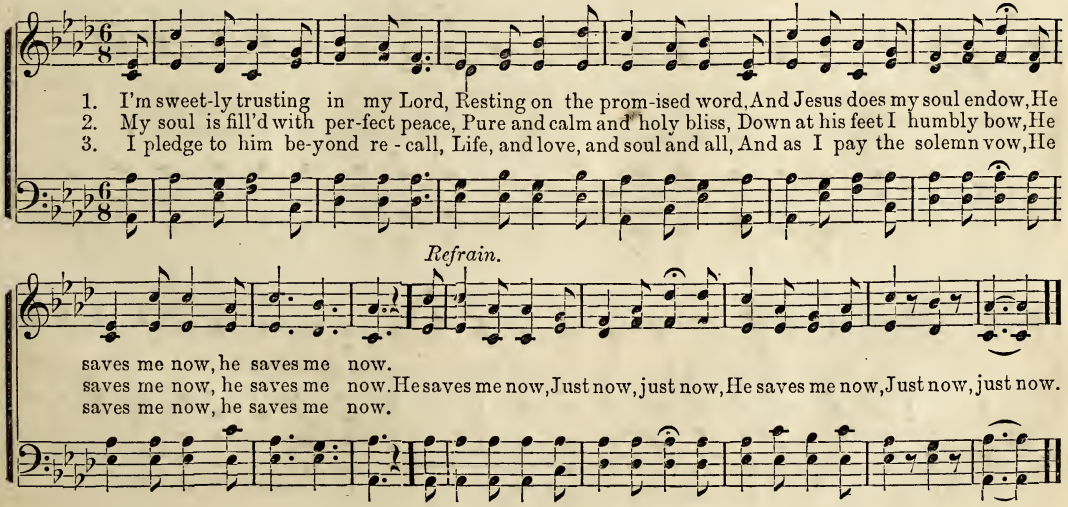


Join in full Chorus.—Concluded.



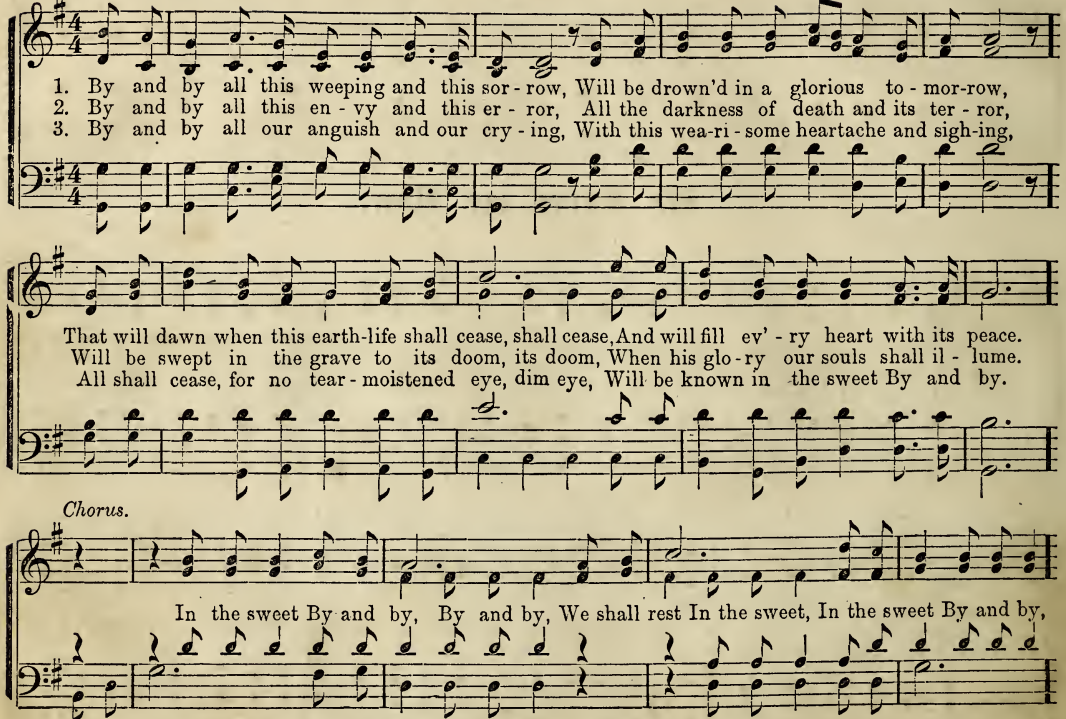
He Saves me Now.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

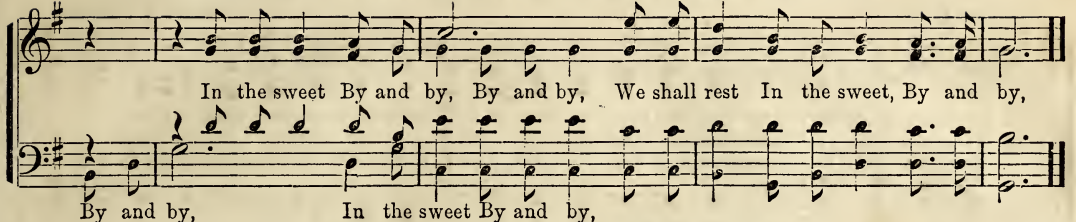


In the sweet By and By.

Elisha A. Hoffman. J. H. Kurzenknabe.
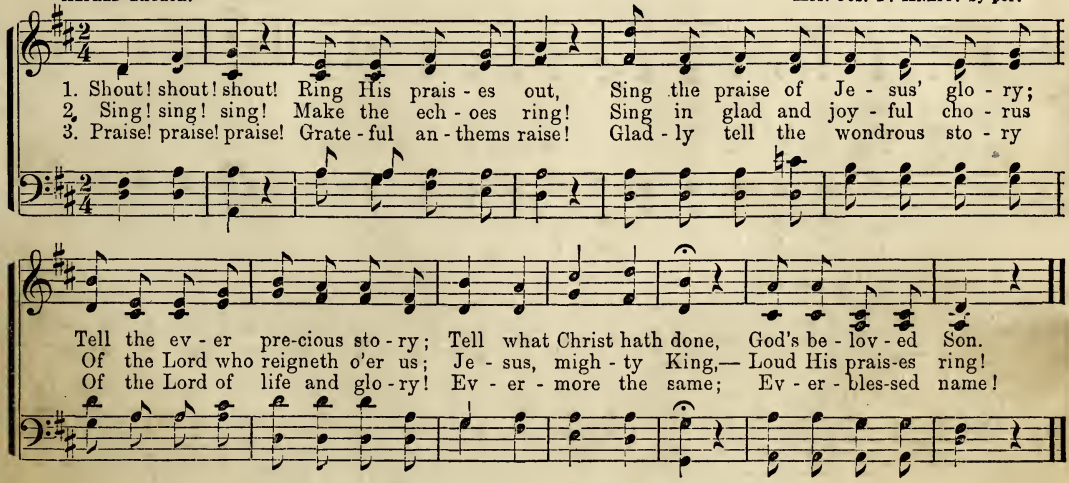


In the sweet By and By.—*Concluded.*



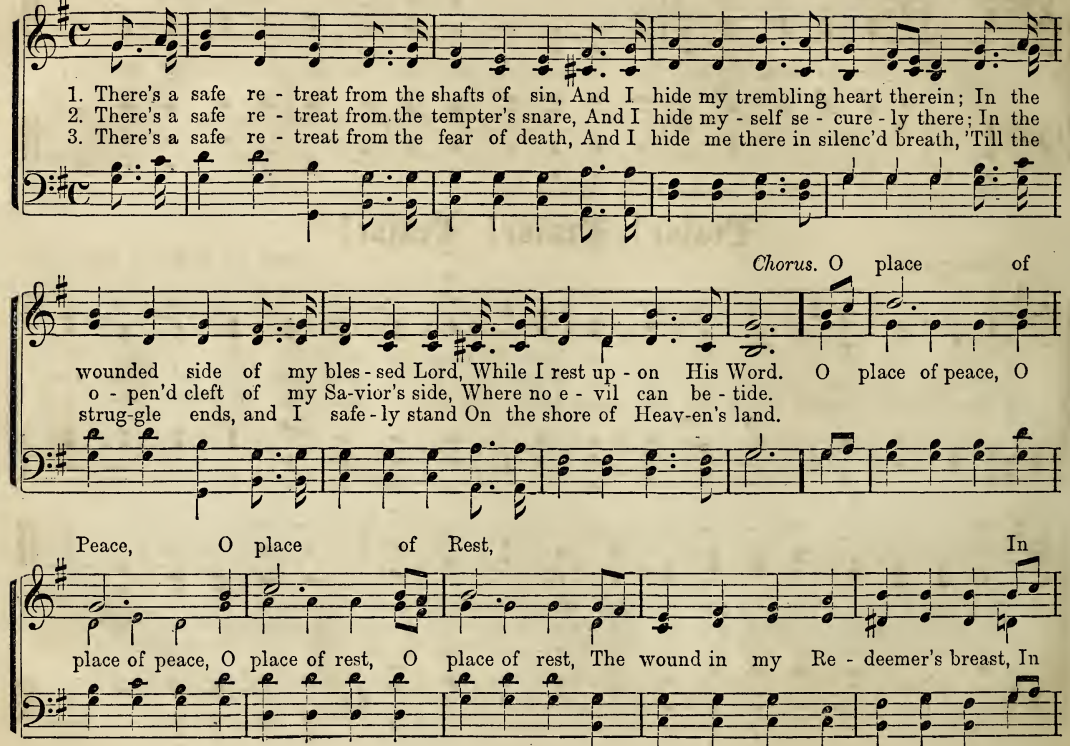
Praise! Praise! Praise!

ALFRED TAYLOR. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP. by per.

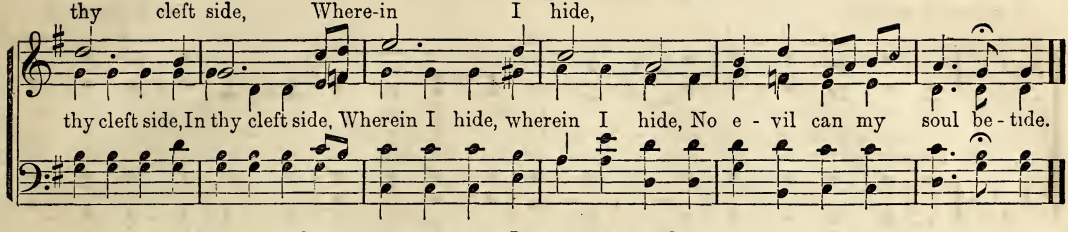


There's a Safe Retreat.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. JAMES R. MURRAY.
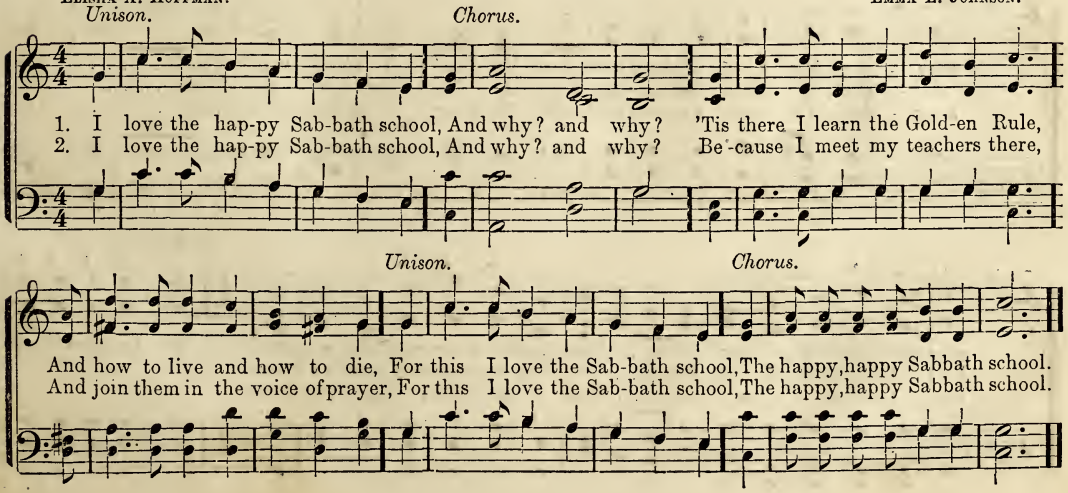


There's a Safe Retreat.—Concluded.



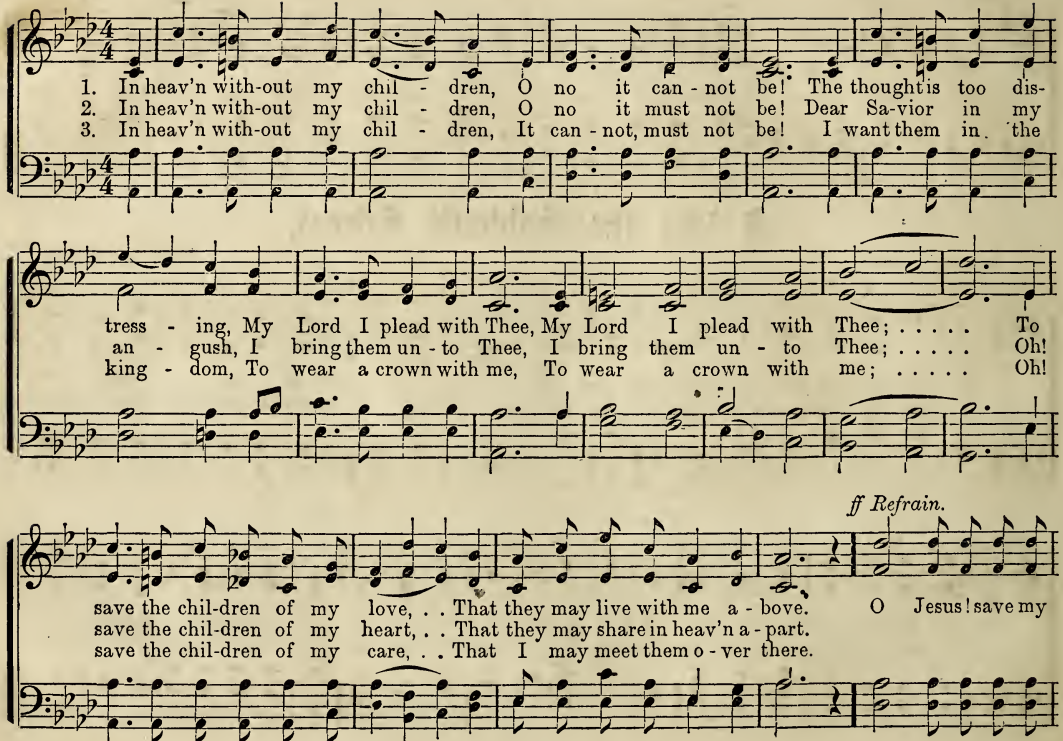
I love the Sabbath School.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. EMMA L. JOHNSON.

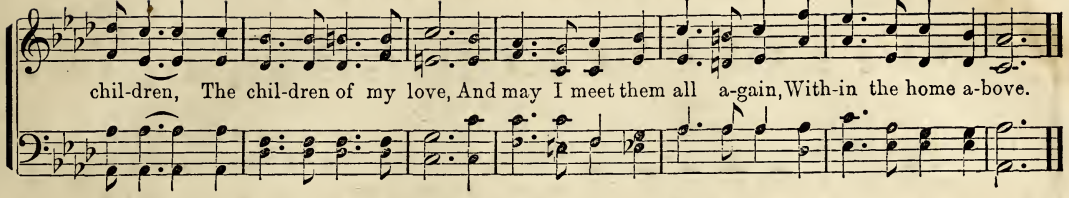


Save my Children.

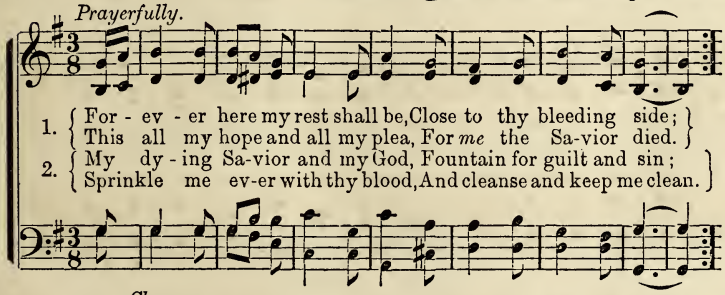
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. B. MANNING.



Save my Children.—Concluded.

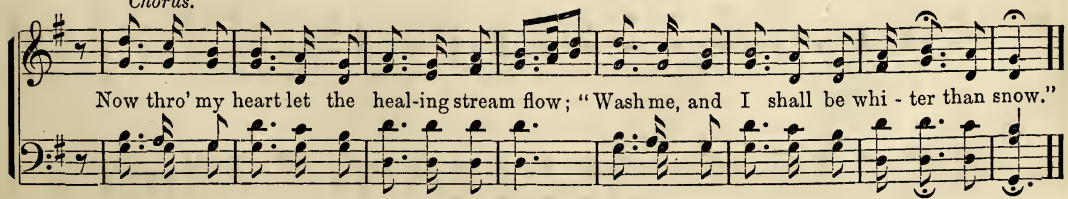


The All-Cleansing Tide.



3. Wash me and make me thus thine own.
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.
Now through, etc.

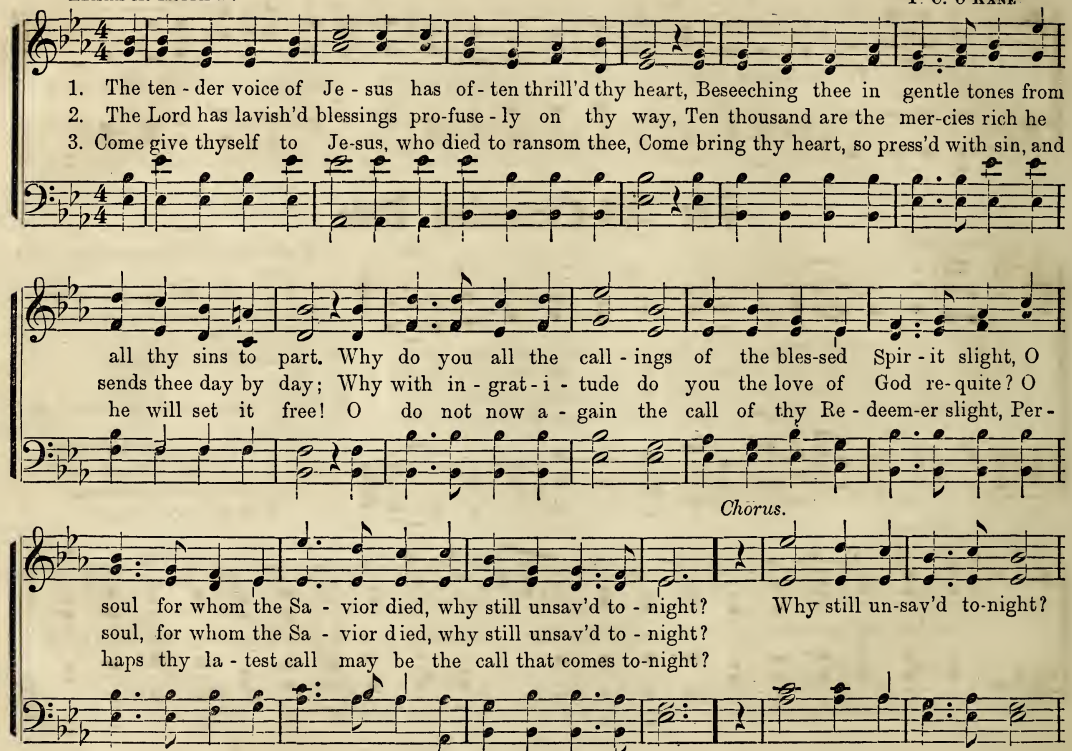
4. The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fuition die,
And all my soul be love.
Now through, etc.



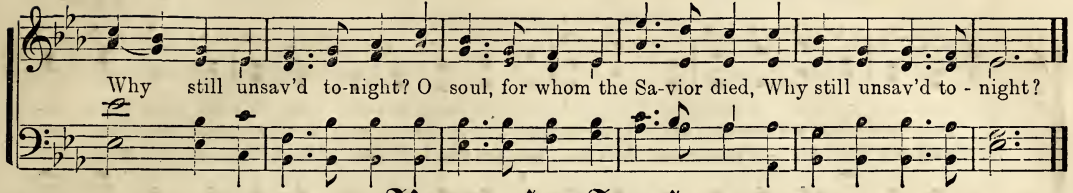
From "Every Sabbath," by per.

Why still Unsaved to-night?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. C. O'KANE.

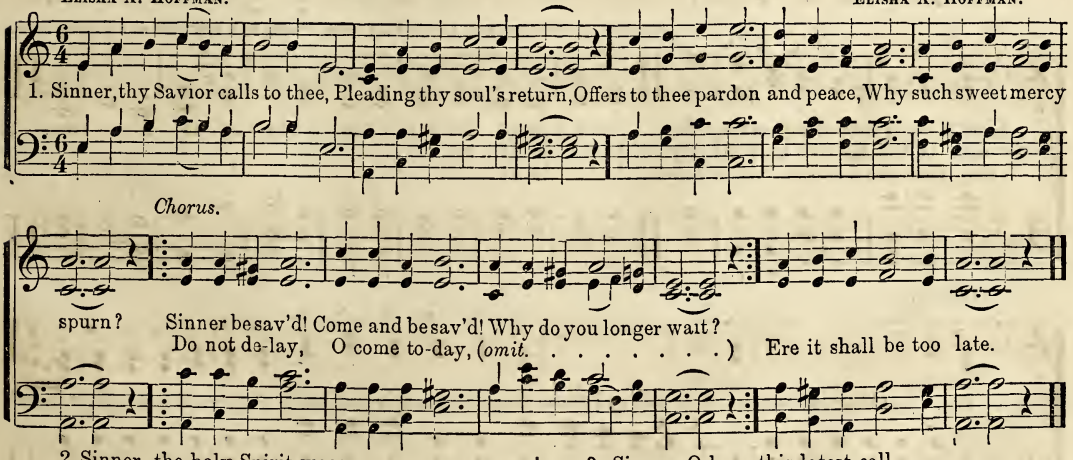


Why still Unsaved to-night.—Concluded.



Sinner, be Saved.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



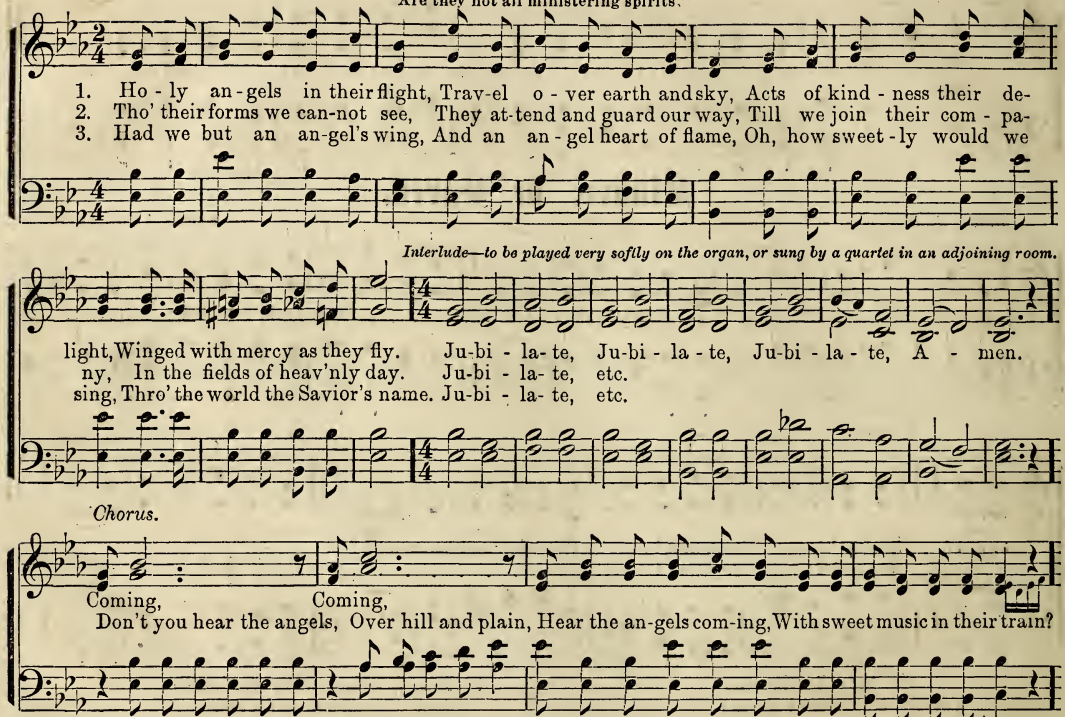
2 Sinner, the holy Spirit wooes,
Turn not unmoved away;
Do not His call lightly refuse,
Come and be saved to-day—*Cho.*

3. Sinner, O hear this latest call,
Enter sweet mercy's gate;
Down at His feet, penitent, fall
Ere it shall be too late.—*Cho.*

Hear the Angels.

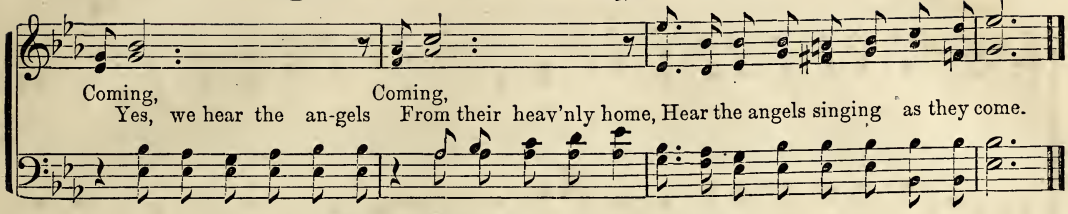
"Are they not all ministering spirits."

T. C. O'KANE.



From "Every Sabbath," by per.

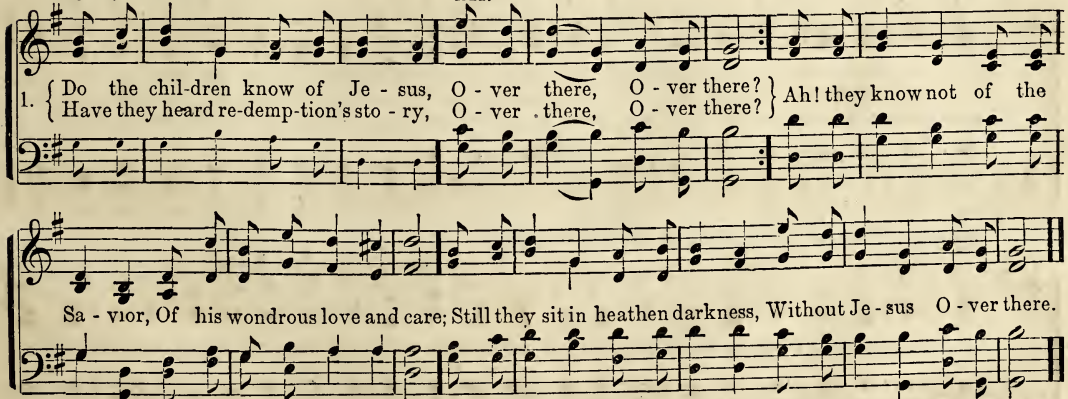
Hear the Angels.—Concluded.



Over There. 8, 7. (Double.)

Words by H. T. B. (Missionary.) J. E. Gould.

Duett. All. Cho.



2 Do the children pray to Jesus,
Over there, over there?
Do they seek his kind protection,
Over there, over there?—Cho.

3 Do the children sing of Jesus,
Over there, over there?
Do they chant his praises ever,
Over there, over there?—Cho.

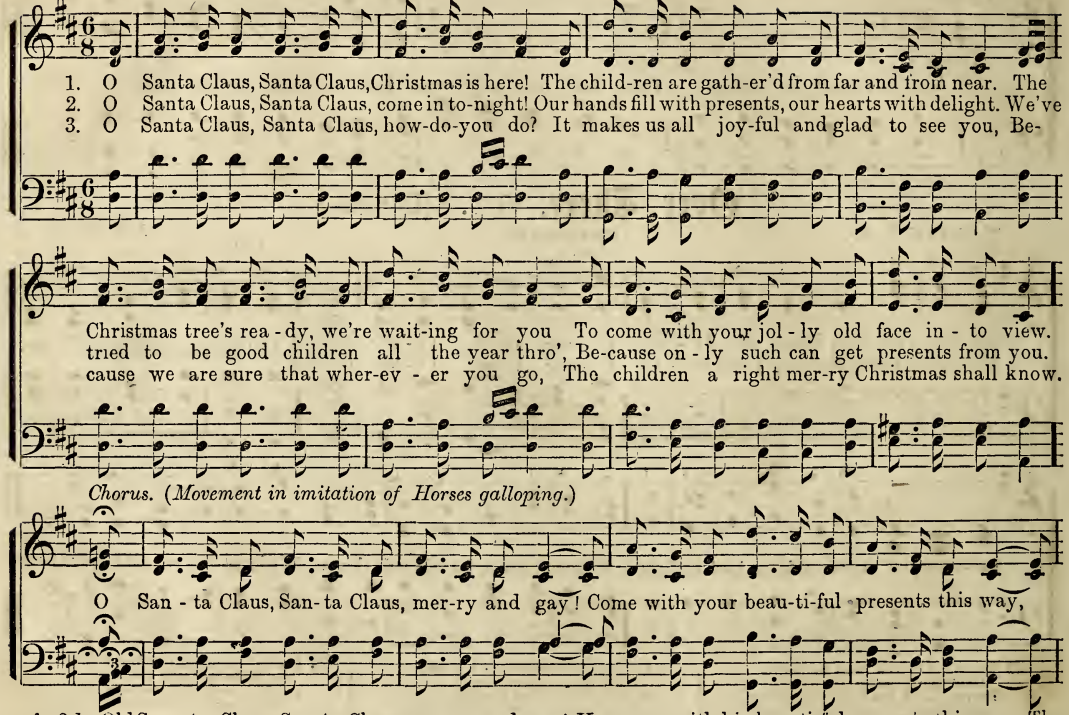
4 Do the children live for Jesus,
Over there, over there?
Do they love the precious Savior,
Over there, over there?—Cho.

From "Songs of Gladness," by permission of Garrigues Bros.

Christmas Tree Song.

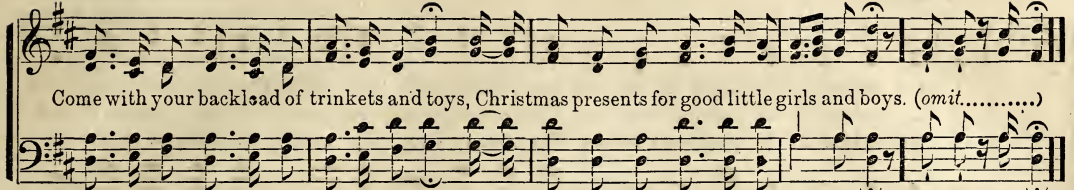
W. B. Manning. W. B. Manning.

Santa Claus should enter at the close of the second verse.



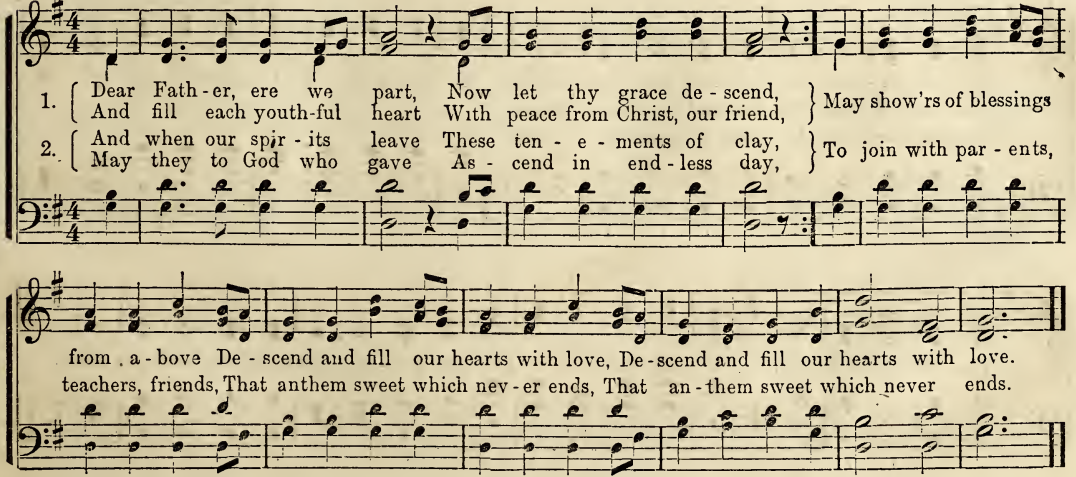
Christmas Tree Song.—Concluded.

ad lib.



Dear Father, ere we Part.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. AMOS H. SELL.



I am Redeemed.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I am redeem'd! The Lord, my Sa-vior, Has pardon'd all my guilt, The blood has brought me
2. I am redeem'd! My heart is swell-ing With peace beyond com-pare; I am redeem'd! and
3. I am redeem'd! A precious bless-ing Has come in - to my soul; It brings a bliss be -

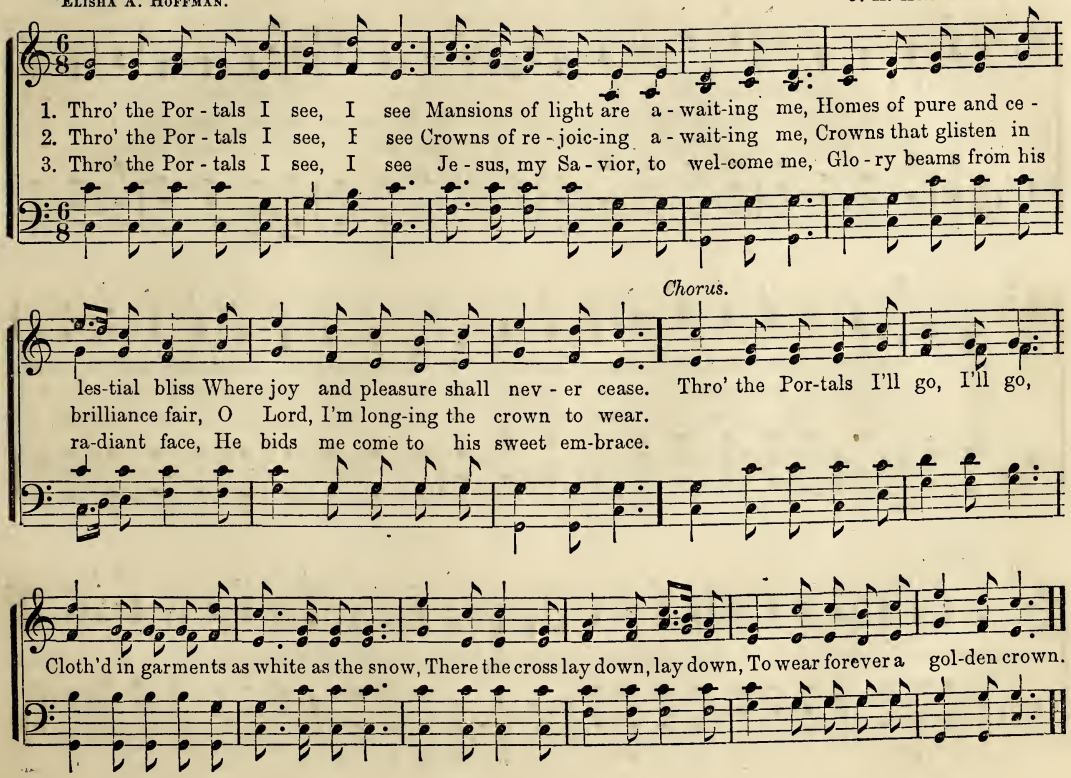
Chorus.

grace and fa - vor, The blood for sin - ner's spilt. I am redeem'd! O glo - ry, glo - ry! I
must be tell - ing, The joy that thrills me there.
yond ex-press-ing, It sweet-ly makes me whole.

am redeem'd from sin, I am redeem'd, O glo - ry, glo - ry! The blood has made me clean.

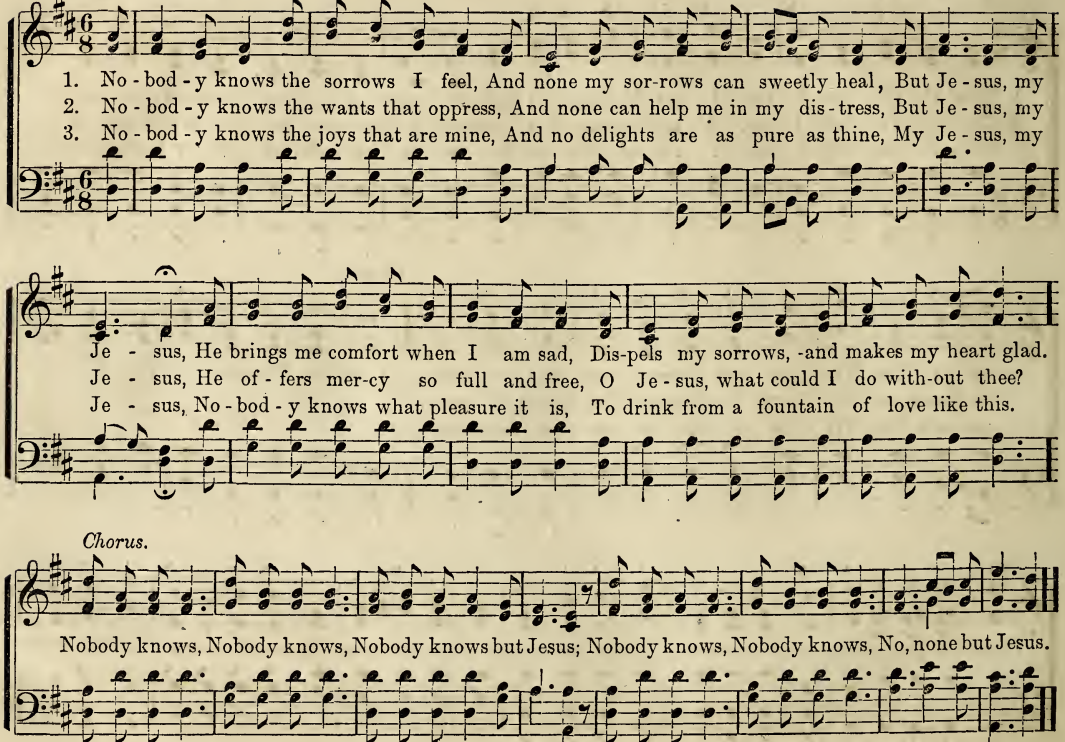
Through the Portals.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. KURZENKNABE.



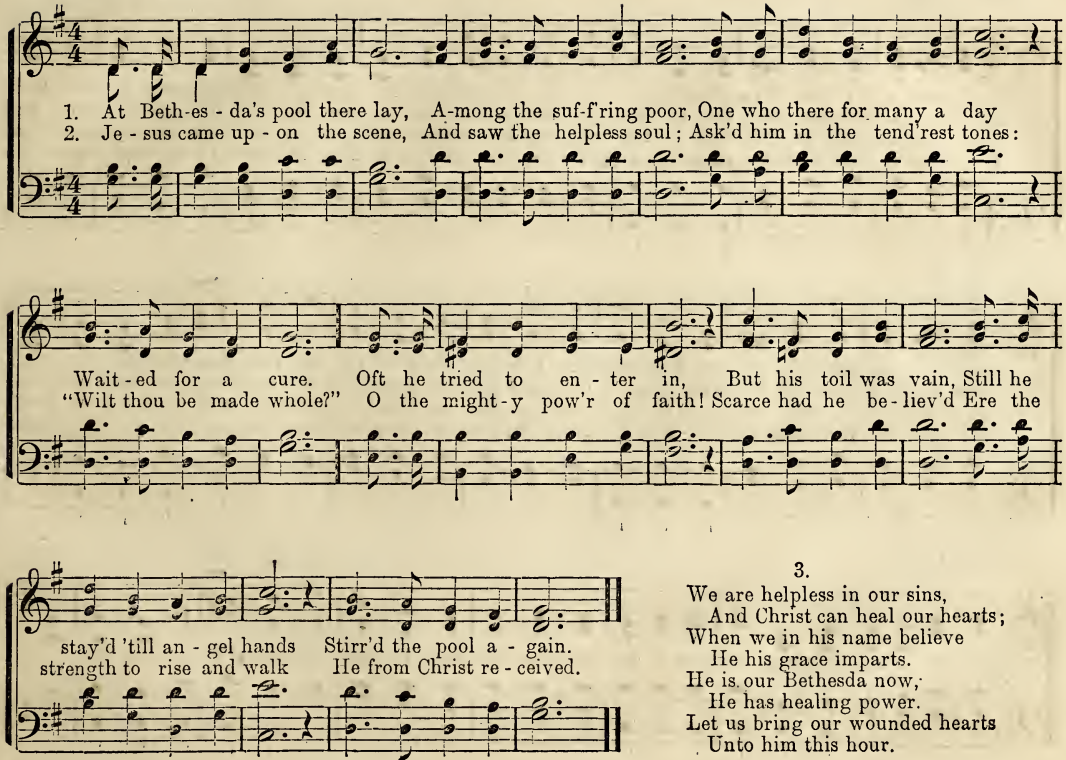
Nobody knows but Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. MRS. MELLIE OYLER.



Bethesda.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. JOHN J. HOOD.

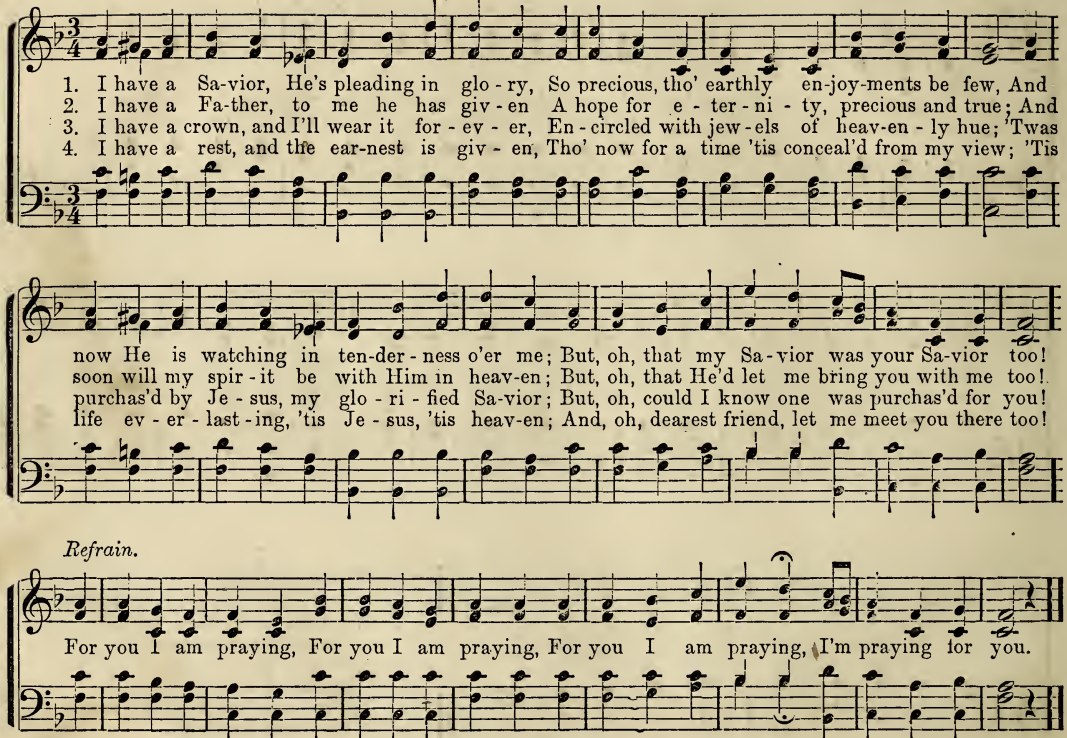


3.

We are helpless in our sins,
And Christ can heal our hearts;
When we in his name believe
He his grace imparts.
He is our Bethesda now,
He has healing power.
Let us bring our wounded hearts
Unto him this hour.

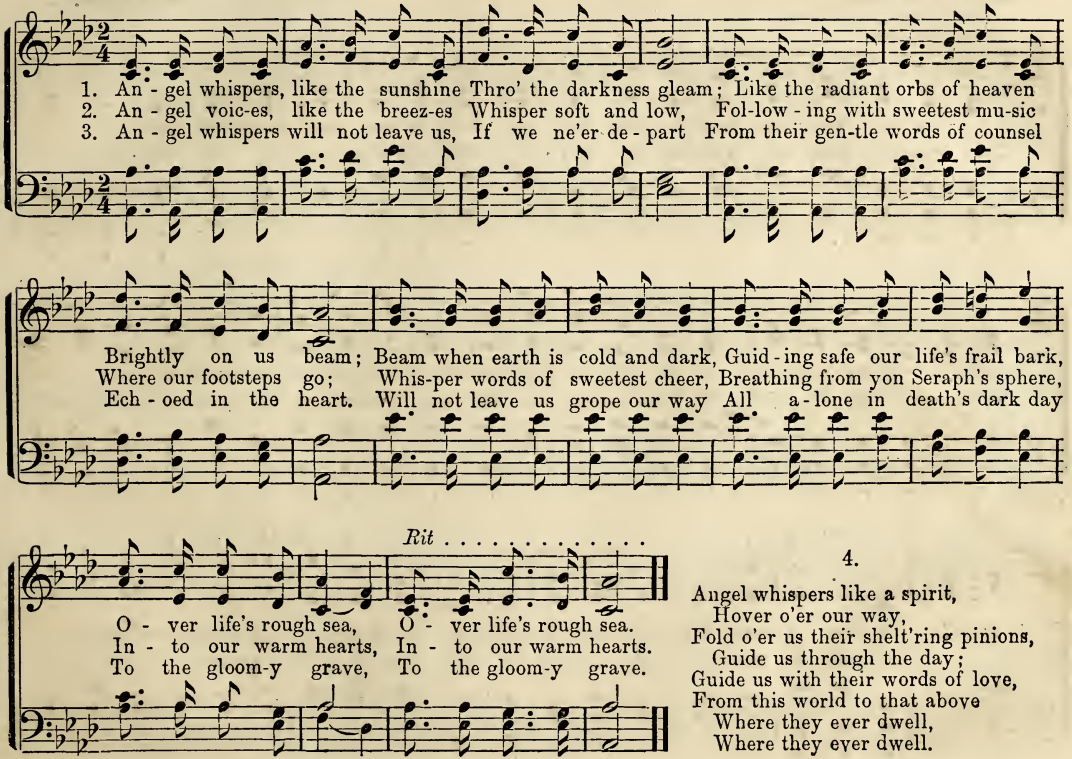
I'm Praying for You.

J. H. Tenney.



Angel Whispers.

Mrs. Sue M. O. Hoffman. Wm. T. Rogers.



4.

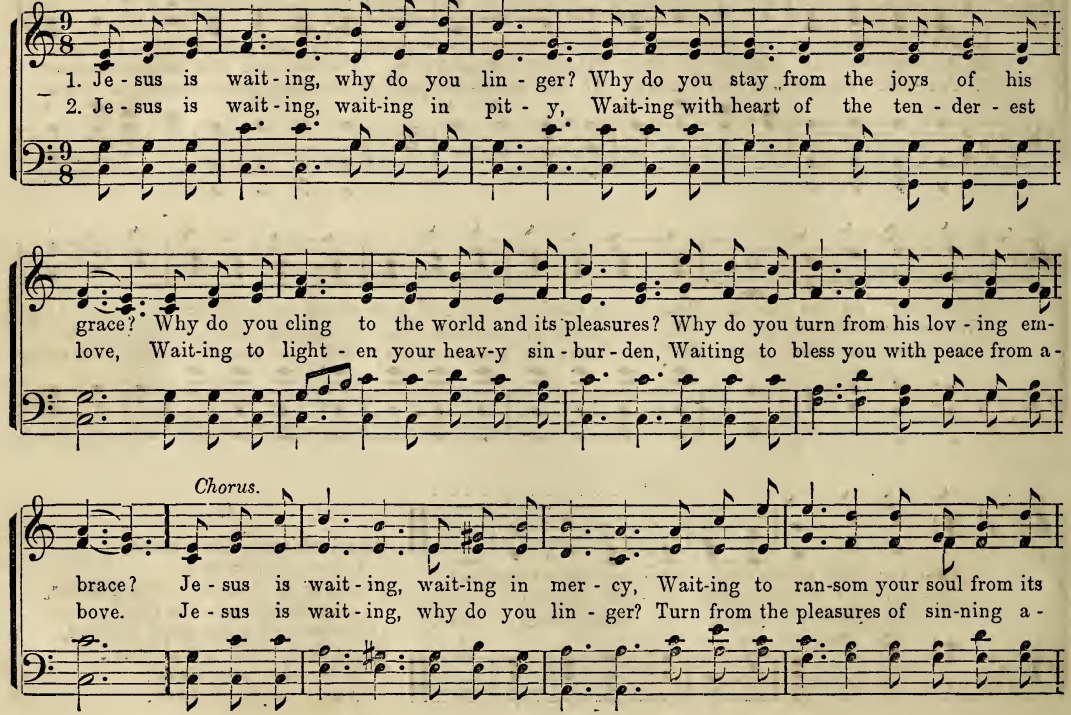
Angel whispers like a spirit,
Hover o'er our way,
Fold o'er us their shelt'ring pinions,
Guide us through the day;
Guide us with their words of love,
From this world to that above
Where they ever dwell,
Where they ever dwell.

Jesus is Waiting.

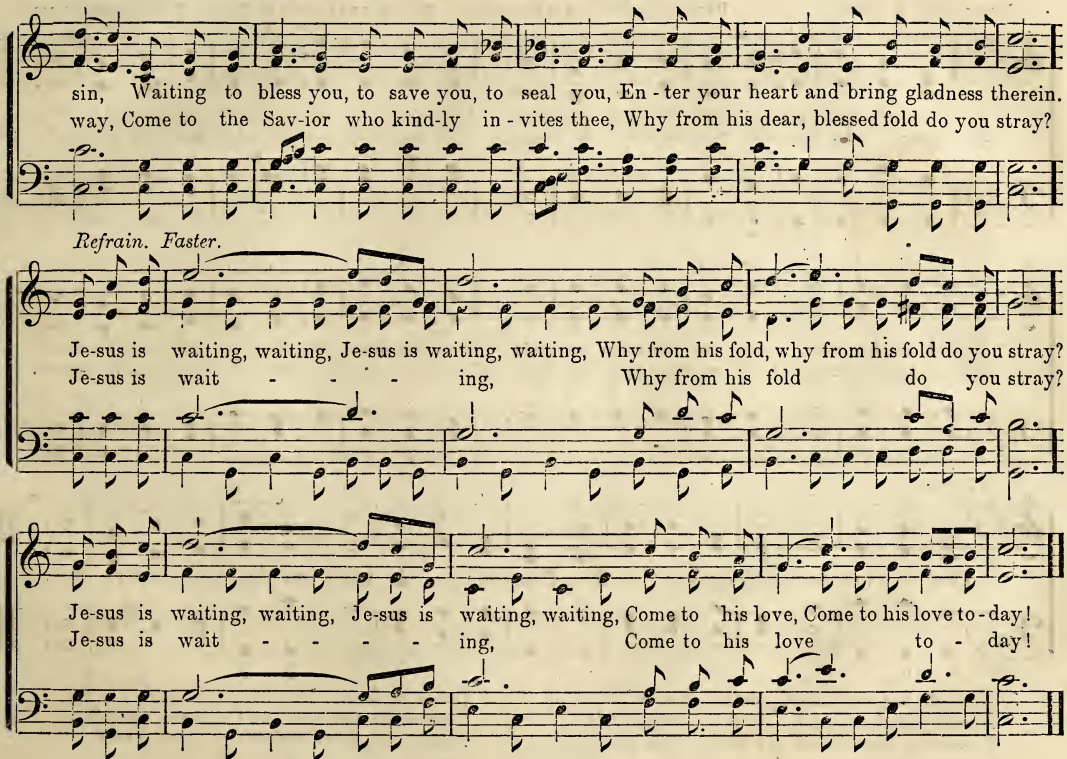
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. B. MANNING.

DUET or QUARTETTE.

Not too slow.

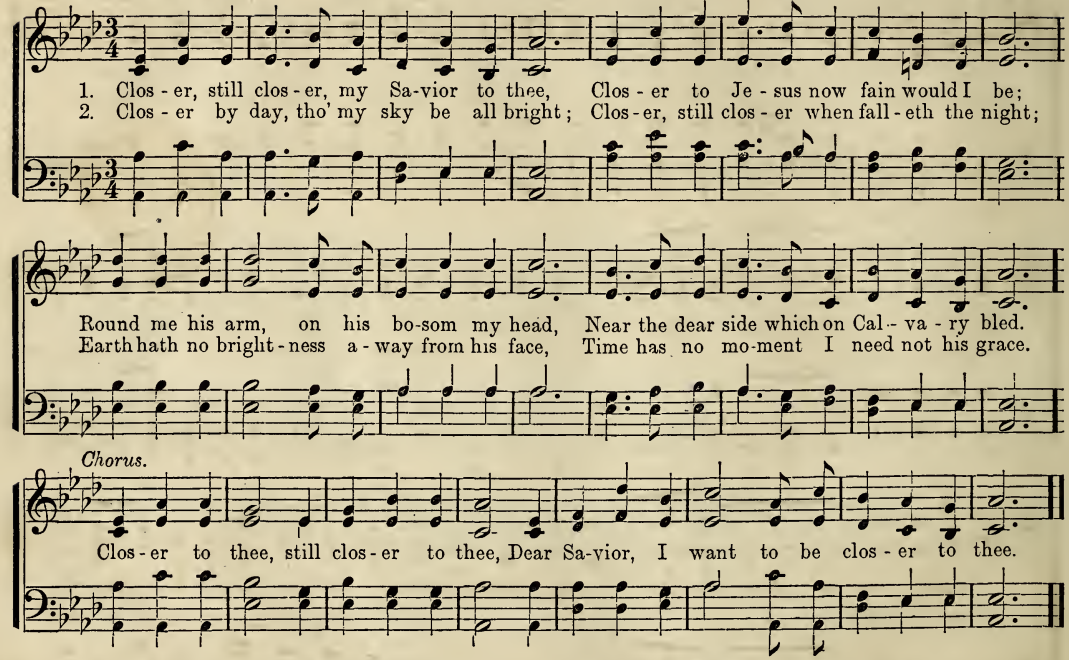


Jesus is Waiting.—*Concluded.*



Closer to Thee.

Words by L. R. Clark. Harmony by W. J. Kirkpatrick. Melody and Chorus by Rev. J. H. Stockton, by per.



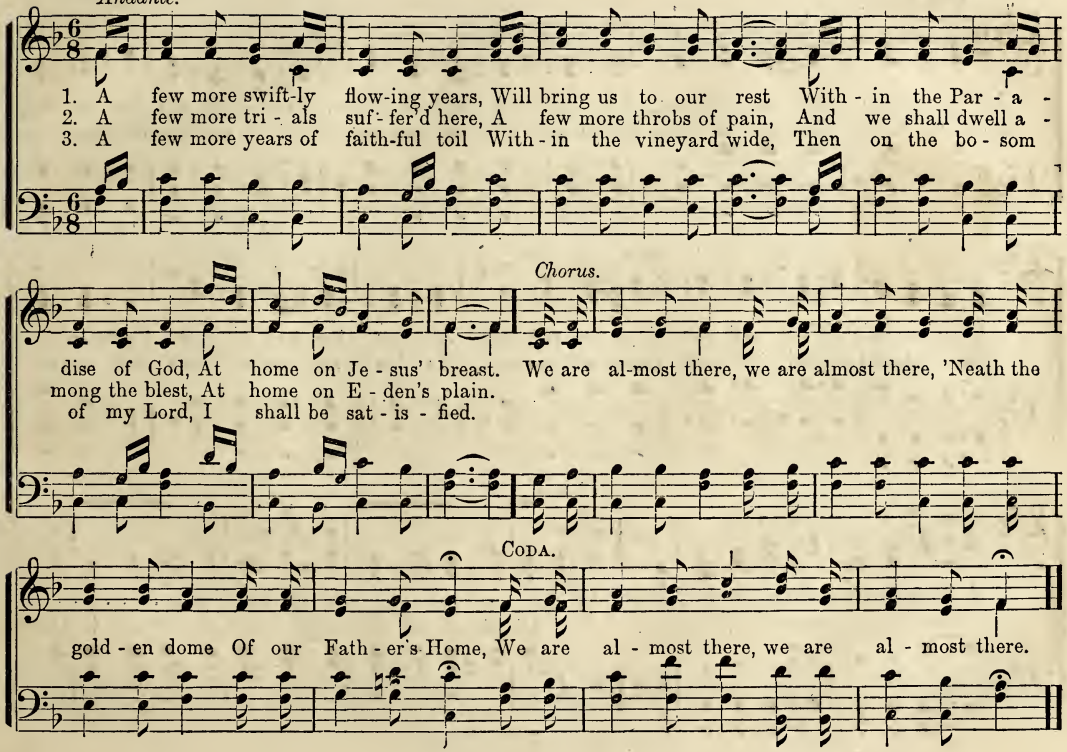
3 When to the Jordan of death I descend,
Danger I'll fear not if Christ be my friend;
Breasting the billows, my death-song shall be,
Closer, still closer, my Savior, to thee.

4 Closer to Jesus, I'm nearer to God;
Nearer the home of the Christian's abode;
Nearer the great and the glorious Three,
Nearer to heaven when closer to thee.

We are almost There.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

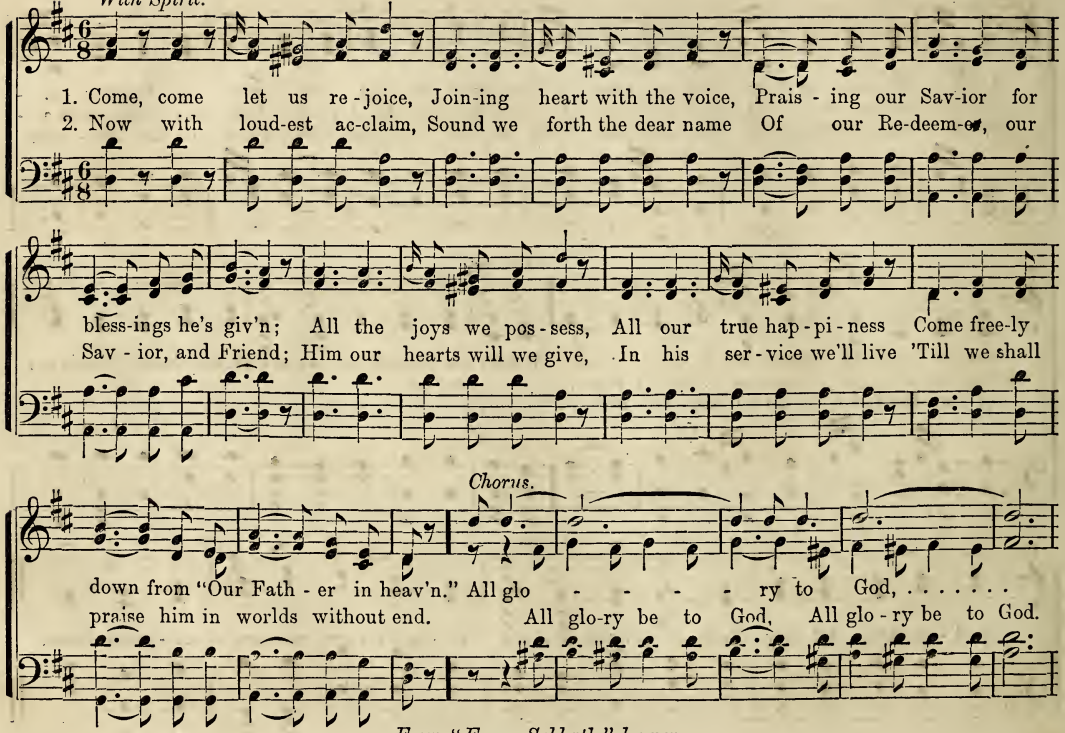
Andante.



Come let us Rejoice.
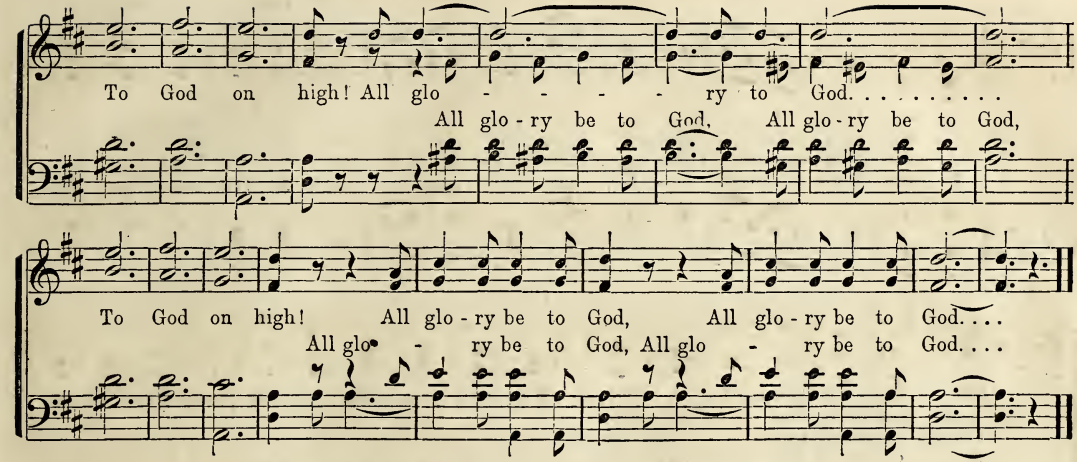
From Benedict.

With Spirit.



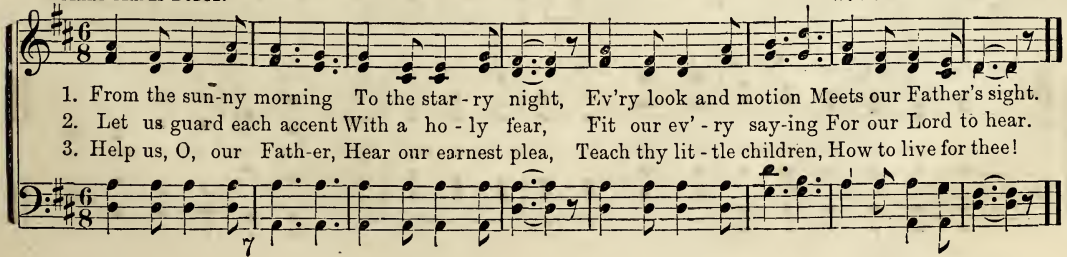
From "Every Sabbath," by per.

Come let us Rejoice.—Concluded.
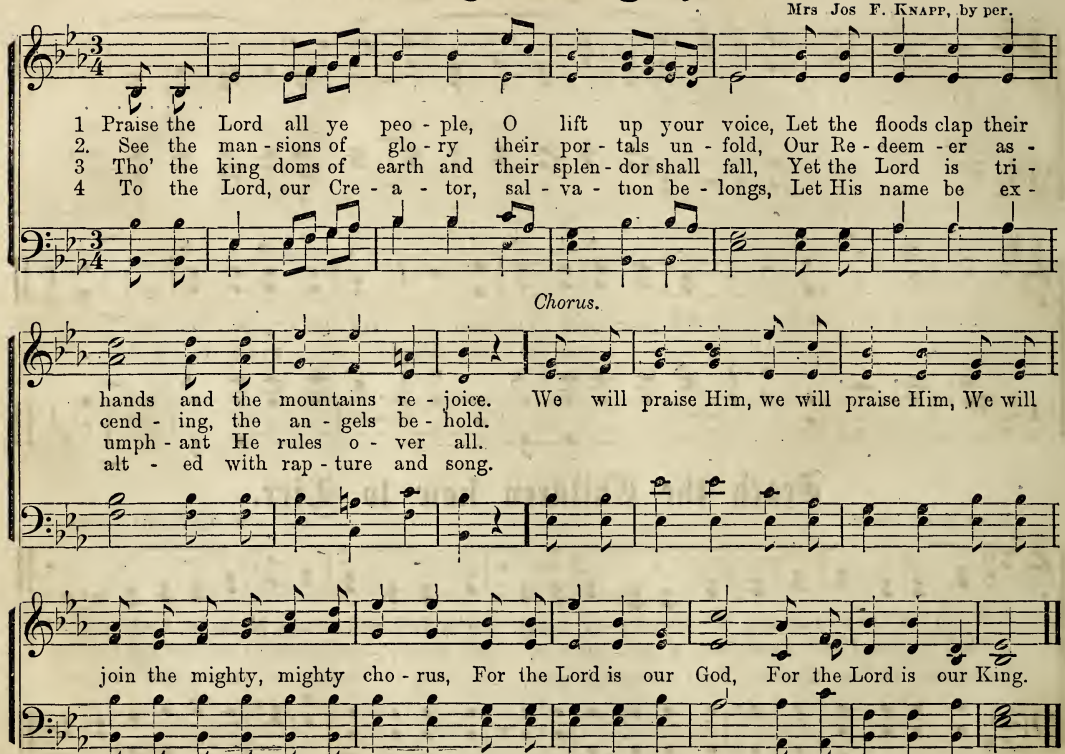


Teach the Children how to Live.

MARY MAPES DODGE. W. IRVING HARTSHORN.



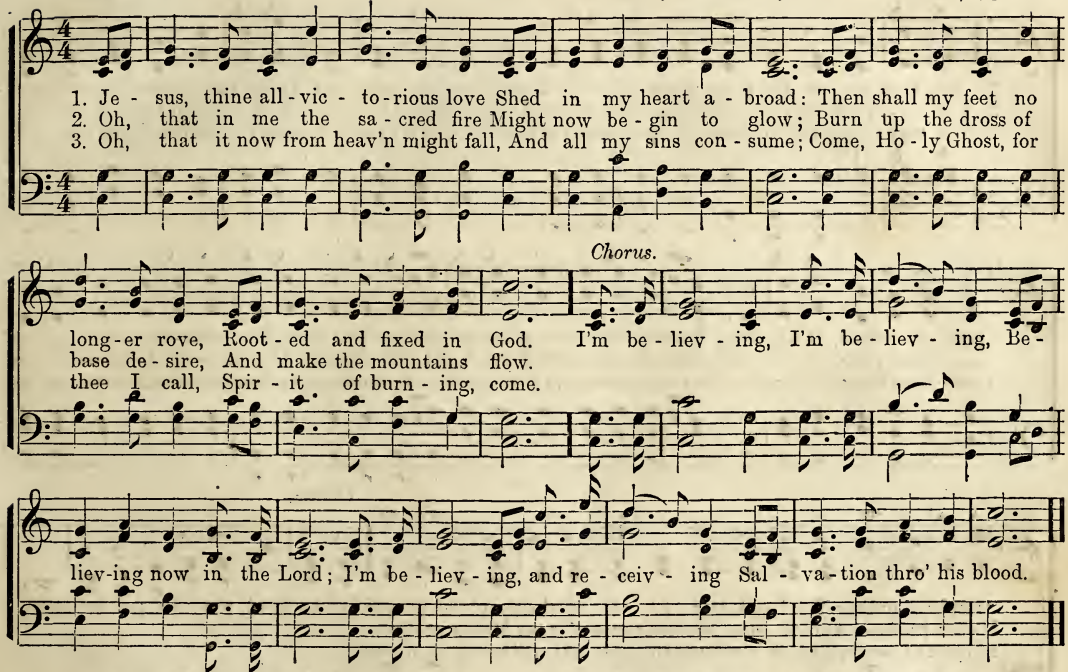
The Lord is King.

Mrs Jos F. Knapp, by per.



Believing.

CHAS. WESLEY. Melody and Chorus by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

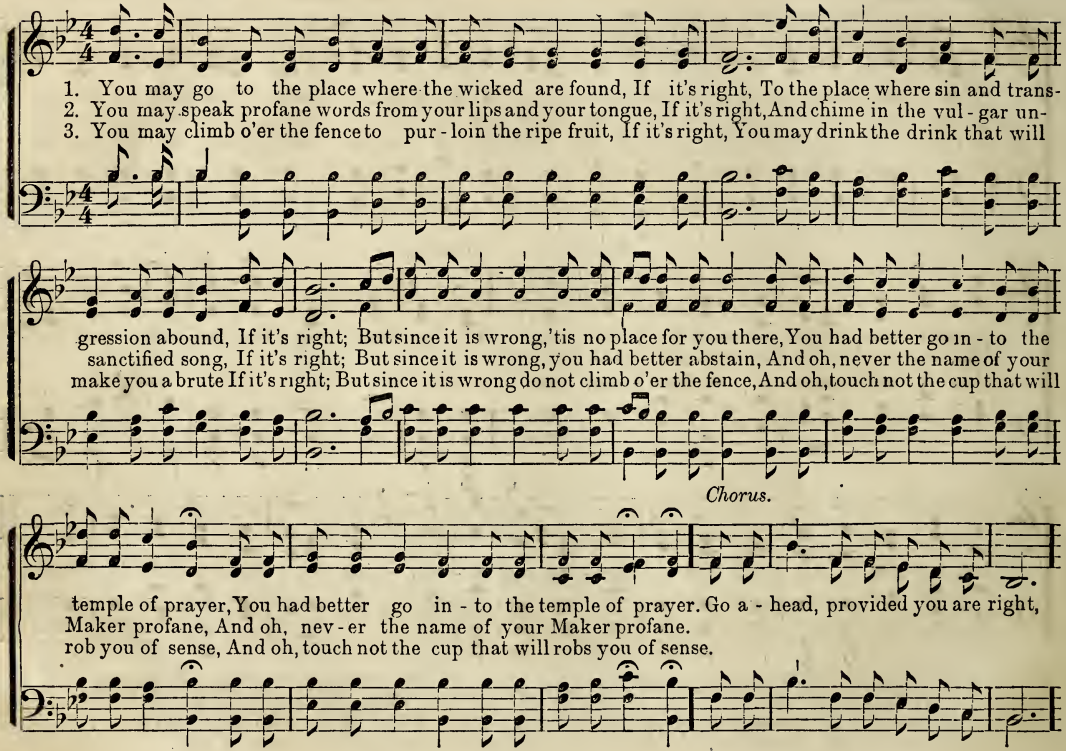


4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

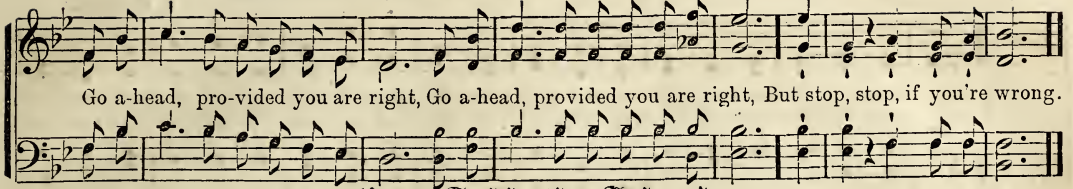
5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Provided You're Right.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J H. ROSECRANS.

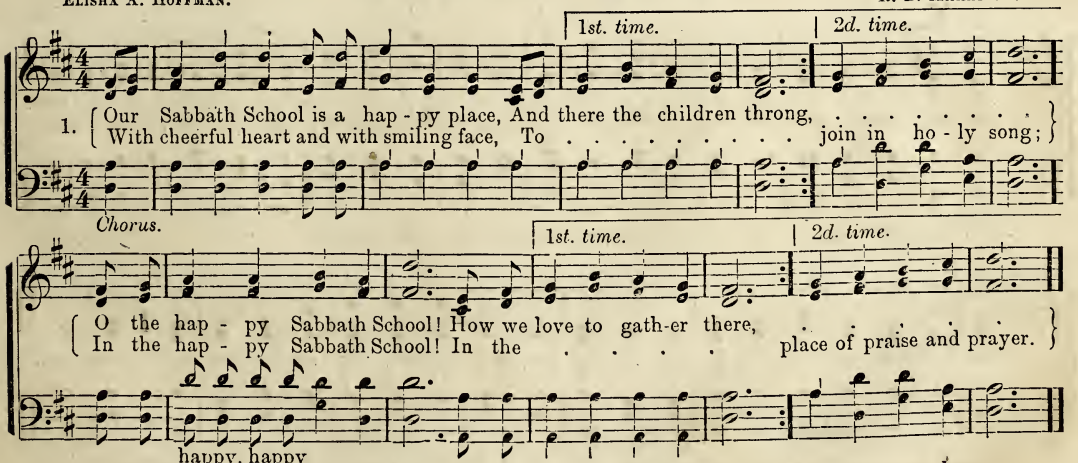


Provided You're Right.—Concluded.



Our Sabbath School.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. B. MAHAFFEY.

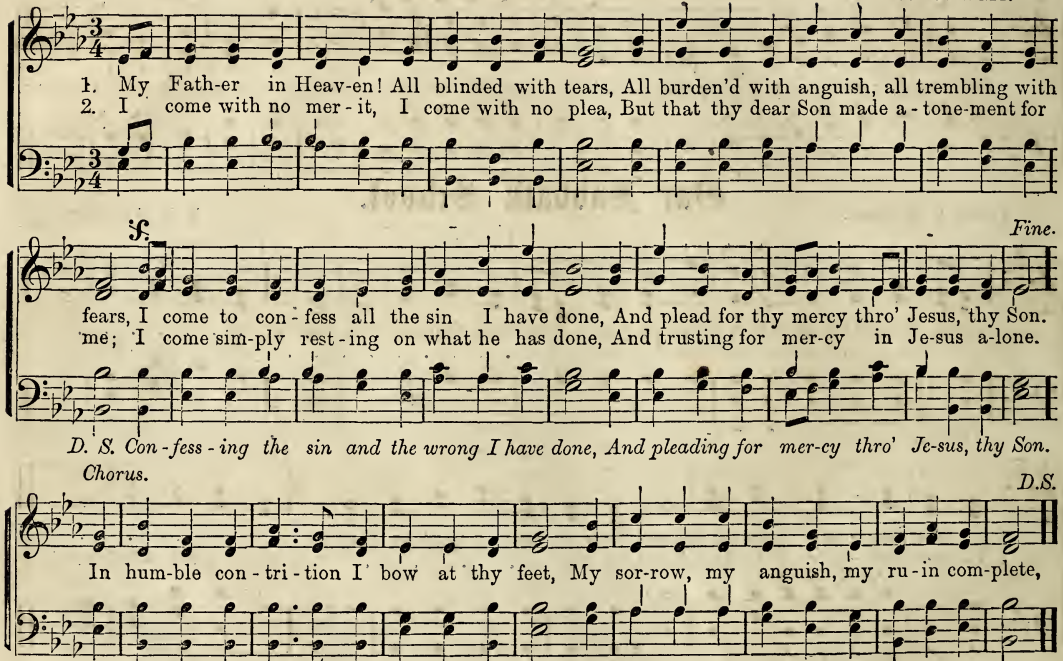


2 Our Sabbath School is a happy place,
And thither we repair,
With eager heart and quickened pace
To join the voice of prayer.

3 Our Sabbath School is a precious place,
We study there the Word
In which the holy life we trace
Of Christ, our loving Lord.

Confession of Sin.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. R. SWENEY.

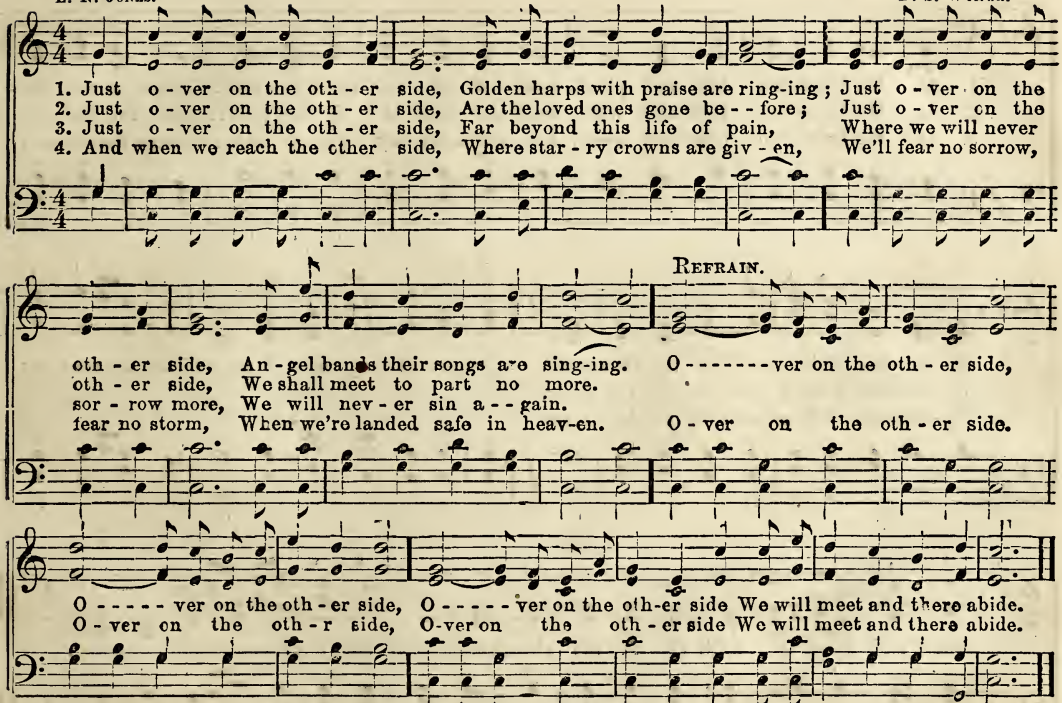


3 In sorrow confessing my guilt and my sin,
I come with a hope thy sweet favor to win
By pleading the merit of Jesus, thy Son,
And resting in faith on the work he has done.

4 Low down at thy feet in contrition I lay,
O turn me not, Father, unpardoned away!
Forgive me through Jesus, the Savior divine,
And seal with thy pardon this poor heart of mine.

The Other Side.

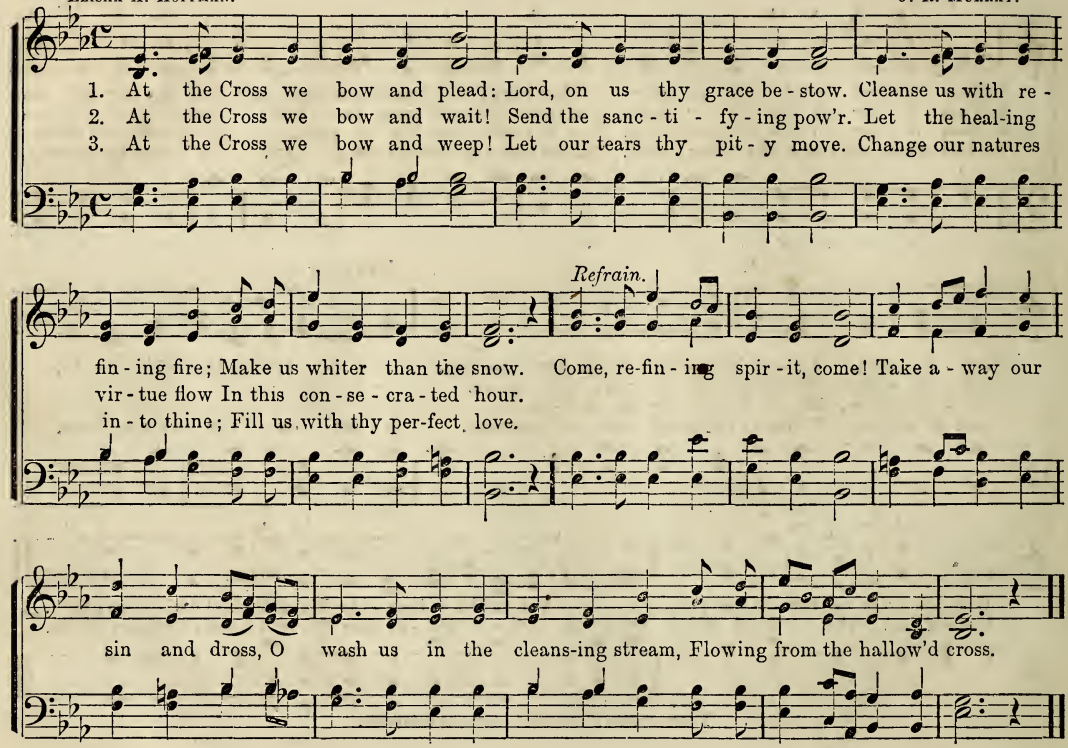
L. N. Jones. D. S. Wymer.



From "Royal Songs" by permission.

Come, Refining Spirit, Come.

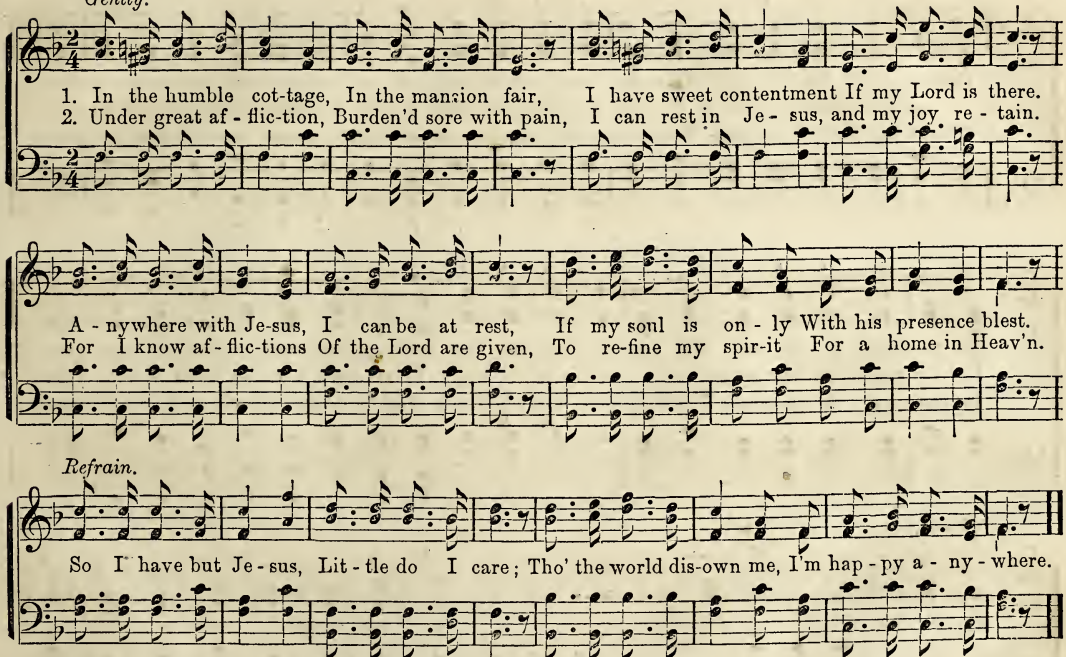
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. R. MURRAY.



Anywhere with Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

Gently.

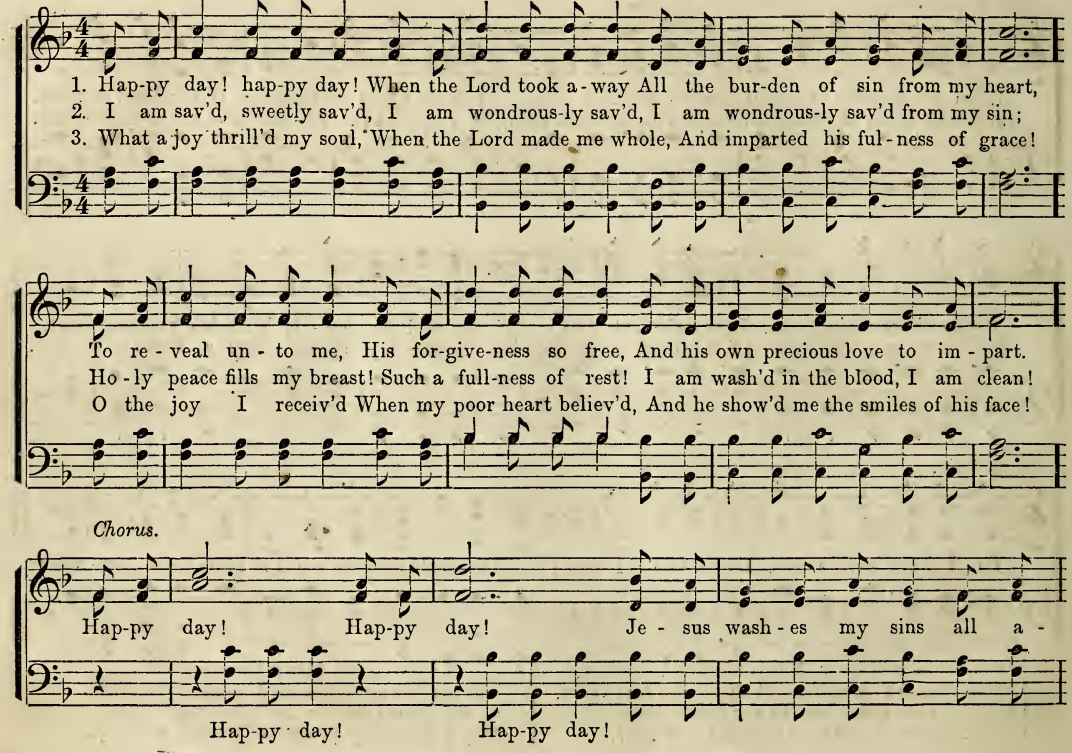


3 When he calls to duty, When he calls to prayer,
Quick I haste to meet him, And to own him there.
Glad if I may serve him In my feeble way,
Glad if he but keeps me In the narrow way.
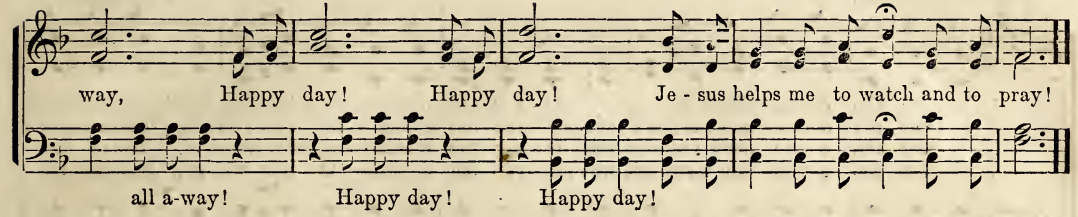
4 Under persecution Many may despair,
But my Savior keeps me Happy, even there.
O, my blessed Savior, Let me cling to thee.
May I share thy presence Through eternity.

The New Happy Day.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Rev. W. HOUPT.

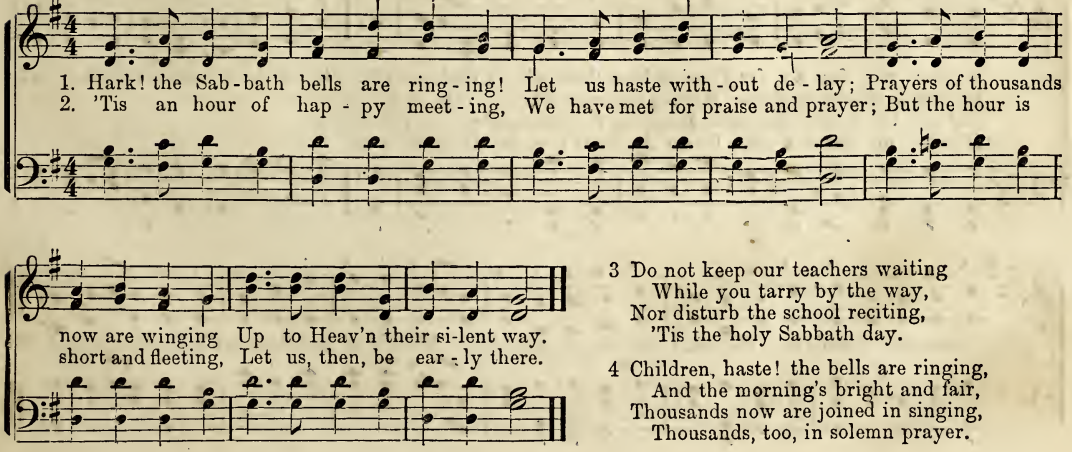


The New Happy Day.—*Concluded.*



Hark! the Sabbath Bells.

AMOS H. SELL.

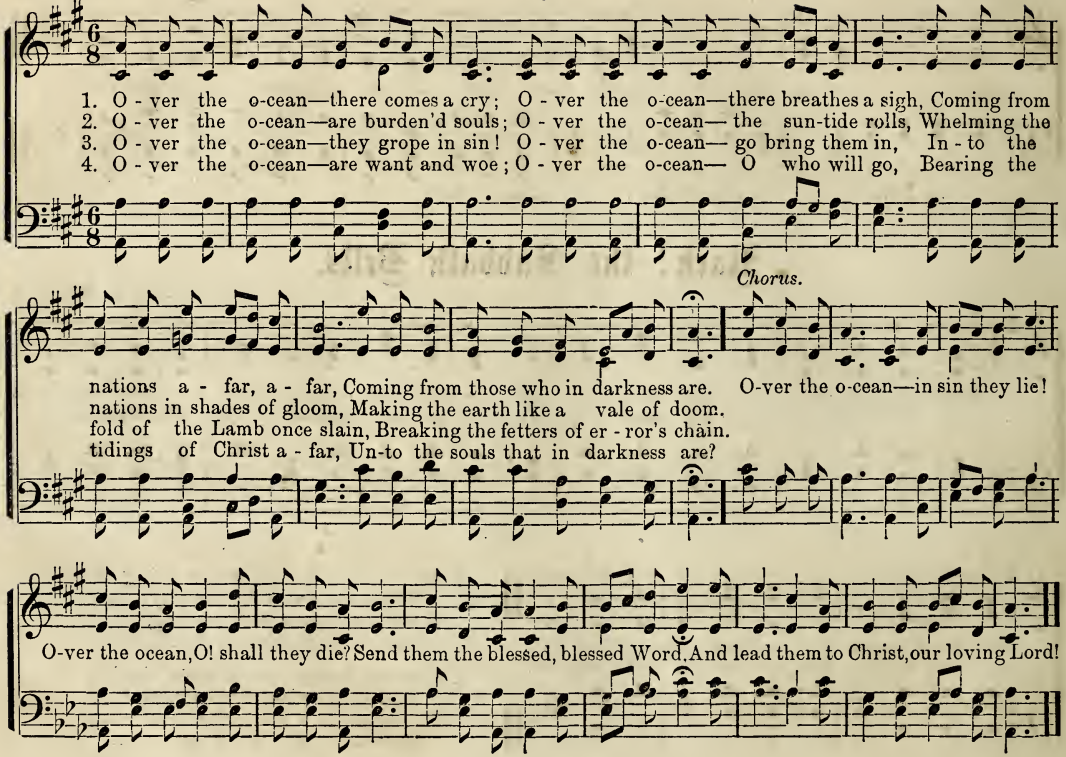


3 Do not keep our teachers waiting
While you tarry by the way,
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.

4 Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair,
Thousands now are joined in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

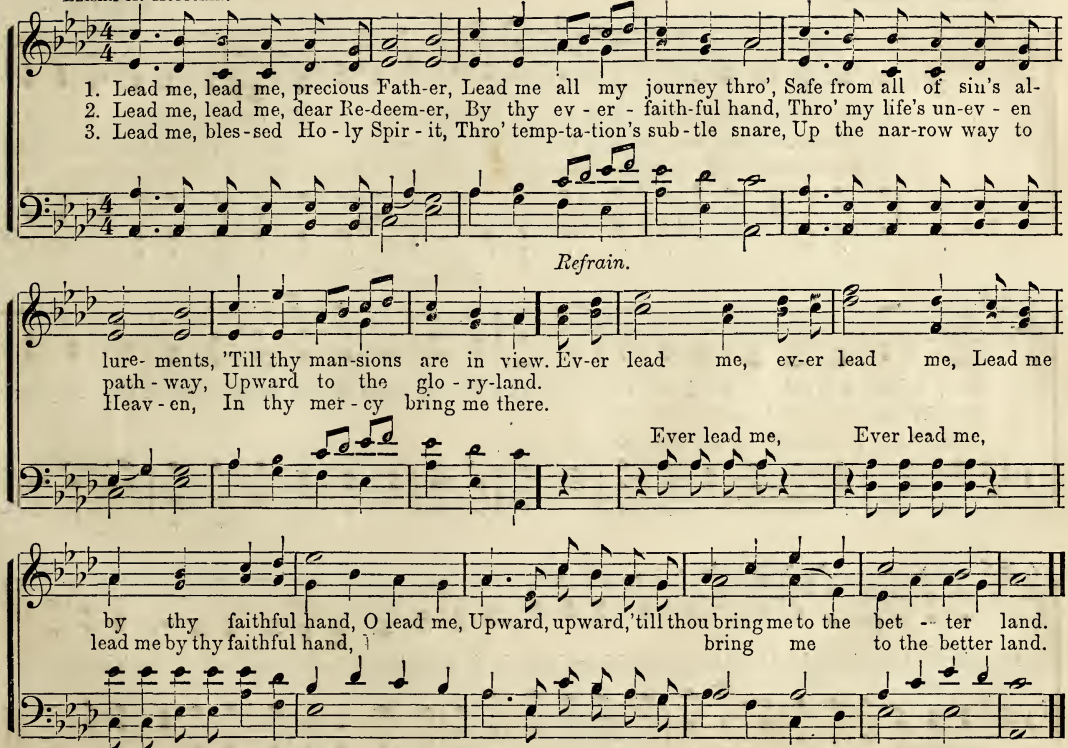
Over the Ocean.

Elisha A. Hoffman. R G. Staples.



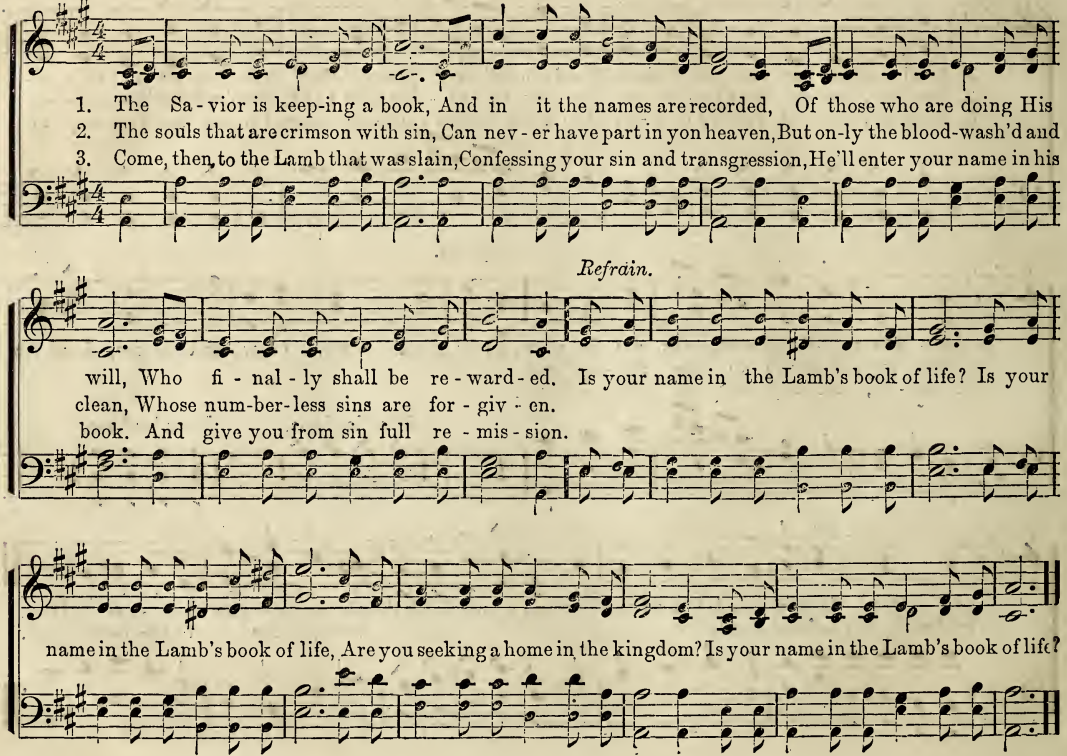
Lead Me.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Dr. J. B. HERBERT.



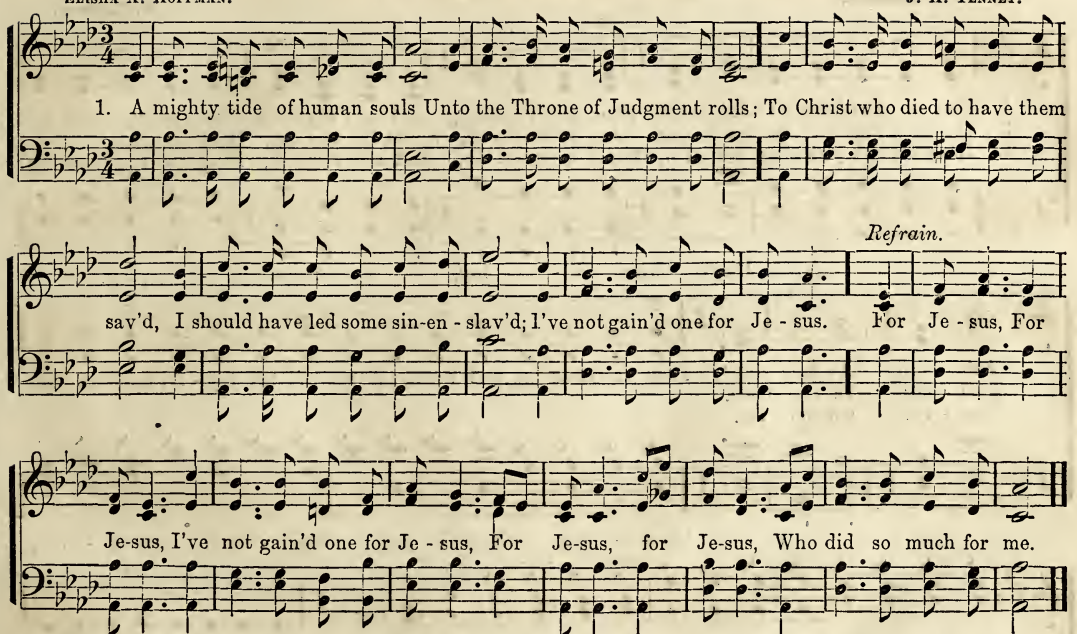
Is Your Name in the Book of Life?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. LESLIE.



What can I do for Jesus?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.



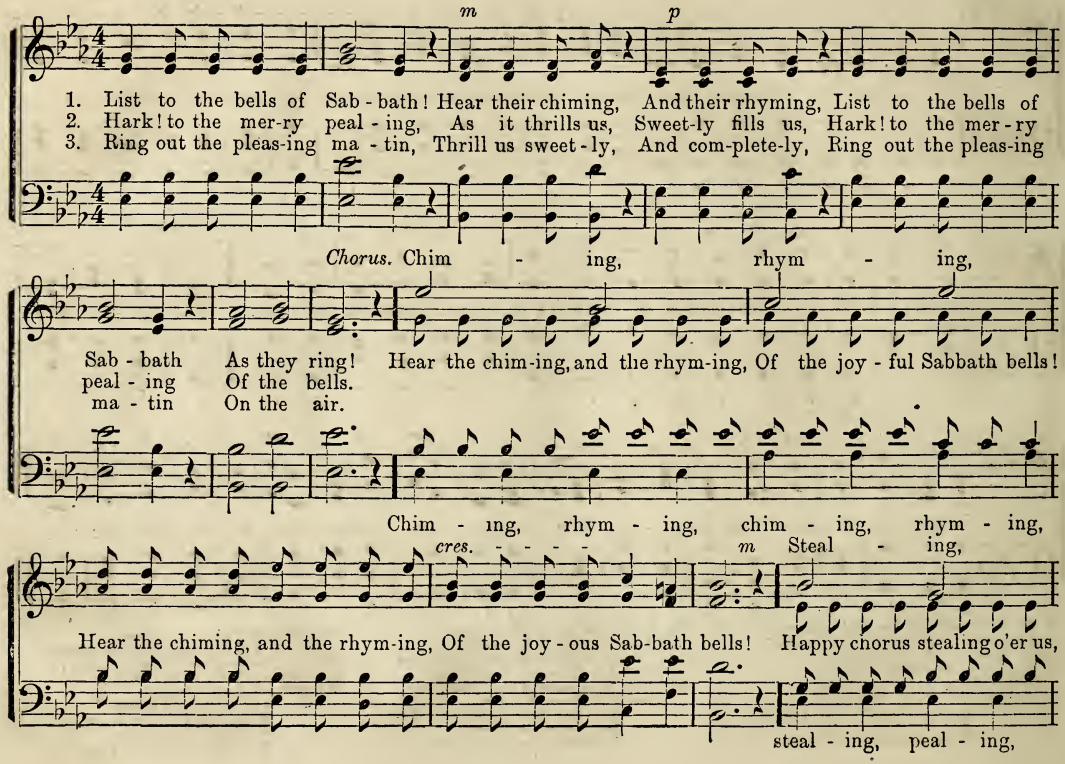
2 My precious time has fled in haste,
And gone, alas! to wretched waste;
My many years of life are run,
Their opportunities all flown,
And nothing done for Jeses,
CHO. For Jesus, for Jesus,
And nothing done for Jesus,
For Jesus, for Jesus,
Who did so much for me.

3 The Savior did so much for me,
And I have lived on thoughtlessly,
As though the Lord no vineyard grew
In which I had a work to do,—
And I've done naught for Jesus.
CHO. For Jesus, for Jesus,
And I've done naught for Jesus,
For Jesus, for Jesus,
Who did so much for me.

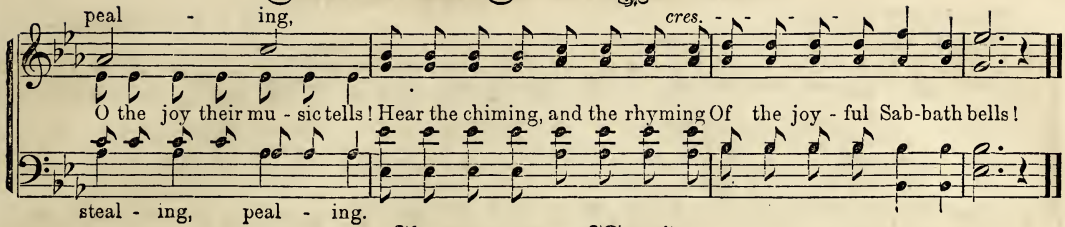
4 My life is drawing to a close,
And soon I'll seek the grave's repose:
While yet a few fleet moments stay,
Ere all have fully ebbed away,
What can I do for Jesus?
CHO. For Jesus, for Jesus,
What can I do for Jesus,
For Jesus, for Jesus,
Who did so much for me.

List to the Bells!

Elisha A. Hoffman. W. T. Giffe.
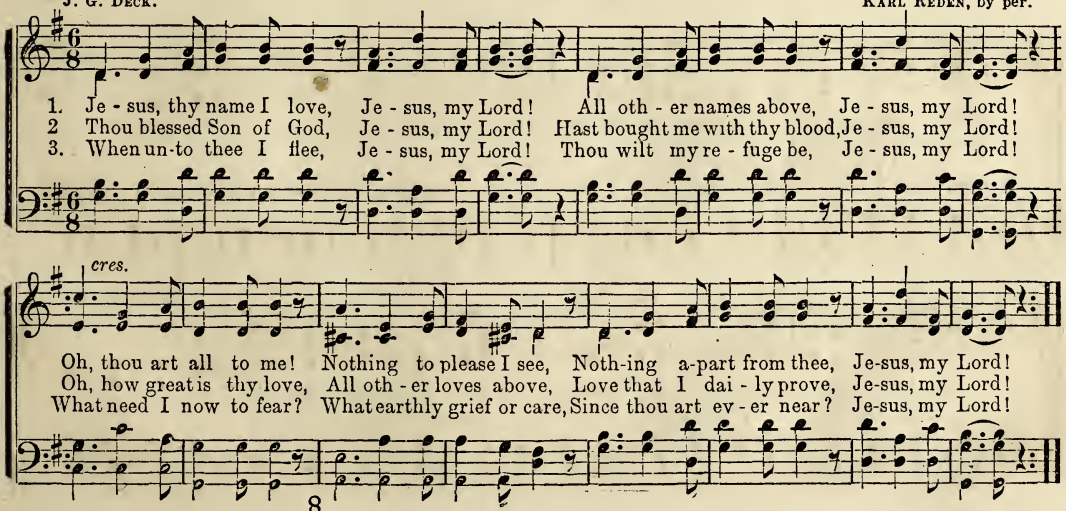


List to the Bells!—Concluded.



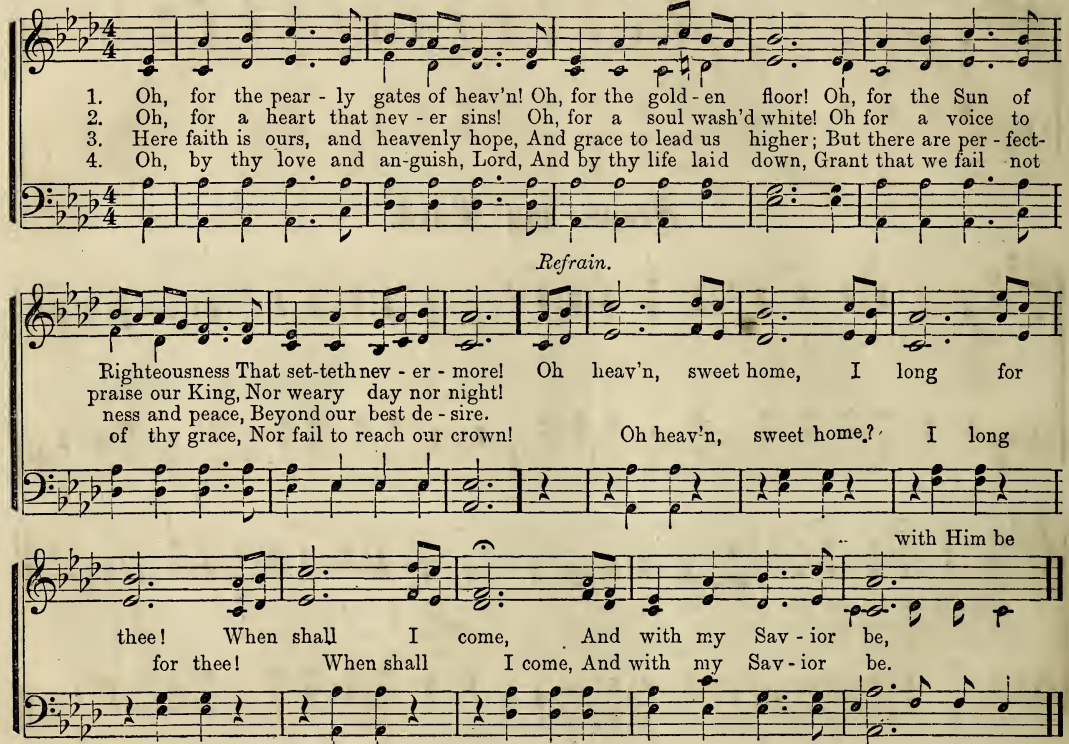
Jesus, my Lord.

J. G. Deck. Karl Reden, by per.



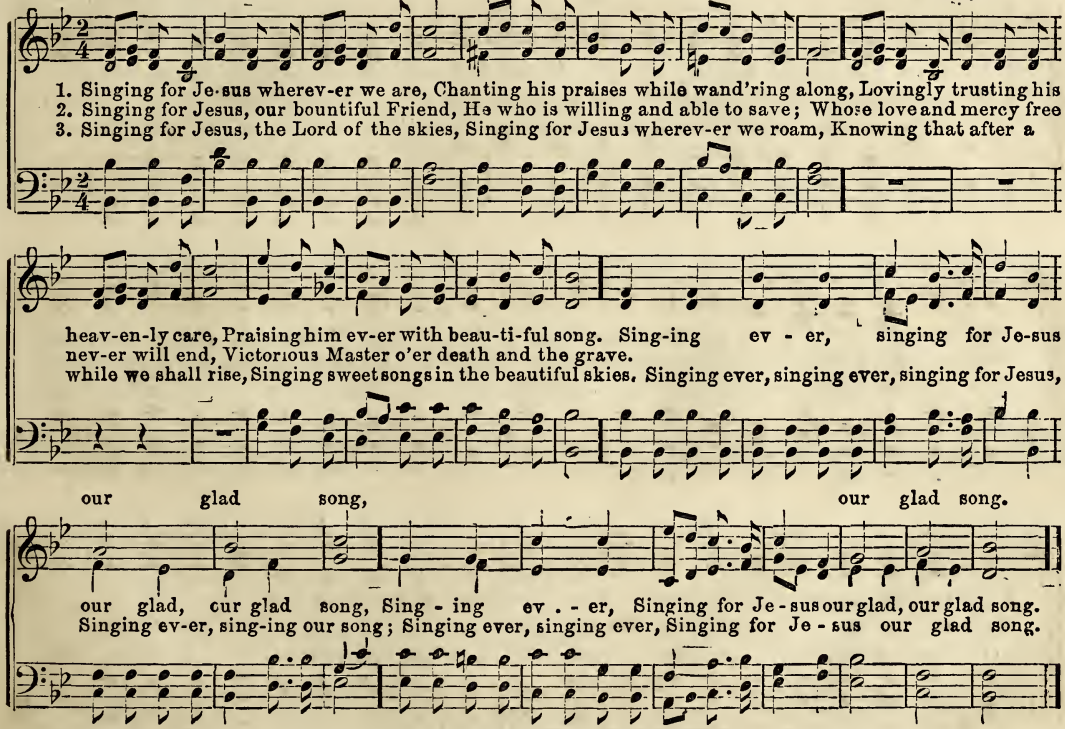
Oh, for the Pearly Gates!

CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER. W. IRVING HARTSHORN.



Singing for Jesus.

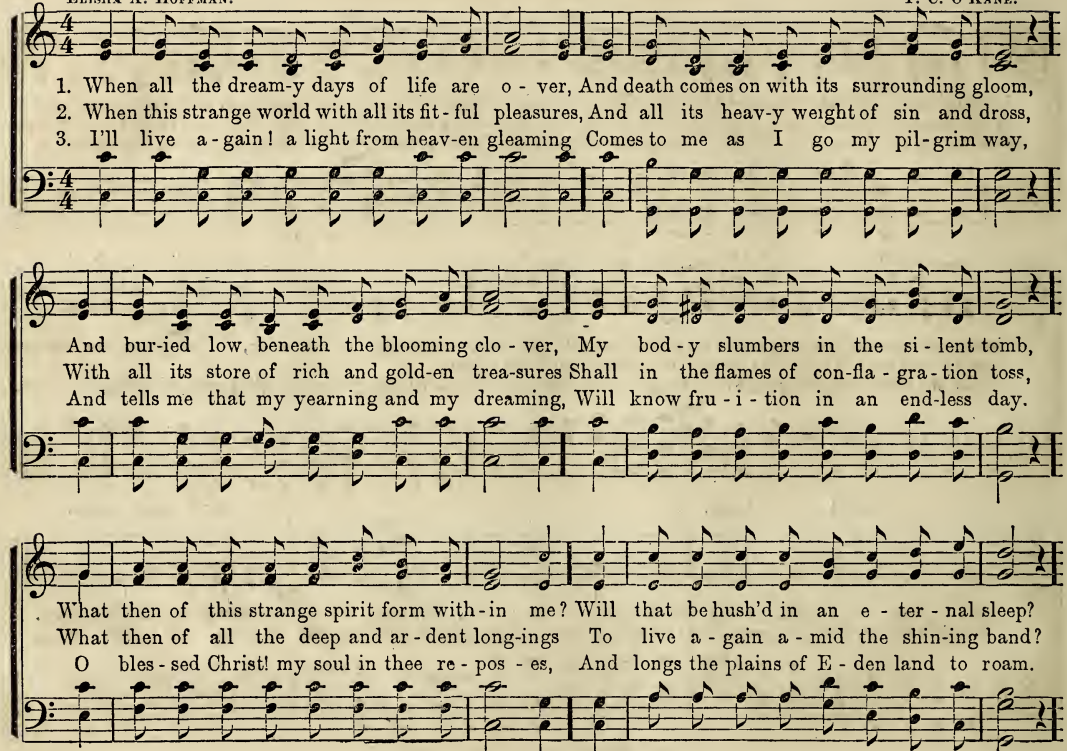
Rev. H. L. Dowling. J. W. Suffern.

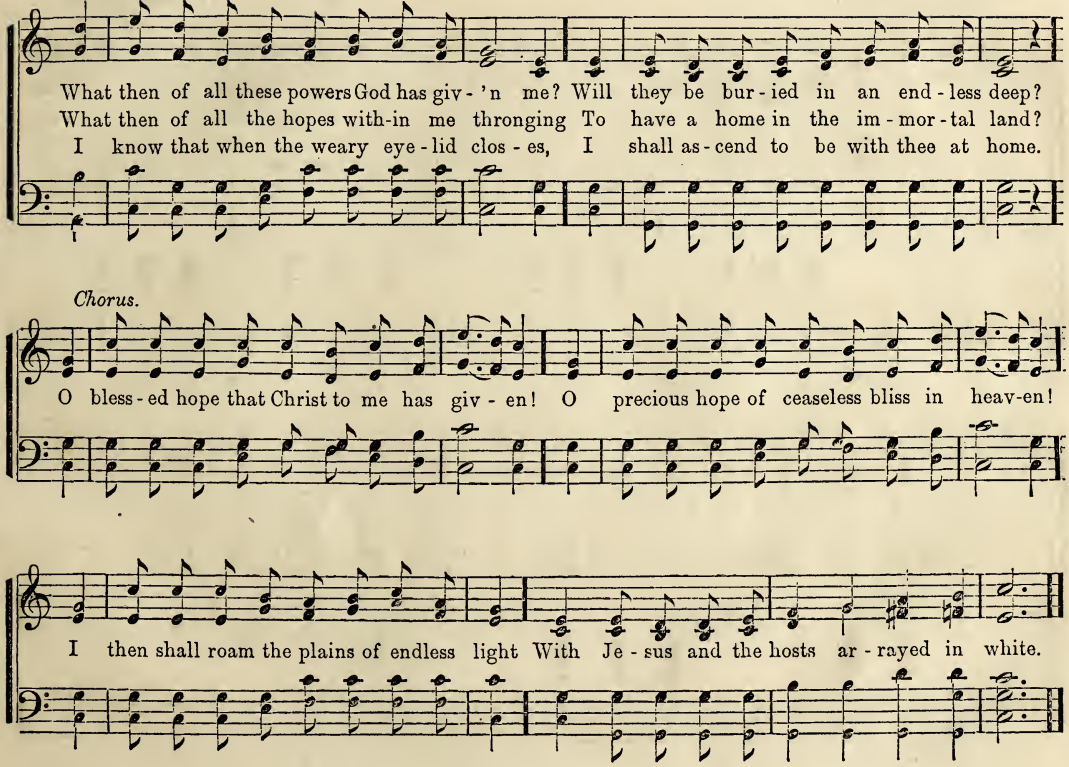


From "Royal Songs" by permission.

Immortality.

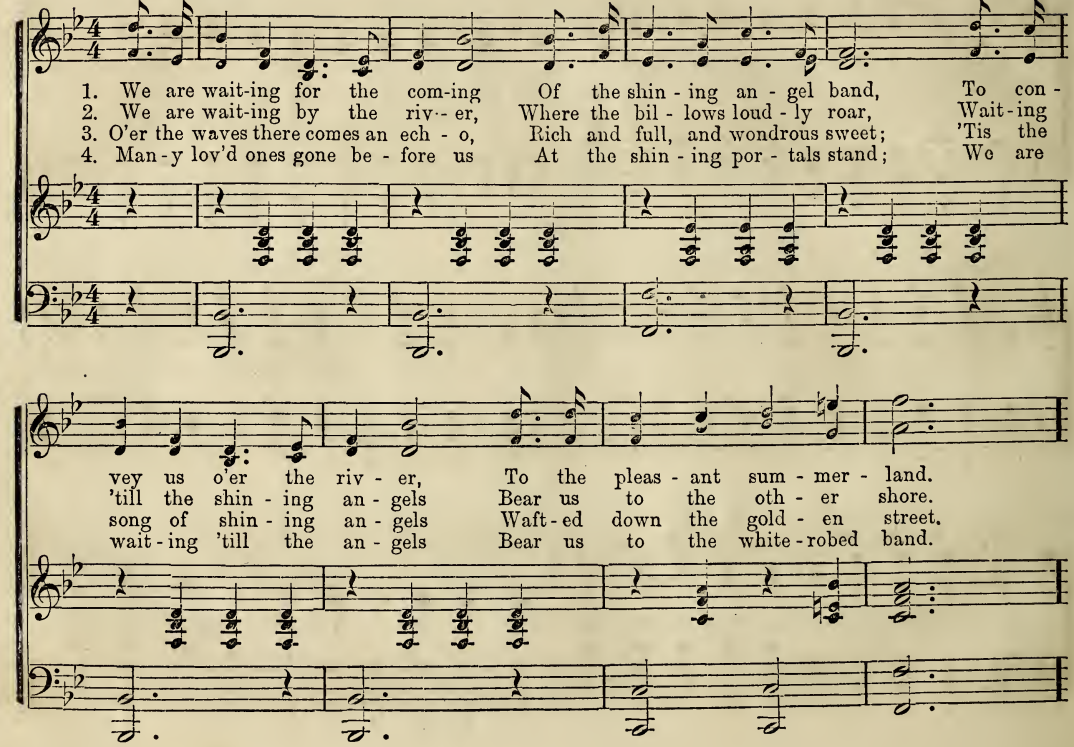
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. C. O'KANE.




What then of all these powers God has giv-'n me? Will they be bur-ied in an end-less deep?
What then of all the hopes with-in me thronging To have a home in the im-mor-tal land?
I know that when the weary eye-lid clos-es, I shall as-cend to be with thee at home.
Chorus.
O bless-ed hope that Christ to me has giv-en! O precious hope of ceaseless bliss in heav-en!
I then shall roam the plains of endless light With Je-sus and the hosts ar-rayed in white.

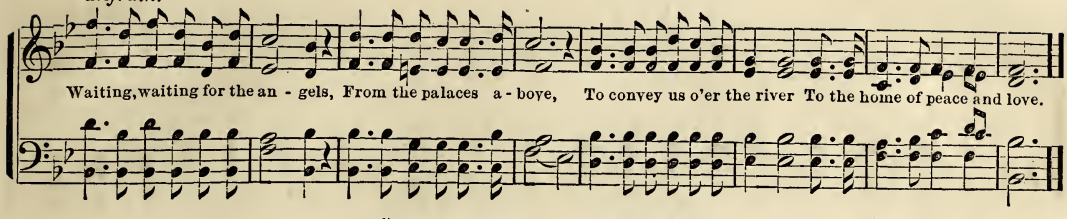
Waiting for the Angels.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. SOLO or DUET. S. WESLEY MARTIN.



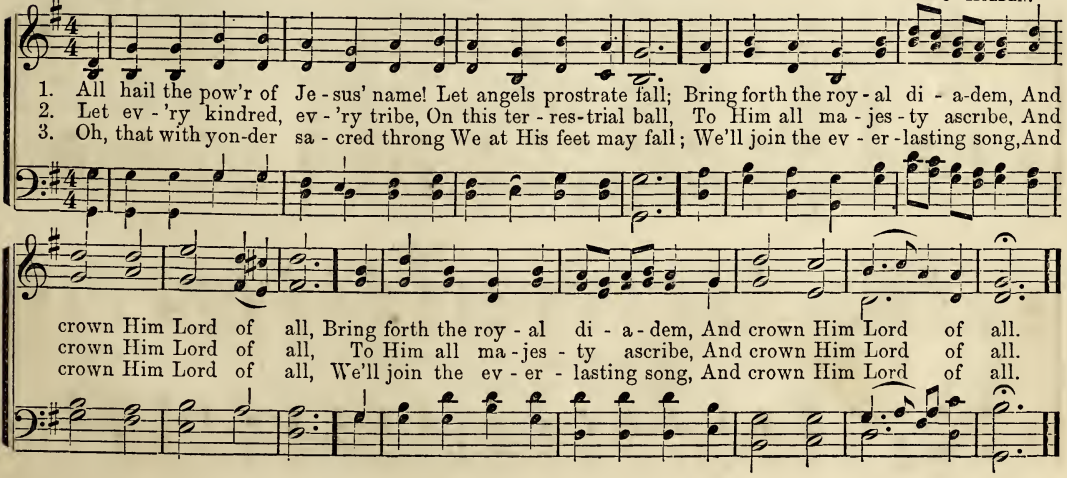
Waiting for the Angels!—*Concluded.*

Refrain.



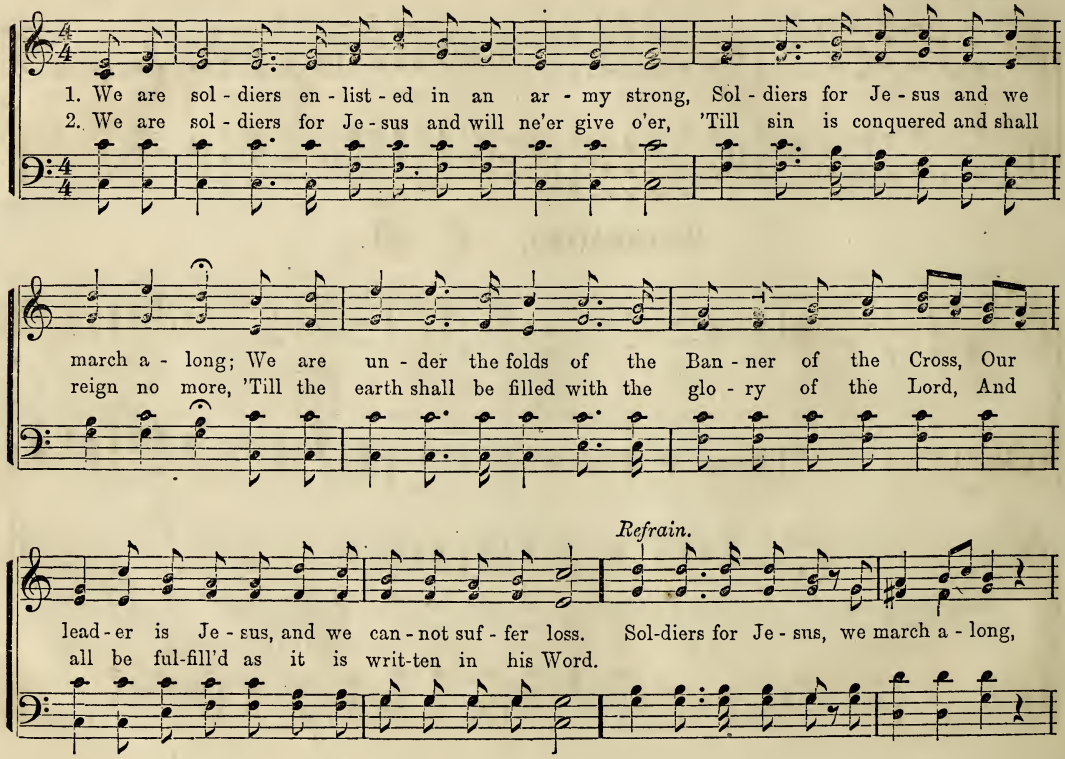
Coronation. C. M.

Rev. E. Perronet. O Holden.

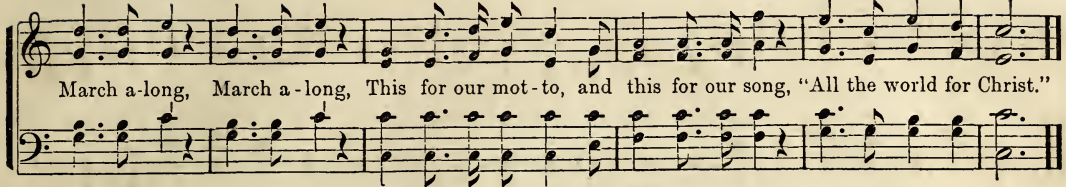


All the World for Christ.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. S. WESLEY MARTIN.

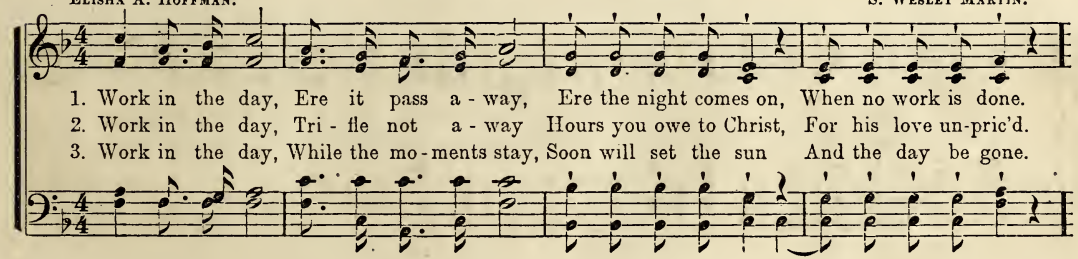


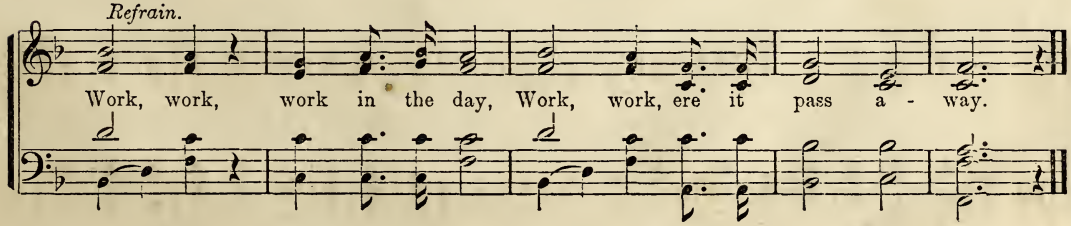
All the World for Christ.—*Concluded.*



Work in the Day.

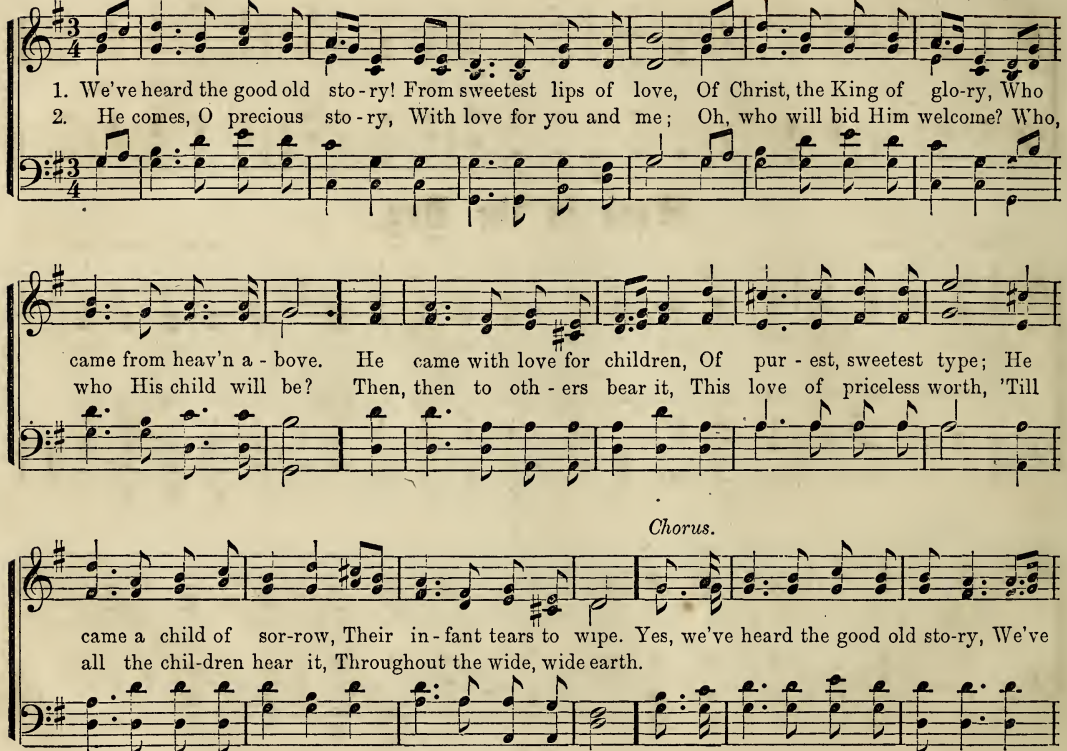
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. S. WESLEY MARTIN.



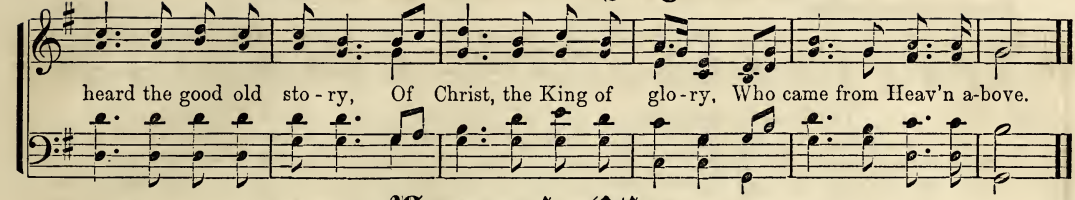


The Good Old Story.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney, by per.

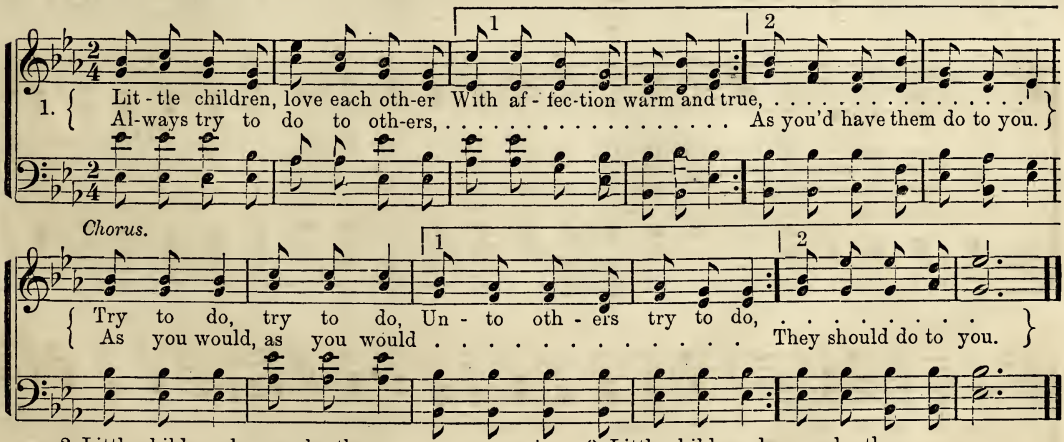


The Good Old Story.—Concluded.



Love each Other.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. B. MAHAFFEY.

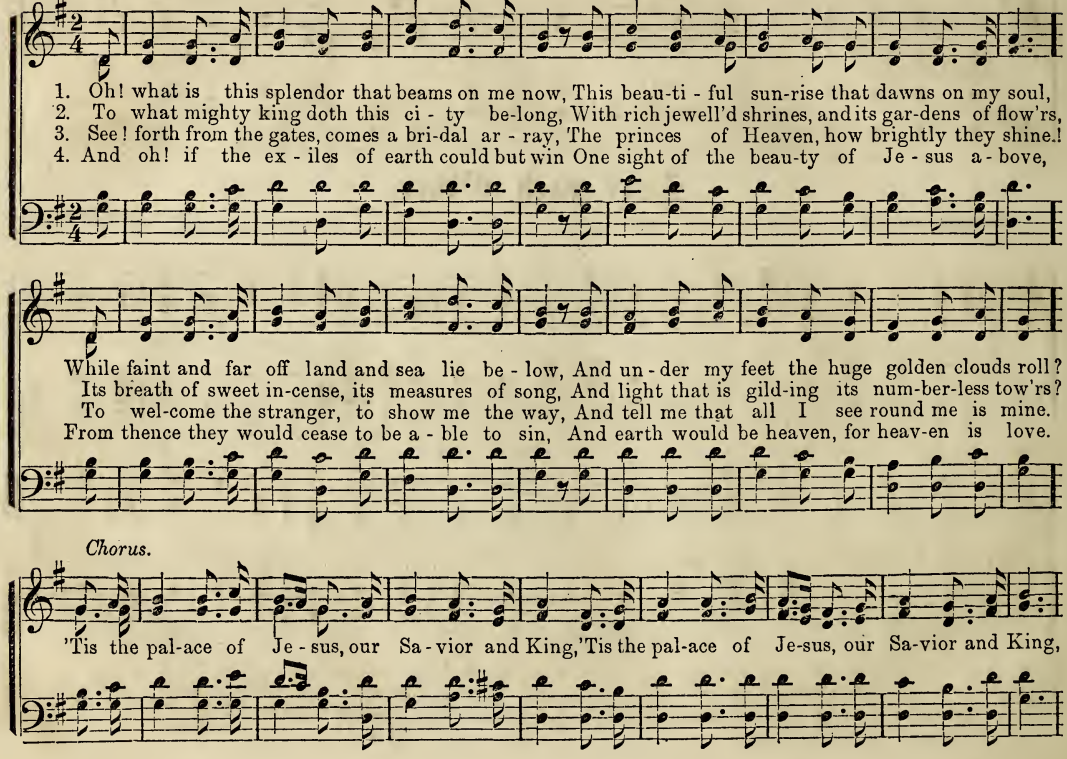


2 Little children, love each other
Never cause a heart to pain;
Though you meet with great unkindness,
Do not be unkind again.

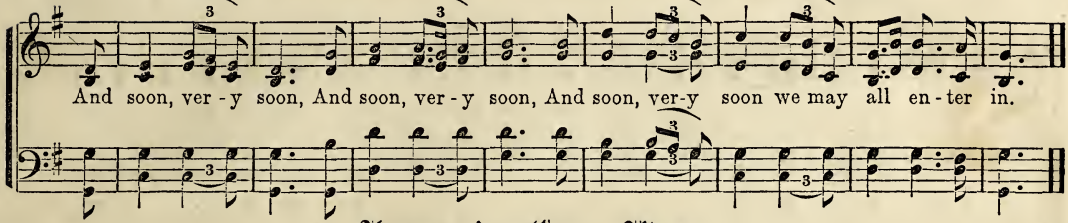
3 Little children, love each other
You will always find it best;
For in being kind to others
You will be supremely blest.

Oh! What is this Splendor?

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER. J. J. HOOD.
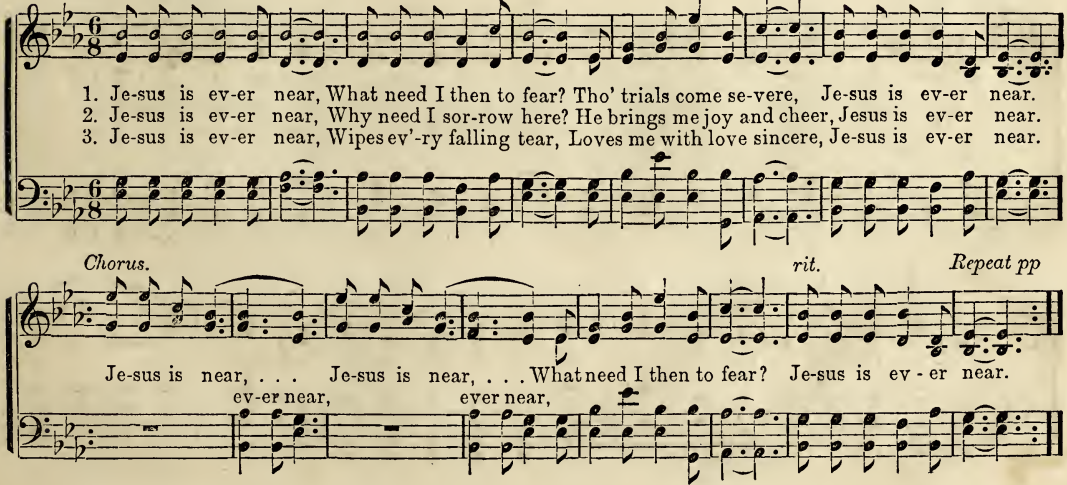


Oh! What is this Splendor?—*Concluded.*



Jesus is Ever Near.

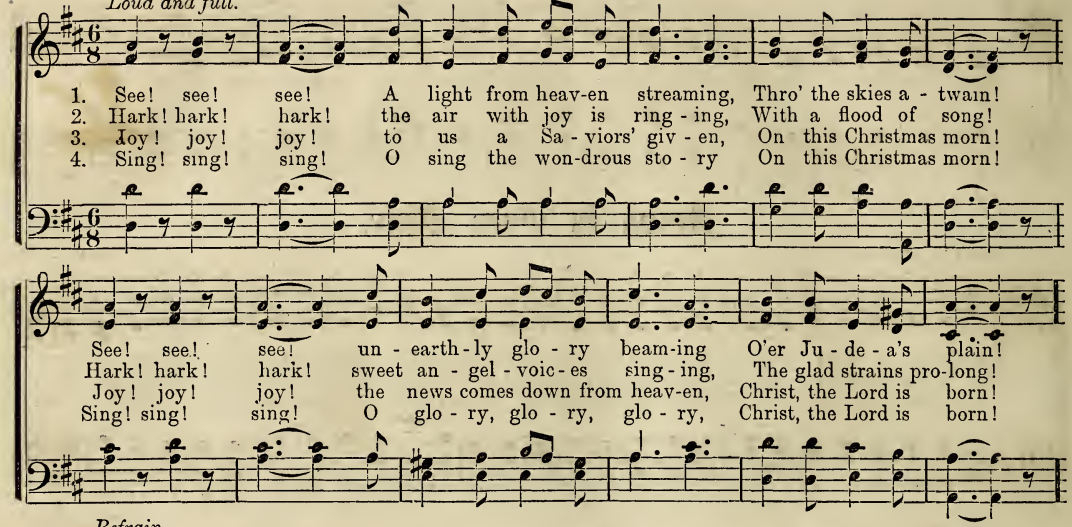
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. S. W. STRAUB.
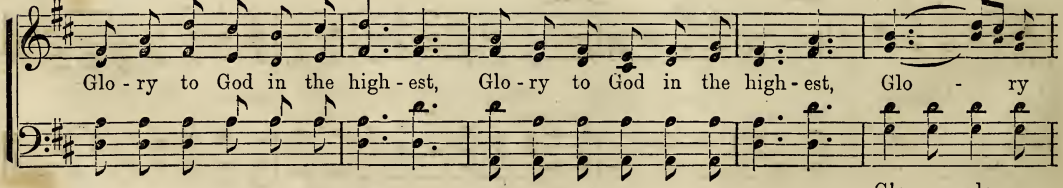


Glory to God in the Highest.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. H. TANNER.

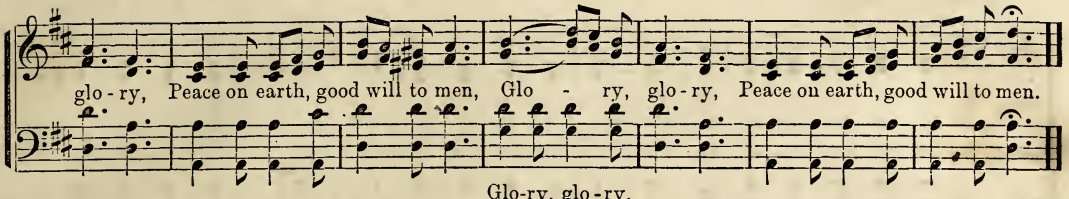
Loud and full.



Refrain.



Glory to God in the Highest.—*Concluded.*

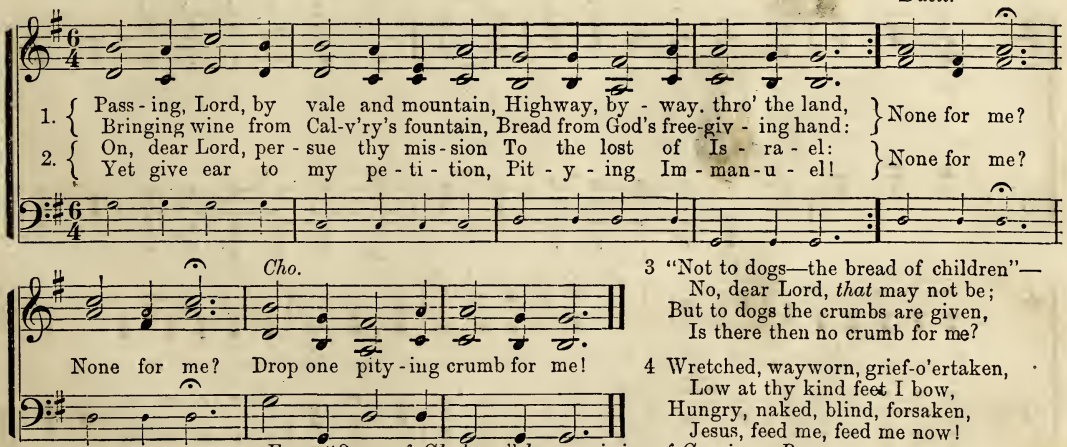


No Crumb for Me?

Rev. Wm. P. Breed, D. D.

J. E. Gould.

Ducti.



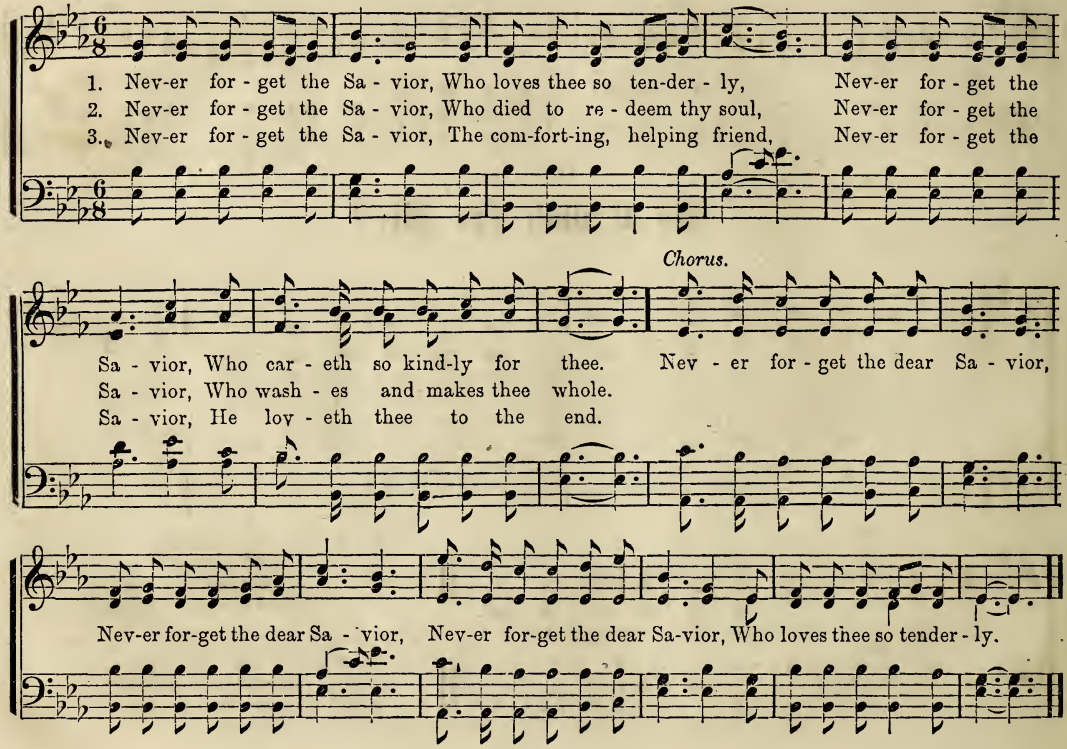
3 "Not to dogs—the bread of children"—
No, dear Lord, *that* may not be;
But to dogs the crumbs are given,
Is there then no crumb for me?

4 Wretched, wayworn, grief-o'ertaken,
Low at thy kind feet I bow,
Hungry, naked, blind, forsaken,
Jesus, feed me, feed me now!

From "Songs of Gladness," by permission of Garrigues Bros.

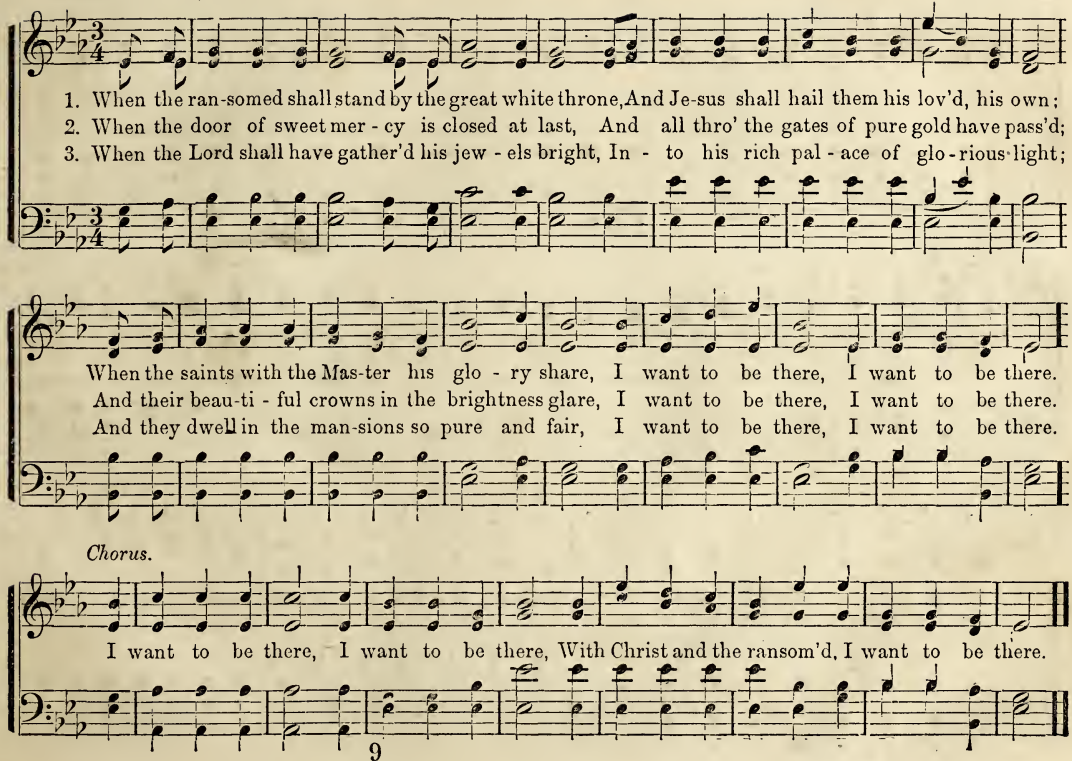
Never forget the Savior.

Elisha A. Hoffman. Rev. B. C. Oyler.



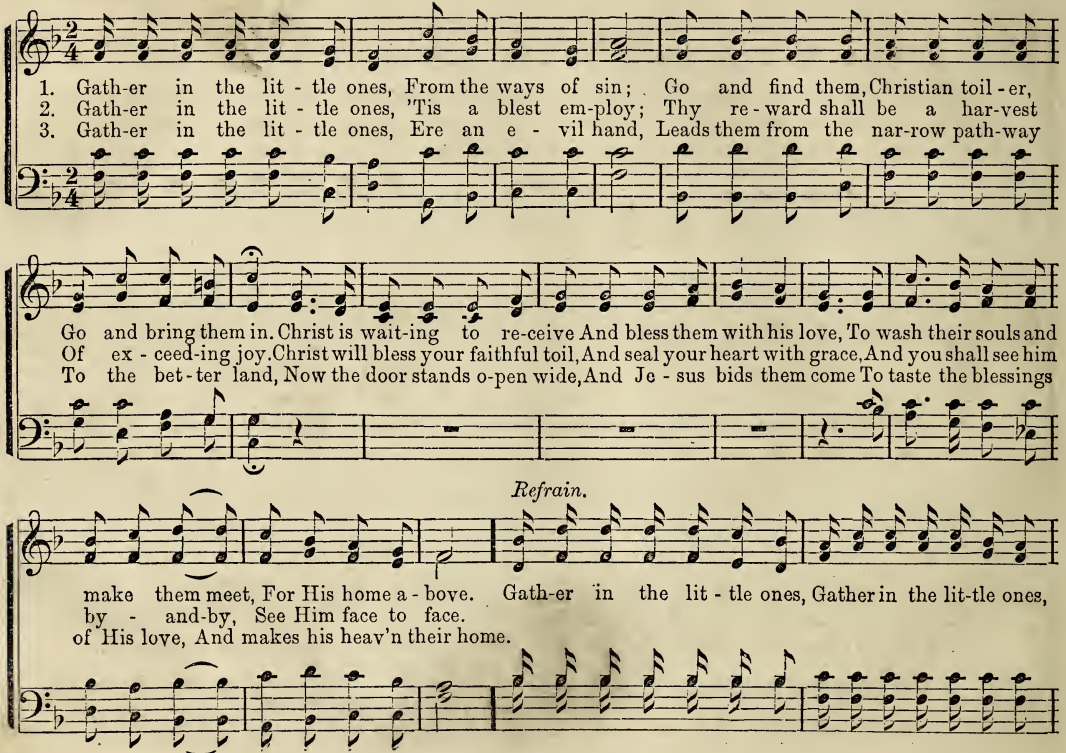
I Want to be There.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. A. KINZIE.

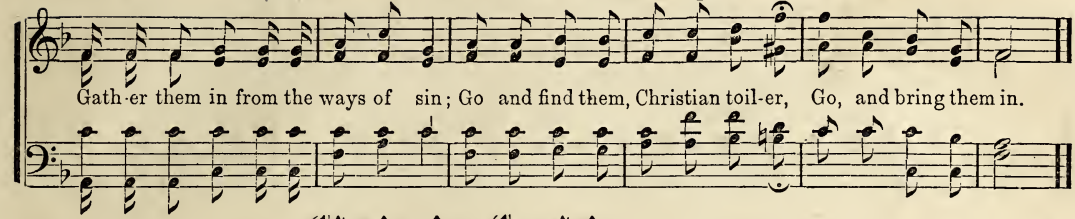


Gather in the little Ones.

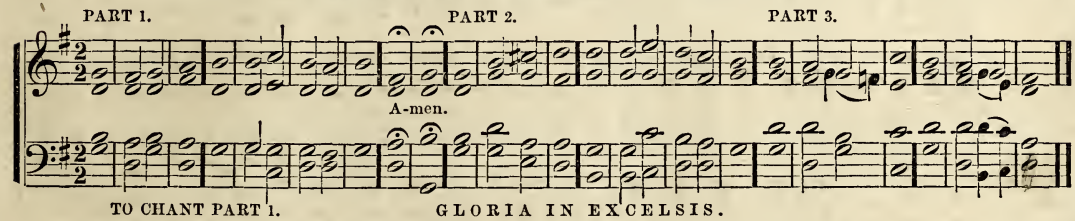
Elisha A. Hoffman. Dr. J. B. Herbert.



Gather in the little Ones.—*Concluded.*



Gloria in Excelsis. (Chant.)



TO CHANT PART 1. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

1. Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will towards | men. ||
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory. ||

TO PART 2.

3. O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty! ||
4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son.. of the | Fa— | ther! ||

TO PART 3.

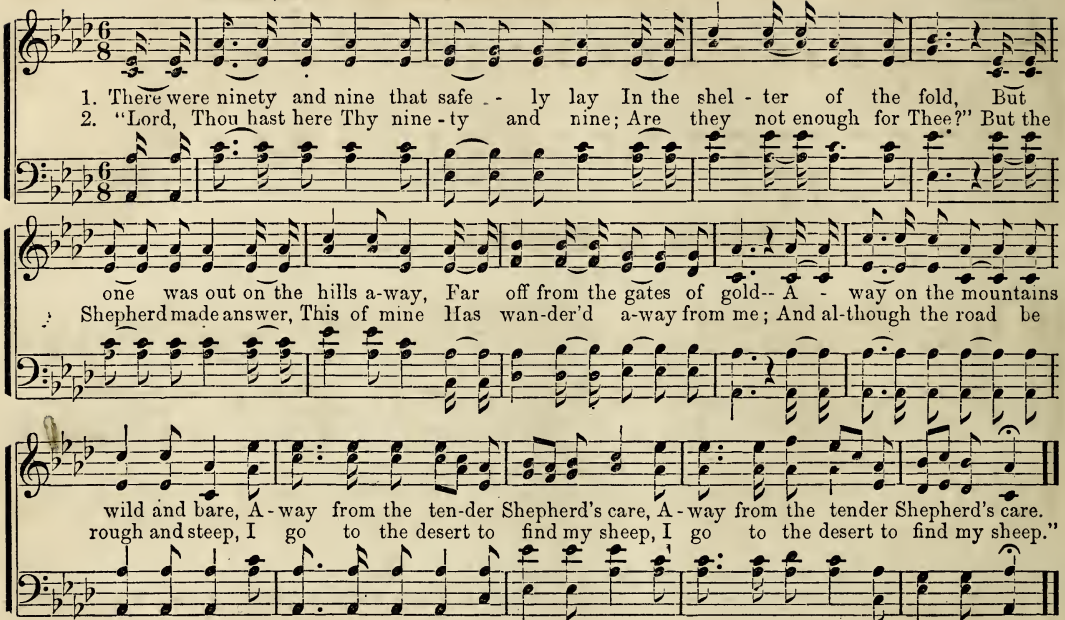
5. That takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have mercy up- | on — | us. ||
6. Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have mercy up- | on — | us. ||
7. Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer. ||
8. Thou that sitteth at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy up- | on — | us. ||

TO PART 1.

9. For thou only | art — | holy, || thou | only | art the | Lord. ||
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory . . of | God the | Father. || A- | MEN. ||

The Ninety and Nine.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868. IRA D. SANKEY.



3.

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track!"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and [thorn."
torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a

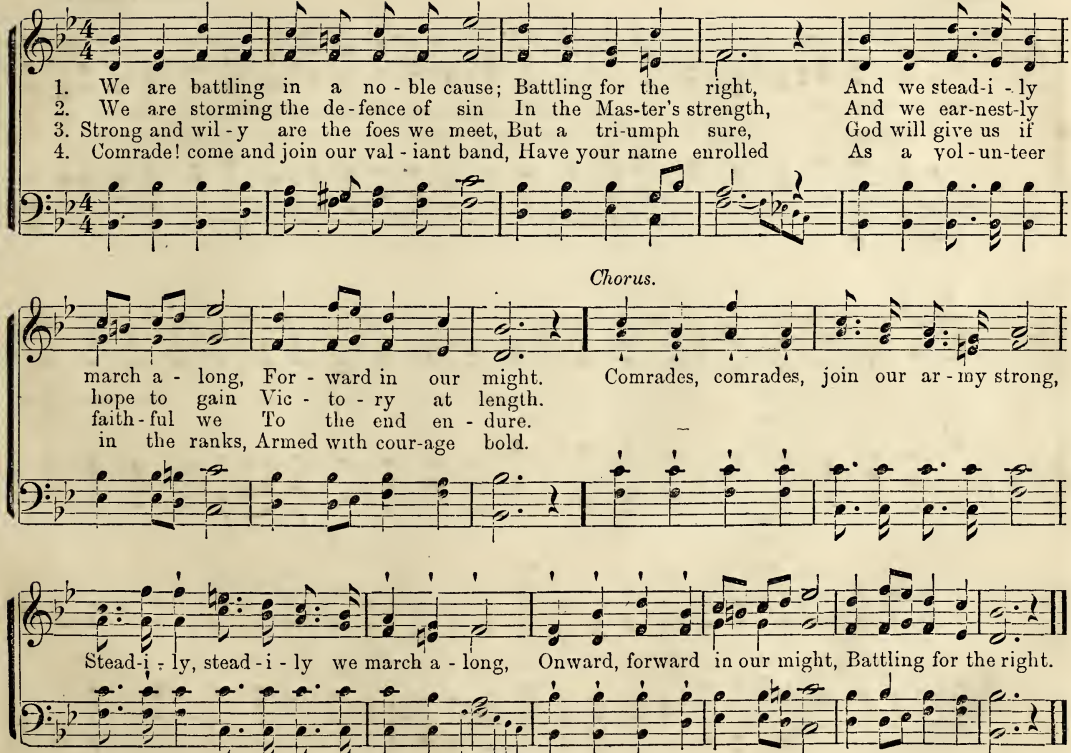
5.

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

From "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," by per. Biglow & Main.

Steadily Forward.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. ANDERSON.

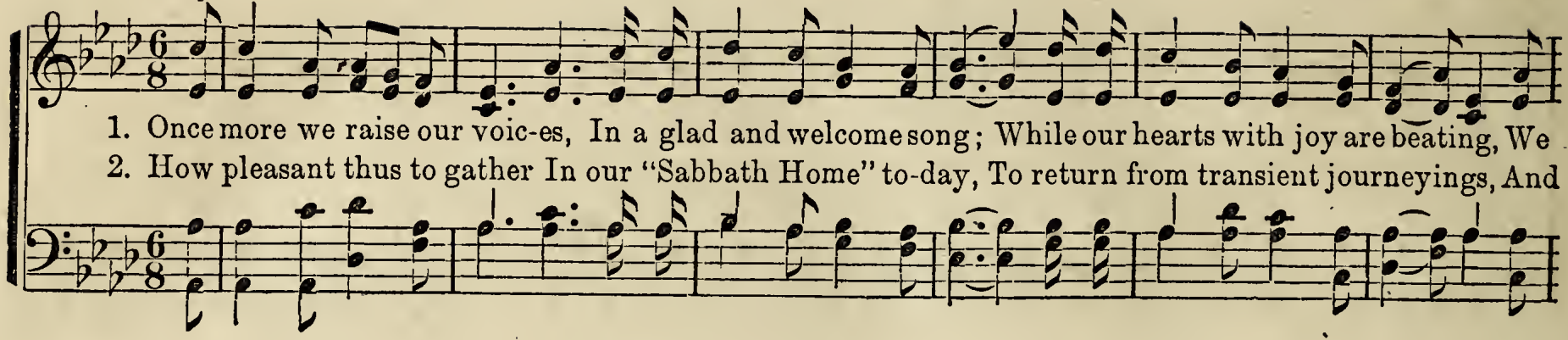


Welcome Song.

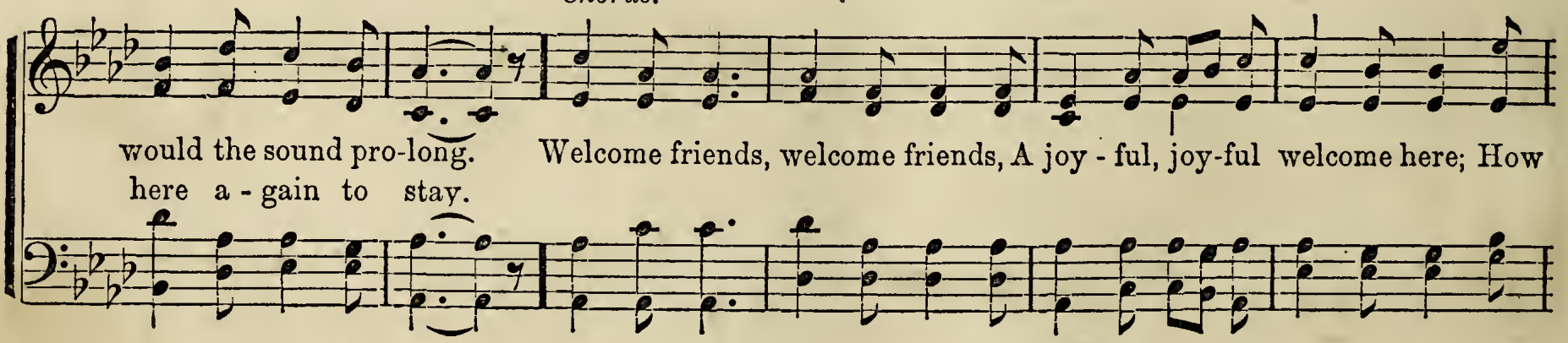
LIZZIE FERRAND.

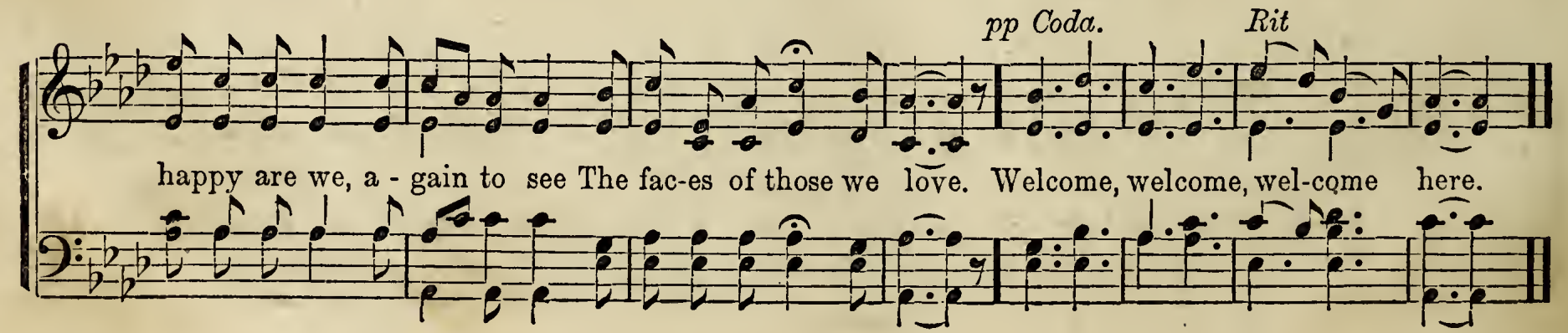
A. J. ARMSTRONG.

Graceful.



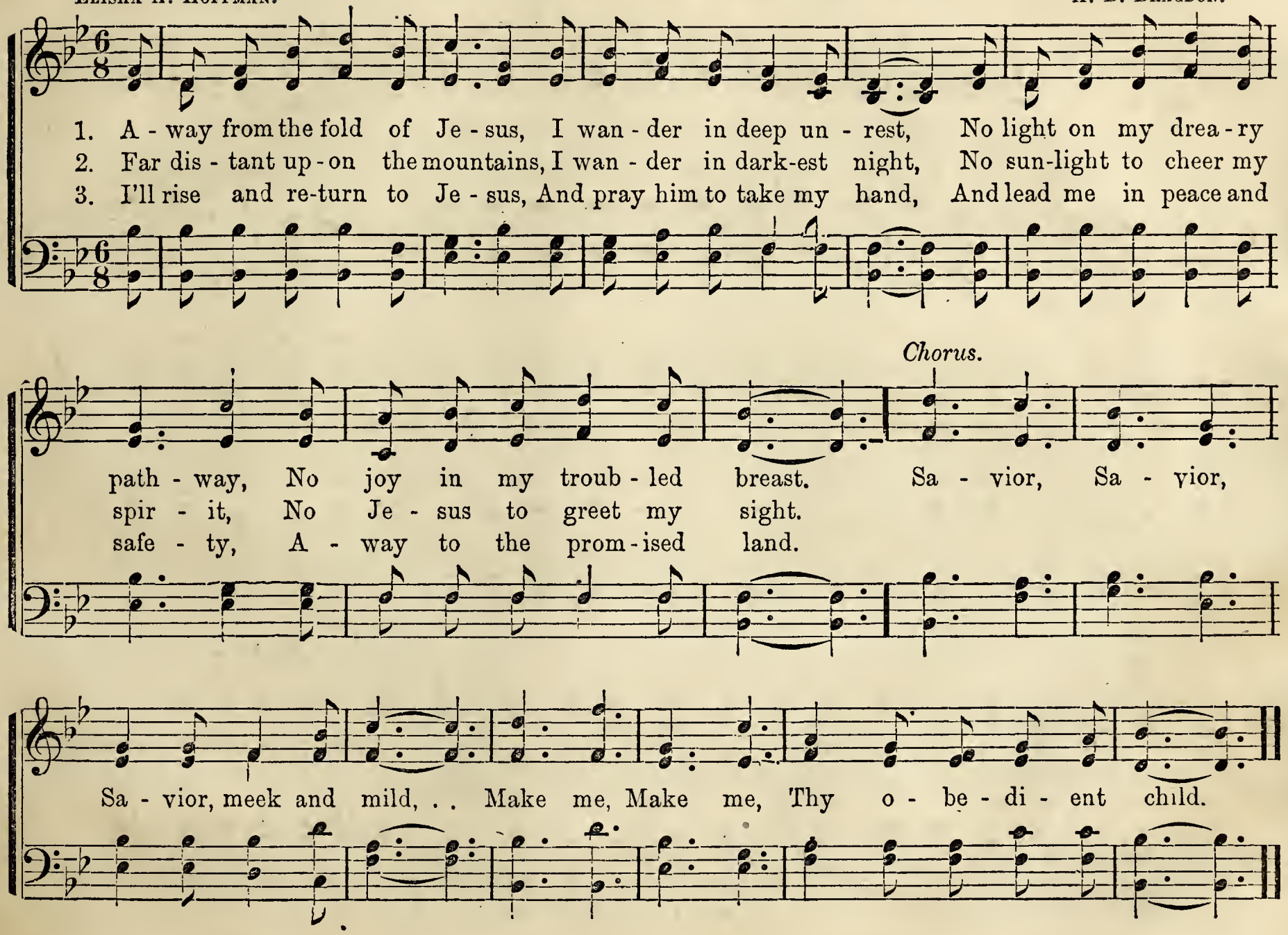
Chorus.





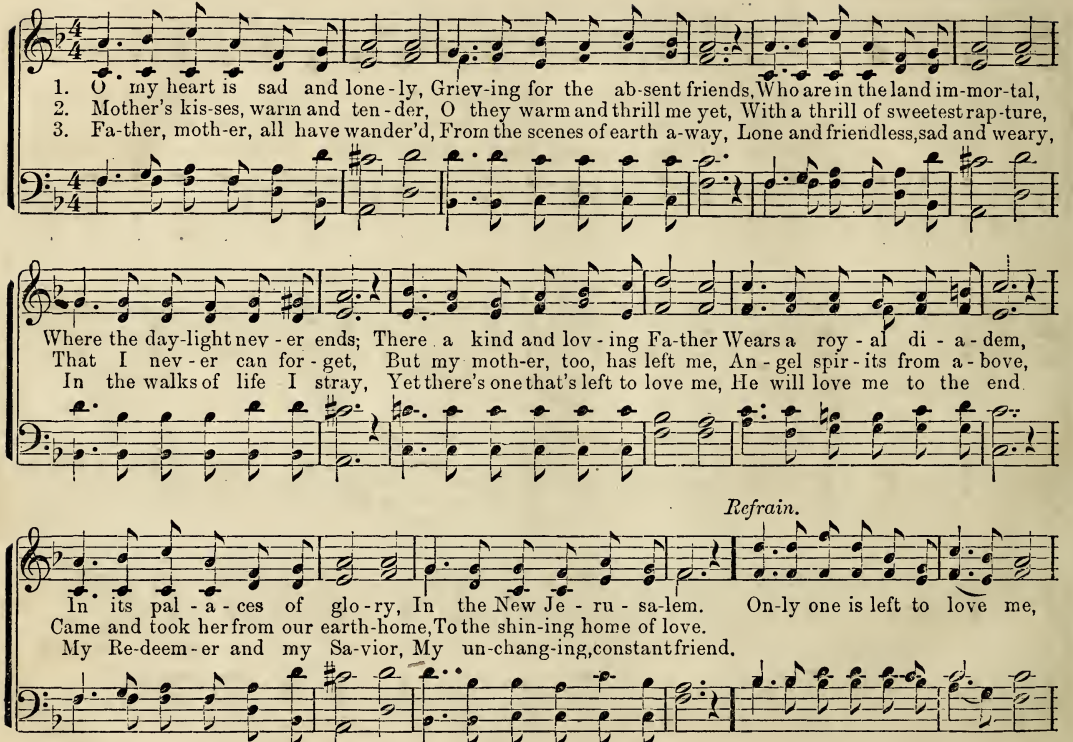
Away from the Fold.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. B. BRAGDON.

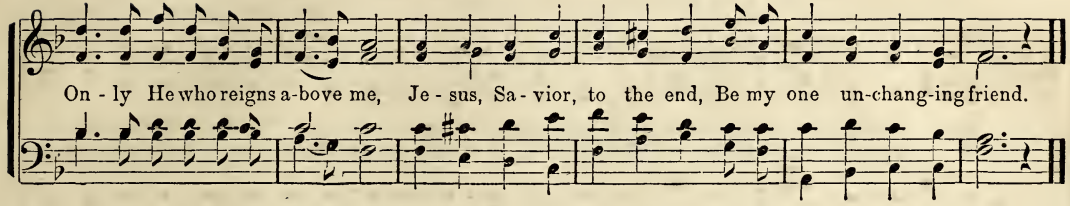


One Unchanging Friend.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. DR. J. B. HERBERT.

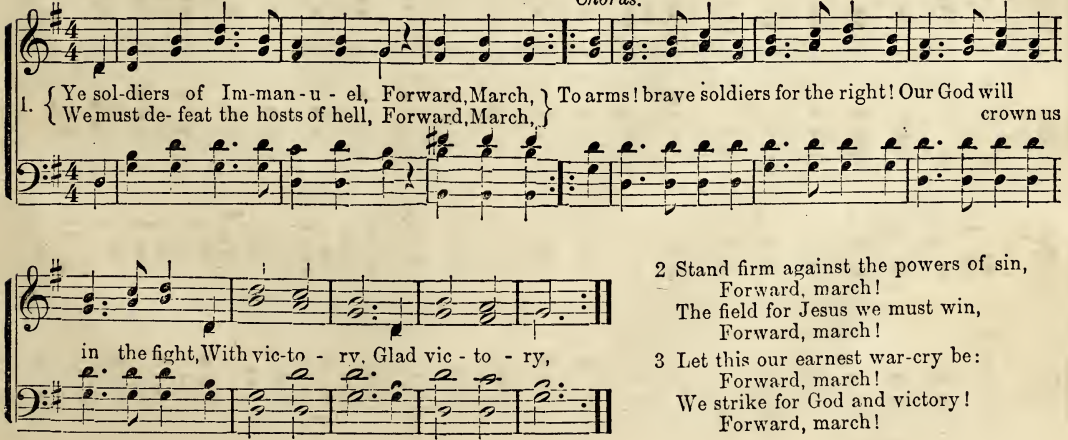


One Unchanging Friend.—*Concluded.*



Forward, March!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. *Chorus.* J. M. BIERMANN.



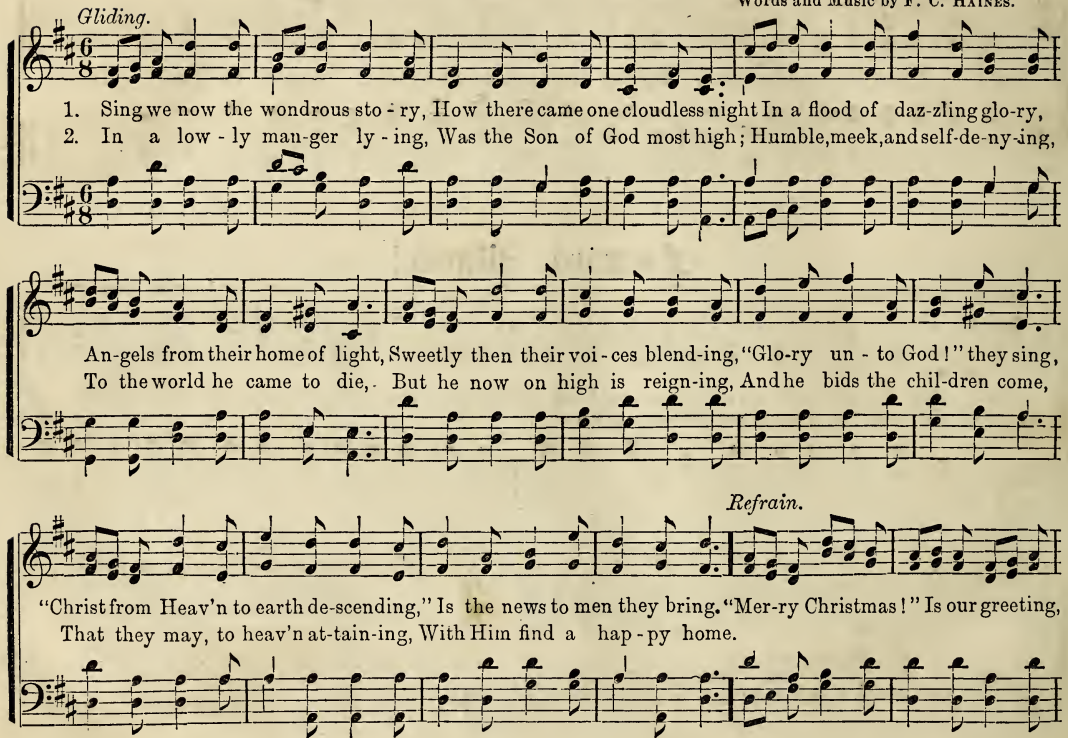
2 Stand firm against the powers of sin,
Forward, march!
The field for Jesus we must win,
Forward, march!

3 Let this our earnest war-cry be:
Forward, march!
We strike for God and victory!
Forward, march!

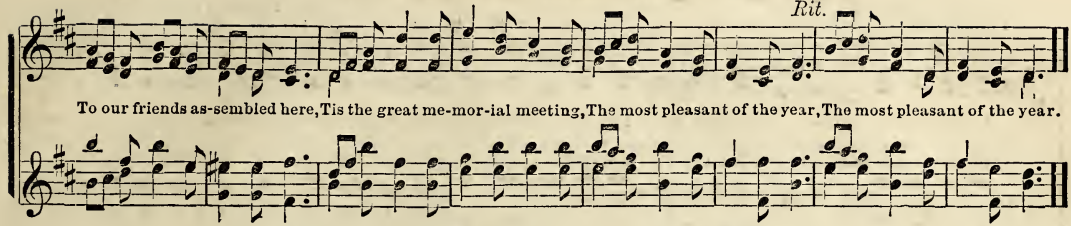
Christmas Greeting.

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior."—LUKE 2: 11.

Words and Music by F. C. HAINES.

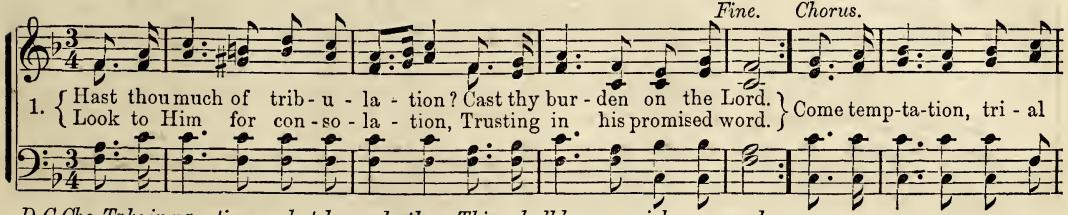


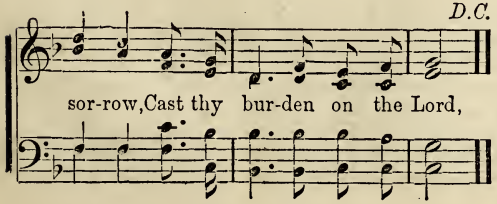
Christmas Greeting.—Concluded.



Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. A. MUNK, M. D.





2 Hast thou much of woe and sorrow?
Cast thy burden on the Lord.
Soon will dawn a brighter morrow,
Only trust the promised Word.

3 Hast thou much of care and trial?
Cast thy burden on the Lord.
Bear reproach and self denial.
Trusting in the promised Word.

In the Beautiful Valley. (Quartet.)

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.

Cantabile.

1. In the beau-ti - ful val-ley Where the wild ros-es bloom, Where the soft winds are sighing, O make there my tomb, Where
2. In the beau-ti - ful val-ley Where my bod - y shall rest, 'Neath the flow'rs in their beauty And loveliness dress'd, Stray
3. In the beau-ti - ful val-ley When the Sa - vior shall come, Re-sur - rect-ing our bod - ies To gath-er us home, I'll

li - ly - bells, drooping, Their dew - y tears weep, In the glades of the val - ley, There, there would I sleep.
oft - en, com-mun - ing With spir - its of love, Who, tho' un - seen, are near you With - in the green grove.
rise at his sum-mons, In glo - ry ar - rayed, From the beau-ti - ful val - ley, The place of the dead.

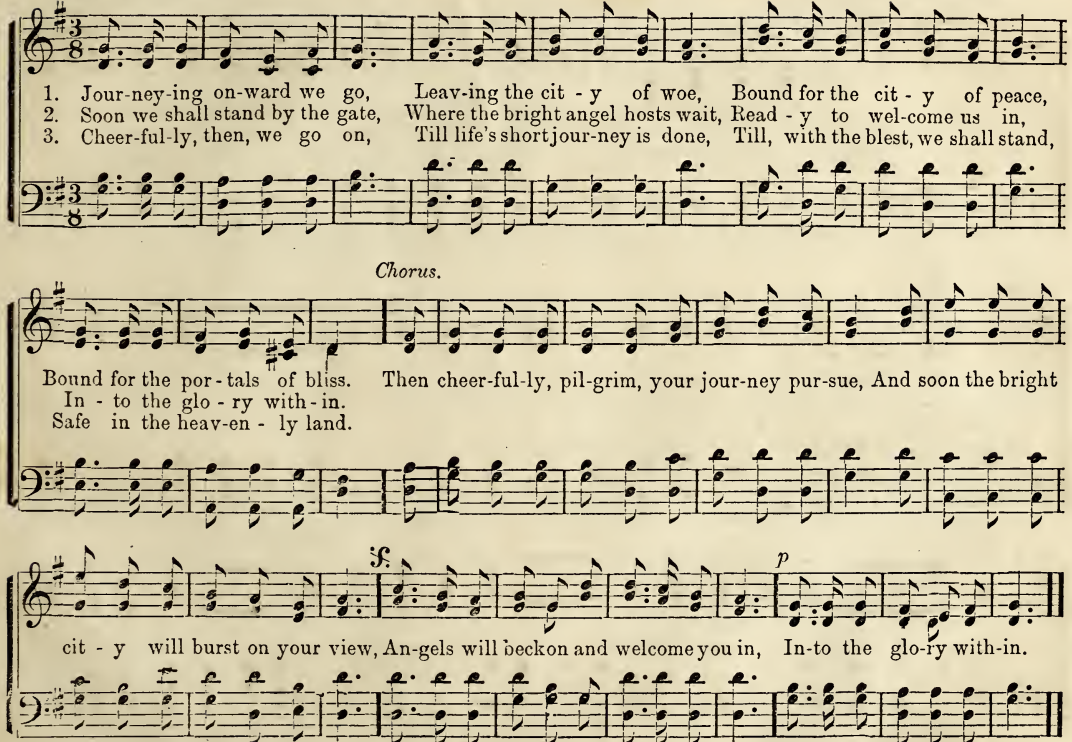
Refrain.

Rall. *Rit.* *pp*

In the val - ley, beau-ti - ful val - ley, Beau-ti - ful val - ley, Let me rest, calm - ly rest, sweetly rest.

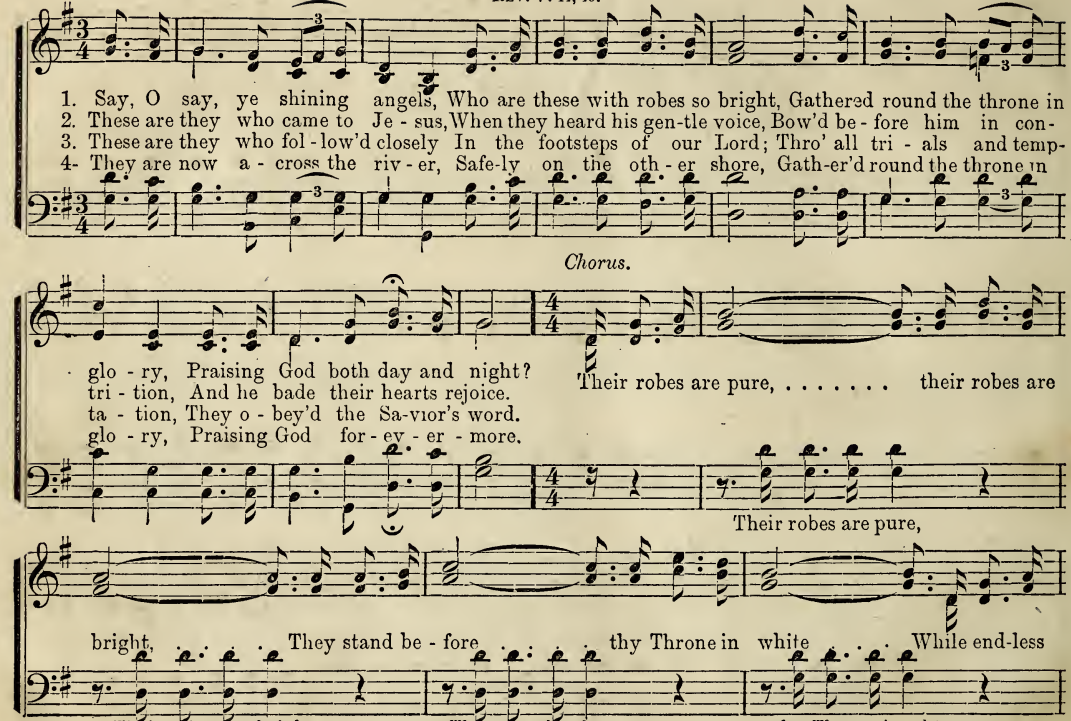
Journeying Home.

Elisha A. Hoffman. J. S. Buck, Milwaukee, Wis.

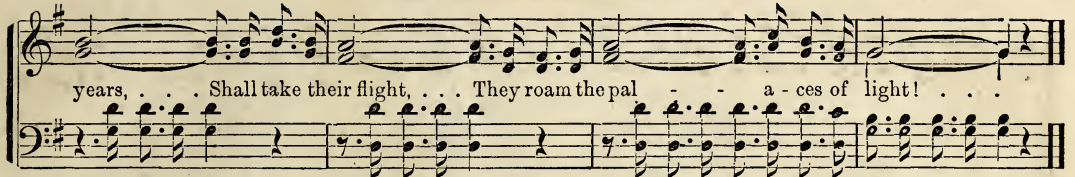


Shining Angels.

Rev. B. C. Oyler. Rev. 7: 14, 15. Rev. B. C. Oyler.

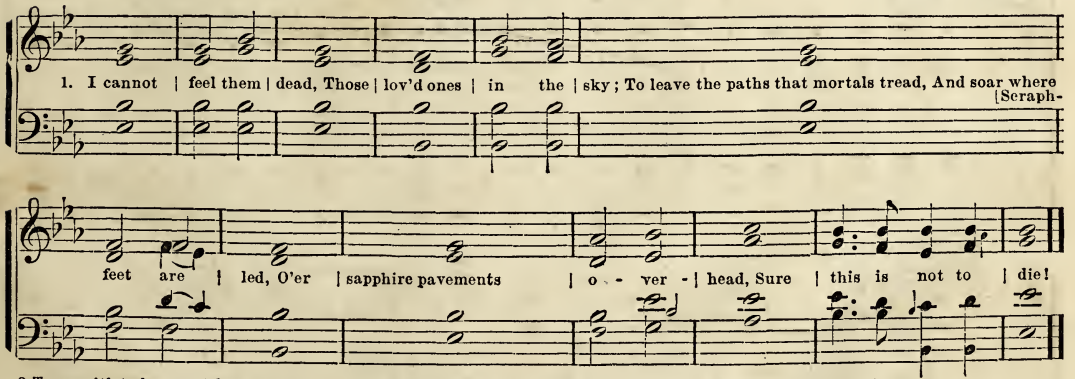


Shining Angels.—Concluded.



They are Not Dead. (Chant.)

T. Frank Allen.



2 To go with | pleasant | dreams
To | rest be- | neath Death's | wave,
And wake where flow immortal streams,
Where everything in|sunshine | gleams,
A- | mid the bright She- | kinah's | beams,
Is | not to find a | grave!

3 To slumber | neath the | sod
Like | flow'rs at | Frost-king's| breath,
Then bursting from his icy rod,
Shake off the valley's | cumb'ring | clod,
And | rise all beauti- | ful to | God,
This | does not seem like | death!

4 They only | go to | rest,
As | goes the | bird and | bee;
They wake, the white-rob'd angel's guest,
Like them in wedding | garments | drest,
With | them to share the | banquet | blest,
Of | Immortali- | ty.

Will You be There?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. S. T. WALLACE.

1. The beau-ti-ful cit-y of Je-sus, my King, Has pal-a-ces gold-en and fair, Whose arches with
2. The streets are of burnish'd and glisten-ing gold, Am-bro-sial with fragrance the air, The flowers per-
3. The hosts of the ransom'd, enrobed in pure white, Shall never know sorrow or care; No tears shall be
4. Those beau-ti-ful mansions of glo-ry and light The Sa-vior has gone to pre-pare, For all who are

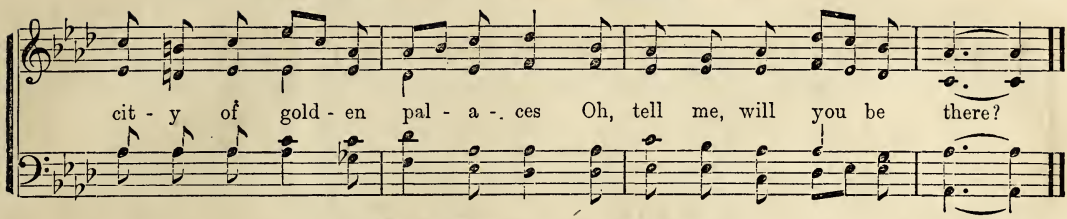
song will e-ter-nal-ly ring; Oh, tell me, will you be there? Oh, tell me, will you be there?
re-ni-al nev-er grow old, Oh, tell me, will you be there? Oh, tell me, will you be there?
shed in that cit-y of light: Oh, tell me, will you be there? Oh, tell me, will you be there?
wash'd in his blood and made white: Oh, tell me, will you be there? Oh, tell me, will you be there?

Chorus.

Will you be there? . . . Will you be there? In the

In the ci-ty of gold-en pal-a-ces, Oh, tell me, will you be there?

Will You be There?—Concluded.



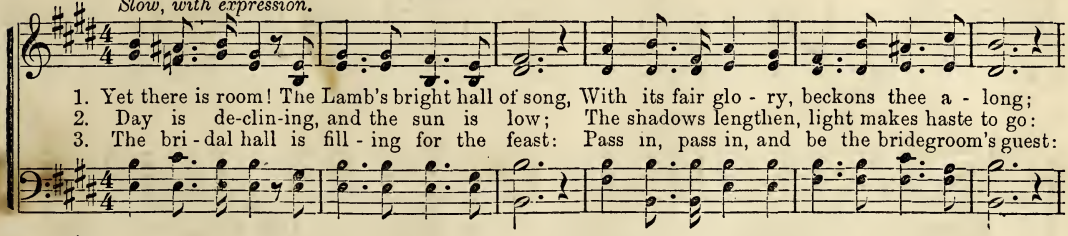
Yet There is Room.

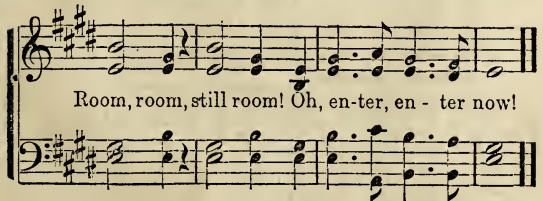
Rev. H. Bonar, 1873.

"Yet there is room."—Luke 14: 22.

Ira D. Sankey.

Slow, with expression.





4 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

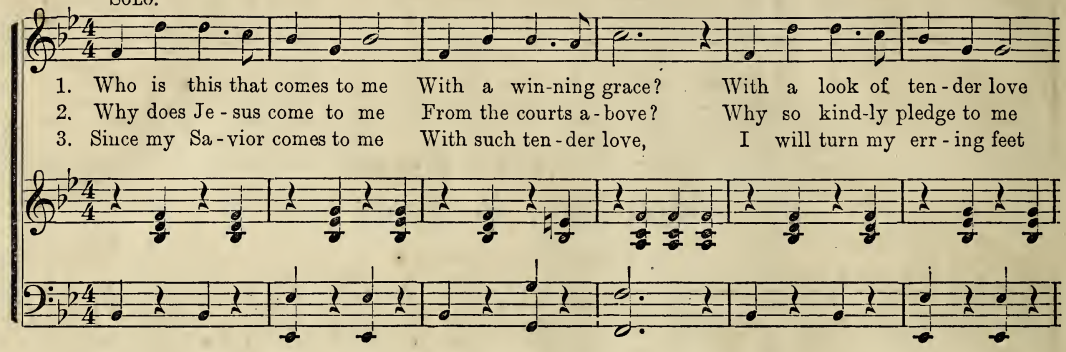
5 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

6 Ere night that gate may close and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

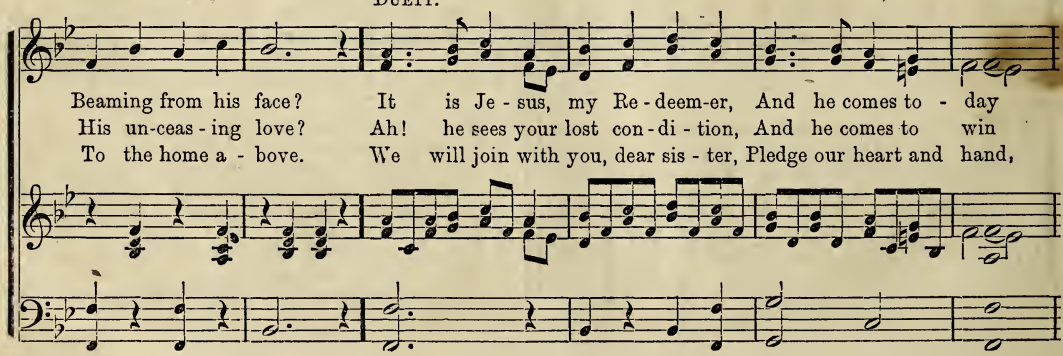
Who is this that comes to me?

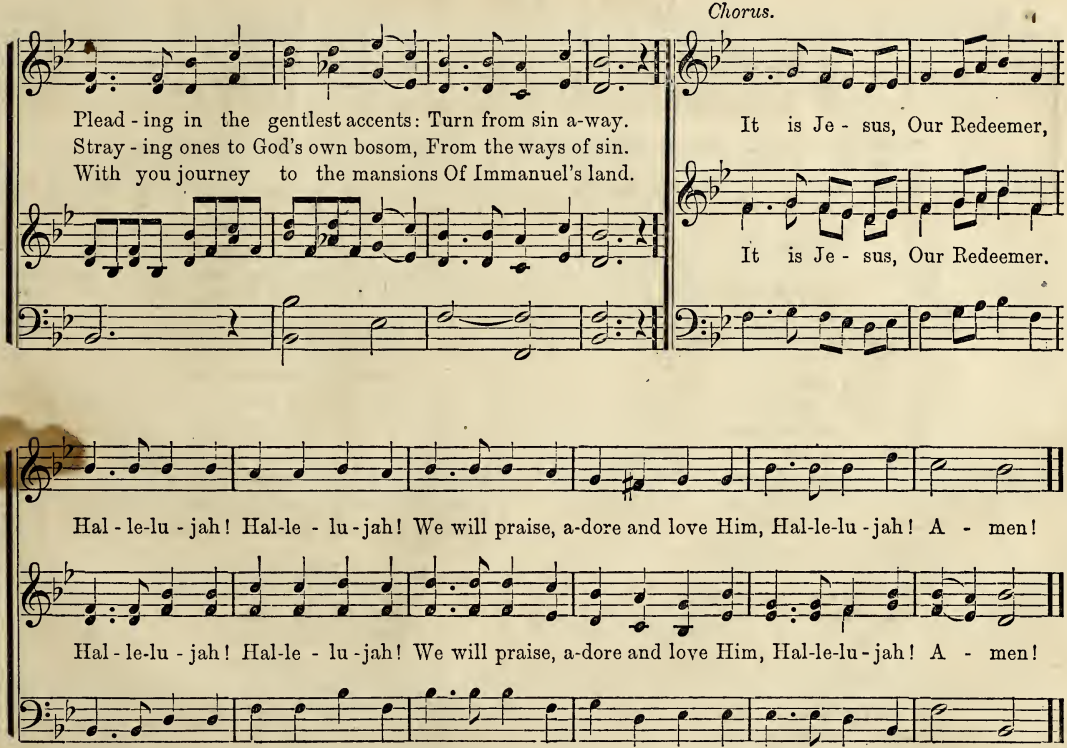
Elisha A. Hoffman. W. O. Perkins.

Solo.



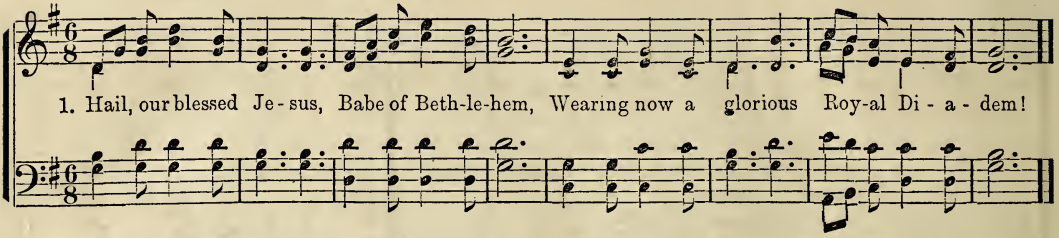
Duett.




Chorus.
Plead - ing in the gentlest accents: Turn from sin a-way.
Stray - ing ones to God's own bosom, From the ways of sin.
With you journey to the mansions Of Immanuel's land.
It is Je - sus, Our Redeemer,
It is Je - sus, Our Redeemer.
Hal - le-lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! We will praise, a-dore and love Him, Hal-le-lu - jah! A - men!
Hal - le-lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! We will praise, a-dore and love Him, Hal-le-lu - jah! A - men!

Crown Our Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. FRANK C. HAINES.



RECITATION.

"And the angel said unto them: Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

2 Hail him now Redeemer,
Paying all the claim
Justice had against us:
Glory to his name!

RECITATION.

"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish, and without spot."

3 Walk with him as Shepherd!
He will safely guide
All his tender lambkins
In his pastures wide.

RECITATION.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."

4 Hail him now as Prophet,
Teacher of the truth,
In the path of wisdom
Leading earnest youth.

RECITATION.

"And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? And the multitude said: This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth, of Galilee."

5 Hail him Priest in Heaven,
Interceding there
For the faithful answer
To our every prayer.

RECITATION.

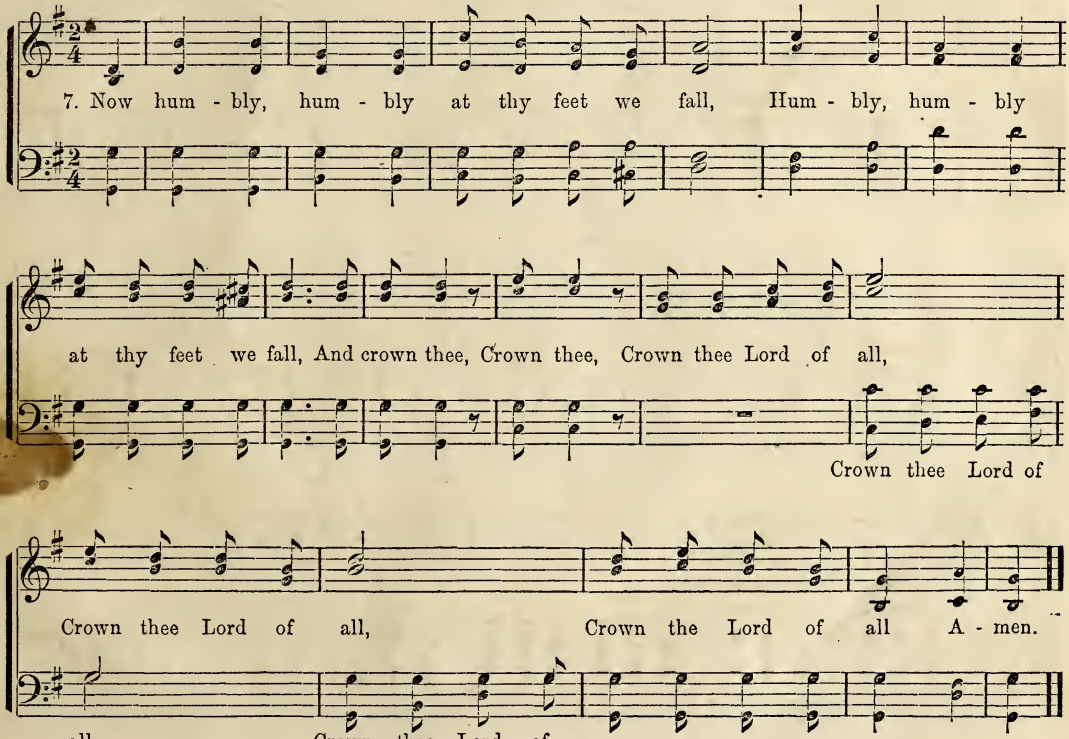
"For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true, but into heaven itself now to appear in the presence of God for us; nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the High Priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others: but now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."

6 Crown him King of Glory.
Crown our Jesus King!
Let us loudest praises
To his honor bring.

RECITATION.
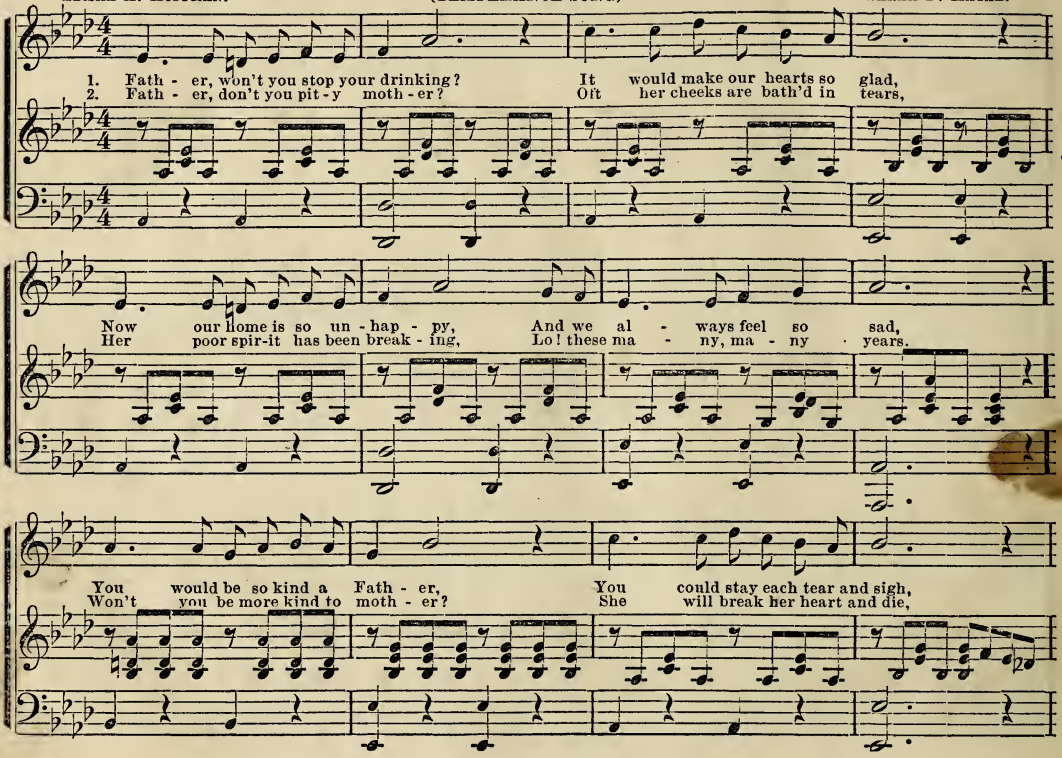
"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory. Selah."

Crown Our Jesus.—Concluded.

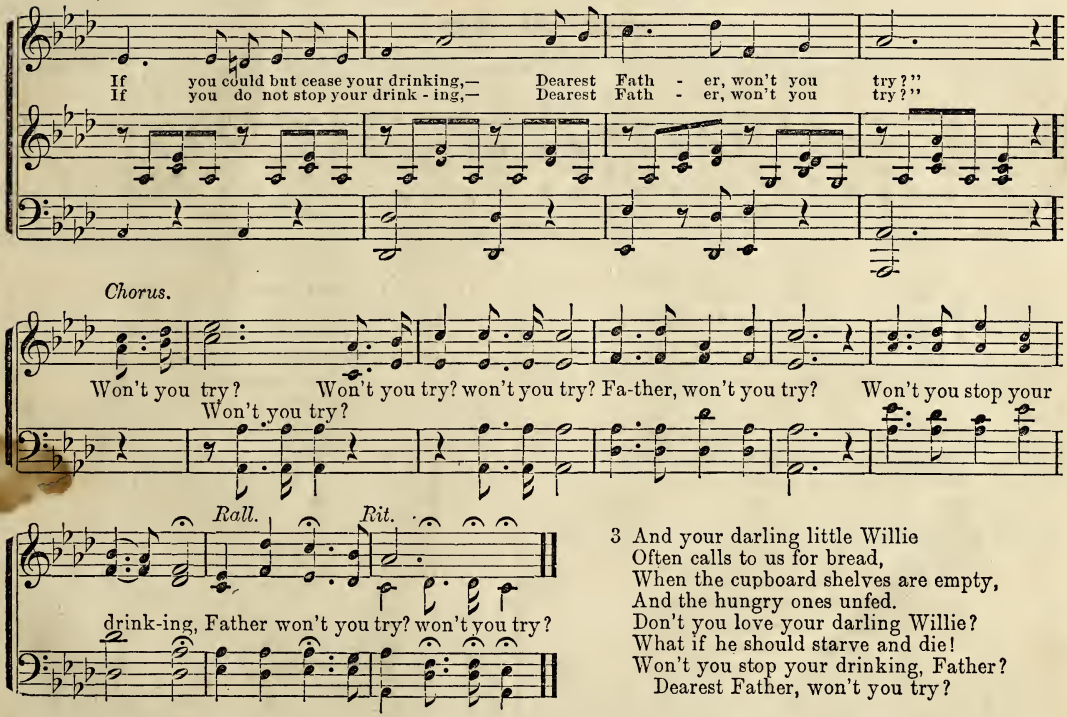


Father, won't you Try? (Solo and Chorus.)

Elisha A. Hoffman. (TEMPERANCE SONG) Miss Sarah B. Hagar.



Father, won't you Try?—Concluded.
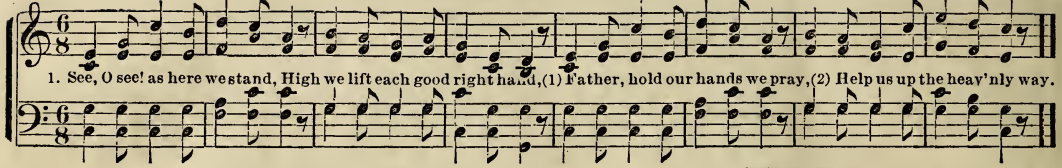


3 And your darling little Willie
Often calls to us for bread,
When the cupboard shelves are empty,
And the hungry ones unfed.
Don't you love your darling Willie?
What if he should starve and die!
Won't you stop your drinking, Father?
Dearest Father, won't you try?

A little girl crept upon her father's knee, just after his return from a drunken revel, and plead in tender tones: "Father, won't you stop your drinking? Dearest Father, won't you try?"

See, O See!

(INFANT SCHOOL EXERCISE.)

Mrs. A. B. Alston.



RECITATION.

"I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee: Fear not, I will help thee." Isaiah 4, 13.

2 This the left (3,) and this the right, (1)
We will try with all our might,
Where we turn or where we go, (4)
All His holy will to do.

RECITATION.

"This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." Isaiah 30, 21.

3 We will work with either hand, (5)
Swift to do our Lord's command,
Fingers (6) formed with wondrous skill
May He teach to do His will.

RECITATION.

"My son, keep my words; bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the tablet of thine heart." Prov. 7, 1—3,

4 Eyes (7) the Lord hath given me,
All His lovely works to see,
Ears (8) that hear what He has said,
Both of these the Lord hath made.

RECITATION.

"The hearing ear, and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them." Prov. 20, 12.

5 Lips, (9) and mouth and tongue are these,
And their Maker may they please,
Keep (2) them from each sinful way,
Teach them only truth to say.

RECITATION.

"I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue. Psalms 39, 1. Set a watch O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Psalms 141, 3.

6 Head (10) and heart and feet have we,
Father, turn them all to Thee;
Bless thy children, while they raise
Unto Thee a song of praise.

RECITATION.

"I have refrained my feet from every evil way." Psalms 119, 101. "Let thy heart keep my commandments." Prov. 3, 1. Blessings are upon the head of the just." Prov. 10, 6.

7 See, O see! as here we stand,
Jesus, take each little hand; (11)
May we all thy children be;
All this little class for thee.

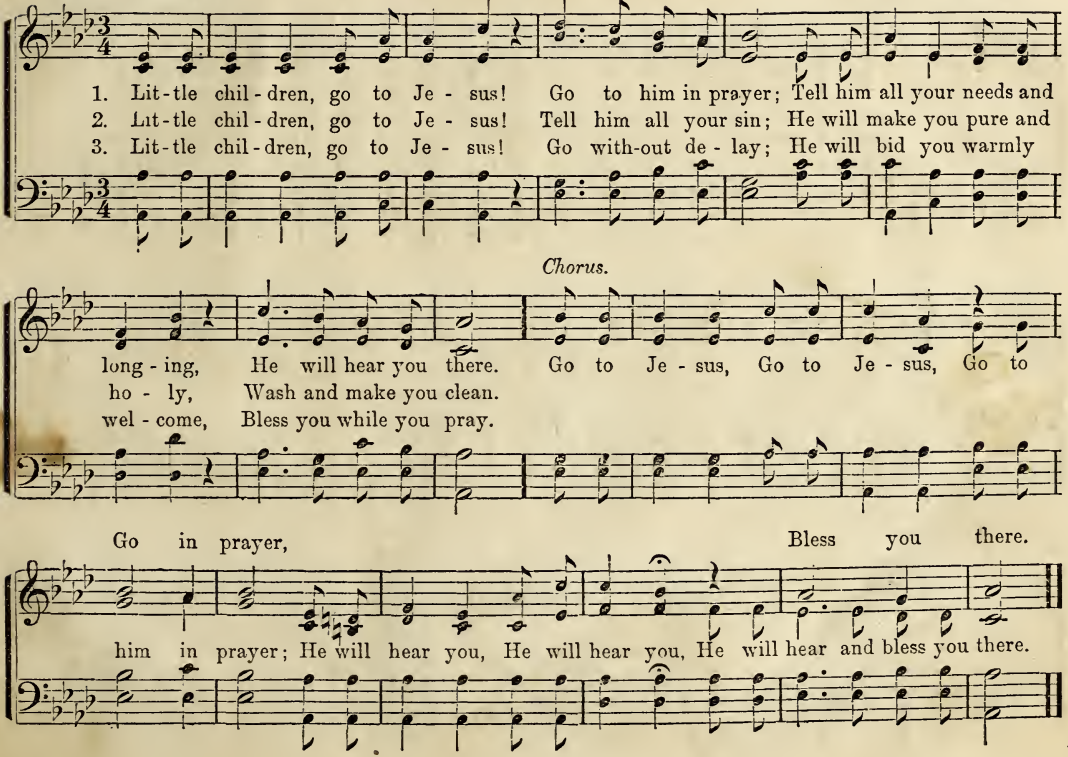
—o—

DIRECTIONS.

No. 1. Raise the right hand. No. 2. Fold hands as in prayer. No. 3. Lift the left hand. No. 4. Fold arms. No. 5. Raise both hands. No. 6. Move all the fingers. No. 7. Touch the corners of the eyes. No. 8. Touch the ears. No. 9. Touch the lips. No. 10. Touch the head, heart, and throw the hands toward the feet, palms out. No. 11. Clasp hands.

Little Children, go to Jesus.

Elisha A. Hoffman. J. W. Milligan.



Closing Hymn.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

Ida L. Bevington.
Arr. by S. H. Blakeslee.

1. We have met a - gain in our school to-day And have join'd in the songs of praise; Now a clos - ing
2. We have met a - gain in the house of prayer, And have knelt at the Throne of Grace; Now a clos - ing
3. We have met a - gain in our school to learn From the pag-es of God's dear Word; May the seed here

Chorus.

an-them of love and joy, To the Fath-er in heav'n we raise. Good bye! Good bye! Good
hymn we u - nite to sing As we go from this sa-cred place.
sown bear the rich-est fruit, Thro' the bless-ing of the Lord.

Good bye! Good bye!

Rit. *Repeat pp*

bye! 'till we meet a - gain! Good bye! Good bye! Good bye! 'till we meet a - gain.

a-gain! Good bye!

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care;
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Jesus is Mine.

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth hath no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I every stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

Rock of Ages.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

I love to Tell the Story.

1 I love to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

Chorus.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story,
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story;
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—Cho.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.-Cho.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!-Cho.

Even Me.

1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings
Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me!
Even me!

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father.
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me!
Even me!

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee!
For I'm longing for thy favor;
While thou'rt calling, call on me,
Even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit!
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me!

5 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!
Even me!

Just as I am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Whiter than Snow.

1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee for ever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—CHO.

3 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait blessed Lord, sitting low at thy feet.
By faith, for my cleansing, I see the blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—CHO.

The Dear Ones all at Home.

1 Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

REFRAIN.

Love, rest and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home!

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.—REFR.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating
I shall be soon.—REFR.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon,
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.—REFR.

Wash me from my Sin.

TUNE—Pass me not.

1 At the cross of my Redeemer
Longingly I bow,
Waiting for the blood of cleansing,
Let it reach me now!

CHORUS.

Wash me, Saviour!
I am all unclean;
Wash me in the blood of cleansing
From the stains of sin.

2 I am trusting, dear Redeemer,
In thy blood alone, [me,
Let the cleansing stream now reach
Seal me all thine own.—CHO.

3 Pass me not, O loving Saviour,
Hear my fervent cry;
Take this burden from my spirit,
Help me, or I die.—CHO.

The Cross.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

CHORUS.

The cross, the cross, the precious cross,
The wondrous cross of Jesus,
From all our sin, its guilt and power,
And every stain it frees us.
Then I'm clinging, clinging, clinging,
Oh, I'm clinging to the cross,
Yes, I'm clinging, clinging, clinging,
Clinging to the cross.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.—CHO.

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine.
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Nearer to Thee.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

America.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Come to Jesus.

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

5 He will cleanse you, etc.

6 Only trust Him, etc.

7 O, accept Him, etc.

God is Love.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

CHORUS.

God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still;
Jesus weeps,
He weeps, and loves me still.

2 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

3 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

The Home Over There.

1 We speak of the realms of the blessed,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there.

CHORUS.

Over there, over there,
O, what must it be to be there.::

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

3 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe
For heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

Oh, How he Loves me!

TUNE—When Jesus comes.

1 How dear a friend is Jesus,
Oh, how he loves!
From all our sin he frees us,
Oh, how he loves!

CHORUS.

No name so sweet and precious,
No form so dear,
No voice like his to soothe me
When sorrows near—
Heart! humbly bow before him,
Oh, how he loves!
Soul! worship and adore him,
Oh, how he loves!

2 He cheers when life grows weary,
Oh, how he loves!
He lights the pathway dreary,
Oh, how he loves!—CHO.

3 He fills my heart so sweetly,
Oh, how he loves!
He saves me so completely,
Oh, how he loves.—CHO.

More Love to Thee.

1 More love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

Dismission Hymn.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

INDEX.

Abide with Me..... 37
A Guiding Star..... 18
A Little While..... 63
All I Yield to Thee..... 51
All the World for Christ..... 120
America..... 157
Anchored Fast..... 39
Angel Whispers..... 91
Anywhere with Jesus..... 105
Away from the Fold..... 135

Because he Loves Me So..... 4
Believing..... 99
Bells of Joy..... 44
Bethesda..... 89
Better than All—Jesus is There 60
Bless the Little Children..... 10

Calling us Away..... 46
Cast thy Burden on the Lord.... 139
Cheerful Sabbath Day..... 54
Child's Night Song..... 61
Christmas Greeting..... 138
Christmas Tree Song..... 84
Closer to Thee..... 94
Closing Hymn..... 154
Come, Come, Come..... 9
Come, Let us Rejoice..... 96
Come, Refining Spirit, Come..... 104
Come to Jesus..... 157
Come to the Sabbath-School..... 53
Confession of Sin..... 102
Consecration..... 67
Coronation.—C. M..... 119
Crown our Jesus..... 148

Dear Father, ere We Part..... 85
Departed Ones..... 43
Dismission Hymn..... 158

Eden, Sweet Eden..... 15
Eternal Rest..... 26
Even Me..... 156

Father, Wont you Try ?..... 150
Fight the Battle..... 31
Forward, March !..... 137

Gather in the Little Ones..... 130
Gather them In..... 25
Give Glory to God..... 36
Gloria in Excelsis..... 131
Glory to God in the Highest..... 126
God can Hear..... 13
God is Love..... 158
Good Night till Then..... 28

Happy Songs..... 3
Hark ! the Sabbath Bells..... 107
Heart, make Room for Jesus..... 34
Hear the Angels..... 82
He Saves Me Now..... 73

I am Redeemed..... 86
I Come, Jesus..... 6
If I Come to Jesus..... 24
If Only my Heart was Better..... 55
I Left it All with Jesus..... 49
I Love to Tell the Story..... 155
I Love the Sabbath-School..... 77
I Love to Sing for Jesus..... 66
Immortality..... 116
I'm Praying for You..... 90
In God we Trust..... 59
In the Beautiful Valley..... 140
In the Sweet By and By..... 75
I Shall not Want..... 45
Is your Name in the Book of Life? 110
I Want to be There..... 129
I Will Follow Jesus..... 58

Jesus and Victory..... 5
Jesus is Ever Near..... 125
Jesus is Mine..... 155
Jesus is Ready Now..... 14
Jesus is Waiting..... 92
Jesus Loves the Children..... 64
Jesus My Lord..... 113
Join in Full Chorus..... 72
Journeying Home..... 141
Just as I Am..... 156
Just Now..... 35

Lead Me..... 109
Let it Now Cleanse Me..... 30
List to the Bells..... 112
Little Children, Go to Jesus..... 153
Lost!..... 48
Love Each Other..... 123

More Love to Thee..... 158
My Dearest Friend is Jesus..... 62
My Wants..... 11

Nearer to Thee..... 157
Never Forget the Saviour..... 128
Nobody Knows but Jesus..... 88
No Crumb for Me..... 127
Not Far from the Kingdom..... 23
Now Come to Jesus..... 19

Oh, How He Loves Me..... 158
Oh, For the Pearly Gates..... 114
Oh, What is this Splendor?..... 124
One Unchanging Friend..... 136
Only Jesus..... 29
Our Father! Now With Grateful Hearts..... 65
Our Sabbath-School..... 101
Our Song of Triumph..... 38
Over the Ocean..... 108
Over There (Missionary)..... 83

Pilgrims and Strangers..... 12
Praise! Praise! Praise!..... 75
Provided You're Right..... 100

Rest in the Arms of Jesus..... 70
Rock of Ages..... 155

Salem, S. M..... 71
Save My Children..... 78
See, O See!..... 152
Shining Angels..... 142
Singing for Jesus..... 115
Sinner, be Saved..... 81
Stand Firmly, Stand..... 33
Steadily Forward..... 133
Sweet Chimes..... 7
Sweet Resting By and By..... 50

Teach the Children How to Live..... 97
The All-cleansing Tide..... 79
The Beautiful Stream of Life..... 41
The Cross..... 157
The Dear Ones All at Home..... 156
The Good Old Story..... 122
The Great Physician..... 47
The Home Over There..... 158
The Kingdom Above..... 7
The Little Pilgrim..... 21
The Lord is King..... 98
The Music of Heaven..... 52
The New Happy Day..... 106
The Ninety and Nine..... 132
The Other Side..... 103
There's a Safe Retreat..... 76
The Unknown Country..... 27
The Valley of Joy and Song..... 56
The whole Armor..... 68
The Wonderful Story..... 42
They are not Dead..... 143
This was the Cost—Jesus was Slain..... 69
Through the Portals..... 87
'Twould Grieve My Mother so... 9

Use the Talents..... 17

Waiting for the Angels..... 118
Wash Me from My Sin..... 157
We are Almost There..... 95
Welcome All..... 22
Welcome Song..... 134
We will Praise the Lord..... 20
What a Friend We Have in Jesus..... 155
What can I Do for Jesus?..... 111
Where is Heaven?..... 57
Whiter than Snow..... 156
Who is This that Comes to Me?. 146
Why Delay?..... 32
Why do We Love the Sparkling Water?..... 40
Why Still Unsaved To-night?... 80
Will You be There?..... 144
Work in the Day..... 121

Yet There is Room..... 145

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